

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXXVII



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1896

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

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VOL. LXXVII. — JANUARY, 1896. — No. CCCCLIX.

ONE OF HAWTHORNE'S UNPRINTED NOTE-BOOKS.

[THE following fragment of a diary is contained in a small leather-bound memorandum book, marked on the cover "Scrap-Book, 1839." The period covered is a brief portion of Hawthorne's service as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom House, a position to which he was appointed by George Bancroft, at that time collector of the port.]

February 7th, 1839. Yesterday and day before, measuring a load of coal from the schooner Thomas Lowder, of St. John's, N. B. A little, black, dirty vessel. The coal stowed in the hold, so as to fill the schooner full, and make her a solid mass of black mineral. The master, Best, a likely young man; his mate a fellow jabbering in some strange gibberish, English I believe — or nearer that than anything else — but gushing out all together — whole sentences confounded into one long, unintelligible word. Irishmen shovelling the coal into the two Custom House tubs, to be craned out of the hold, and others wheeling it away in barrows, to be laden into wagons. The first day, I walked the wharf, suffering not a little from cold; yesterday, I sat in the cabin whence I could look through the interstices of the bulkhead, or whatever they call it, into the hold. My eyes, what a cabin! Three paces would more than measure it in any direction, and it was filled with barrels, not clean and new, but black, and containing probably the provender of the vessel; jugs, firkins, the cook's utensils and kitchen furniture — everything grimy and sable with coal

dust. There were two or three tiers of berths; and the blankets, etc. are not to be thought of. A cooking stove, wherein was burning some of the coal — excellent fuel, burning as freely as wood, and without the bituminous melting of Newcastle coal. The cook of the vessel, a grimy, unshaven, middle-aged man, trimming the fire at need, and sometimes washing his dishes in water that seemed to have cleansed the whole world beforehand — the draining of gutters, or caught at sink-spouts. In the cessations of labor, the Irishmen in the hold would poke their heads through the open space into the cabin and call "Cook!" — for a drink of water or a pipe — whereupon Cook would fill a short black pipe, put a coal into it, and stick it into the Irishman's mouth. Here sat I on a bench before the fire, the other guests of the cabin being the Stevedore, who takes the job of getting the coal ashore, and the owner of the horse that raised the tackle — the horse being driven by a boy. The cabin was lined with slabs — the rudest and dirtiest hole imaginable, yet the passengers had been accommodated here in the trip from New Brunswick. The bitter zero atmosphere came down the companion-way, and threw its chill over me sometimes, but I was pretty comfortable — though, on reaching home, I found that I had swaggered through several thronged streets with coal streaks on my visage.

The wharfinger's office is a general resort and refuge for people who have

business to do on the wharf, in the spaces before work is commenced, between the hours of one and two, etc. A salamander stove — a table of the signals, wharves, and agent of packets plying to and from Boston — a snuff-box — a few chairs — etc. constituting the furniture. A newspaper.

Feb'y. 11th. Talk at the Custom-House on Temperance. Gibson gives an account of his brother's sore leg, which was amputated. Major Grafton talks of ancestors settling early in Salem — in 1632. Of a swallow's nest, which he observed, year after year, on revisiting his boyhood's residence in Salem, for thirty years. It was so situated under the eaves of the house, that he could put his hand in and feel the young ones. At last, he found the nest gone, and was grieved thereby. Query, whether the descendants of the original builders of the nest inhabited it during the whole thirty years. If so, the family might vie for duration with the majority of human families.

Feb'y. 15th. At the Custom-House, Mr. Pike told a story of a human skeleton without a head being discovered in High Street, Salem, about eight years ago — I think in digging the foundations of a building. It was about four feet below the surface. He sought information about the mystery of an old traditionary woman of eighty, resident in the neighborhood. She, coming to the spot where the bones were, lifted up her hands and cried out, "So! they've found the rest of the poor Frenchman's bones at last!" Then, with great excitement, she told the bystanders how, some seventy-five years before, a young Frenchman had come from over-seas with a Captain Tanent, and had resided with him in Salem. He was said to be very wealthy, and was gaily apparelled in the fashion of those times. After a while the Frenchman disappeared and Captain Tanent gave out that he had gone to some other place, and been killed there. Af-

ter two or three years, it was found that the Captain had grown rich; but he squandered his money in dissipated habits, died poor — and there are now none left of the race. Many years afterwards, digging near his habitation, the workmen found a human skull; and it was supposed to be that of the young Frenchman, who was all along supposed to have been murdered by the Captain. They did not seek for the rest of the skeleton; and no more was seen of it till Mr. Pike happened to be present at the discovery. The bone first found was that of the leg. He described it as lying along horizontally, so that the head was under the corner of the house; and now I recollect that they were digging a post-hole when the last discovery was made, and at that of the head they were digging the foundation of the house. The bones did not adhere together, though the shape of a man was plainly discernible. There were no remnants of clothing.

Mr. Pike told furthermore how a lady of truth and respectability — a church member — averred to him that she had seen a ghost. She was sitting with an old gentleman, who was engaged in reading the newspaper; and she saw the figure of a woman advance behind him and look over his shoulder. The narrator then called to the old gentleman to look around. He did so rather pettishly, and said, "Well, what do you want me to look round for?" The figure either vanished or went out of the room, and he resumed the reading of his newspaper. Again the narrator saw the same figure of a woman come in and look over his shoulder, bending forward her head. This time she did not speak, but hemmed so as to attract the old gentleman's attention; and again the apparition vanished. But a third time it entered the room, and glided behind the old gentleman's chair, as before, appearing, I suppose, to glance at the newspaper; and this time, if I mistake not,

she nodded, or made some sort of sign to the woman. How the ghost vanished, I do not recollect; but the old gentleman, when told of the matter, answered very scornfully. Nevertheless, it turned out that his wife had died precisely, allowing for the difference of time caused by distance of place, at the time when this apparition had made its threefold visit.

Mr. Pike is not an utter disbeliever in ghosts, and has had some singular experiences himself: — for instance, he saw, one night, a boy's face, as plainly as ever he saw anything in his life, gazing at him. Another time — or, as I think, two or three other times — he saw the figure of a man standing motionless for half an hour in Norman street, where the headless ghost is said to walk.

Feb'y. 19th. Mr. Pike is a shortish man, very stoutly built, with a short neck — an apoplectic frame. His forehead is marked, but not expansive, though large — I mean, it has not a broad, smooth quietude. His face dark and sallow — ugly, but with a pleasant, kindly, as well as strong and thoughtful expression. Stiff, black hair, which starts bushy and almost erect from his forehead — a heavy, yet very intelligent countenance. He is subject to the asthma, and moreover to a sort of apoplectic fit, which compels [him] to sleep almost as erect as he sits; and if he were to lie down horizontally in bed, he would feel almost sure of one of these fits. When they seize him, he awakes feeling as if [his] head were swelled to enormous size, and on the point of bursting — with great pain. He has his perfect consciousness, but is unable to call for assistance, or make any noise except by blowing forcibly with his mouth, and unless this brings help, he must die. When shaken violently, and lifted to a sitting posture, he recovers. After a fit, he feels a great horror of going to bed again. If one were to seize him at his boarding-house, his chance would be bad, because if any heard his snortings, they would not probably know what was the matter.

These two afflictions might seem enough to make one man miserable, yet he appears in pretty fair spirits.

He is a Methodist, has occasionally preached, and believes that he has an assurance of salvation immediate from the Deity. Last Sunday, he says, he gave religious instruction to a class in the State's Prison.

Speaking of his political hostilities, he said that he never could feel ill will against a person when he personally met him, that he was not capable of hatred, but of strong affection, — that he always remembered that "every man once had a mother, and she loved him." A strong, stubborn, kindly nature this.

The City-Crier, talking in a familiar style to his auditors — delivering various messages to them, intermixed with his own remarks. He then runs over his memory to see whether he has omitted anything, and recollects a lost child — "We've lost a child," says he; as if, in his universal sympathy for all who have wants, and seek the gratification of them through his medium, he were one with the parents of the child. He then tells the people, whenever they find lost children, not to keep them overnight, but to bring them to his office. "For it is a cruel thing" — to keep them; and at the conclusion of his lecture, he tells them that he has already worn out his lungs, talking to them of these things. He completely personifies the public, and considers it as an individual with whom he holds converse, — he being as important on his side, as they on theirs.

An old man fishing on Long Wharf with a pole three or four feet long — just long enough to clear the edge of the wharf. Patched clothes, old, black coat — does not look as if he fished for what he might catch, but as a pastime, yet quite poor and needy looking. Fishing all the afternoon, and takes nothing but a plaice or two, which get quite

sun-dried. Sometimes he hauls up his line, with as much briskness as he can, and finds a sculpin on the hook. The boys come around him, and eye his motions, and make pitying or impertinent remarks at his ill-luck — the old man answers not, but fishes on imperturbably. Anon, he gathers up his clams or worms, and his one sun-baked flounder — you think he is going home — but no, he is merely going to another corner of the wharf, where he throws his line under a vessel's counter, and fishes on with the same deathlike patience as before. He seems not quiet so much as torpid, — not kindly nor unkindly feeling — but not to have anything to do with the rest of the world. He has no business, no amusement, but just to crawl to the end of Long Wharf, and throw his line over. He has no sort of skill in fishing, but a peculiar clumsiness.

Objects on a wharf — a huge pile of cotton bales, from a New Orleans ship, twenty or thirty feet high, as high as a house. Barrels of molasses, in regular ranges; casks of linseed oil. Iron in bars landing from a vessel, and the weigher's scales standing conveniently. To stand on the elevated deck or rail of a ship, and look up the wharf, you see the whole space of it thronged with trucks and carts, removing the cargoes of vessels, or taking commodities to and from stores. Long Wharf is devoted to ponderous, evil-smelling, inelegant necessities of life — such as salt, salt-fish, oil, iron, molasses, etc.

Near the head of Long Wharf there is an old sloop, which has been converted into a store for the sale of wooden ware, made at Hingham. It is afloat, and is sometimes moored close to the wharf; — or, when another vessel wishes to take its place, midway in the dock. It has been there many years. The storekeeper lives and sleeps on board.

Schooners more than any other vessels seem to have such names as Betsey, Emma-Jane, Sarah, Alice, — being the

namesakes of the owner's wife, daughter, or sweet-heart. They are a sort of domestic concern, in which all the family take an interest. Not a cold, stately, unpersonified thing, like a merchant's tall ship, perhaps one of half a dozen, in which he takes pride, but which he does not love, nor has a family feeling for. Now Betsey, or Sarah-Ann, seems like one of the family — something like a cow.

Long flat-boats, taking in salt to carry it up the Merrimack canal, to Concord, in New Hampshire. Contrast and similarities between a stout, likely country fellow, aboard one of these, to whom the scenes of a sea-port are entirely new, but who is brisk, ready, and shrewd in his own way, and the mate of a ship, who has sailed to every port. They talk together, and take to each other.

The brig *Tiberius*, from an English port, with seventy or thereabouts factory girls, imported to work in our factories. Some pale and delicate-looking; others rugged and coarse. The scene of landing them in boats, at the wharf-stairs, to the considerable display of their legs; — whence they are carried off to the Worcester railroad in hacks and omnibuses. Their farewells to the men — Good-bye, John, etc. — with wavings of handkerchiefs as long as they were in sight.

A pert, petulant young clerk, continually fooling with the mate, swearing at the stevedores and laboring men, who regard him not. Somewhat dissipated, probably.

The mate of a coal-vessel — a leathern belt round his waist, sustaining a knife in a leathern sheath. Probably he uses it to eat his dinner with; perhaps also as a weapon.

A young sailor, with an anchor handsomely traced on the back of his hand — a foul anchor — and perhaps other naval insignia on his wrists and breast. He wears a sky-blue silk short jacket, with velvet collar — a bosom-pin, etc.

An old seaman, seventy years of age

— he has spent seven years in the British Navy (being of English birth) and nine in ours; has voyaged all over the world — for instance, I asked if he had ever been in the Red Sea, and he had, in the American sloop of war that carried General Eaton, in 1803. His hair is brown — without a single visible grey hair in it; and he would seem not much above fifty. He is of particularly quiet demeanor — but observant of all things, and reflective — a philosopher in a check shirt and sail-cloth trowsers. Giving an impression of the strictest integrity — of inability not to do his duty, and his whole duty. Seemingly, he does not take a very strong interest in the world, being a widower without children; but he feels kindly towards it, and judges mildly of it; and enjoys it very tolerably well, although he has so slight a hold on it that it would not trouble him much to give it up. He said he hoped he should die at sea, because then it would be so little trouble to bury him. He is a sceptic, — and when I asked him if he would not wish to live again, he spoke doubtfully and coldly. He said that he

had been in England within two or three years — in his native county, Yorkshire — and finding his brother's children in very poor condition, he gave them sixty golden sovereigns. "I have always had too many poor friends," he said, "and that has kept me poor." This old man kept tally of the Alfred Tyler's cargo, on behalf of the Captain, diligently marking all day long, and calling "tally, Sir," to me at every sixth tub. Often would he have to attend to some call of the stevedores, or wheelers, or shovellers — now for a piece of spun-yarn — now for a handspike — now for a hammer, or some nails — now for some of the ship's molasses, to sweeten water — the which the captain afterwards reprehended him for giving. These calls would keep him in about movement enough to give variety to his tallying — he moving quietly about the decks, as if he belonged aboard ship and nowhere else. Then sitting down he would converse (though by no means forward to talk) about the weather, about his recent or former voyages etc., etc., etc., we dodging the intense sun round the main mast.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

I.

THERE was something about the coast town of Dunnet which made it seem more attractive than other maritime villages of eastern Maine. Perhaps it was the simple fact of acquaintance with that neighborhood which made it so attaching, and gave such interest to the rocky shore and dark woods, and the few houses which seemed to be securely wedged and tree-nailed in among the ledges by the Landing. These houses made the most of their seaward view, and there was a gayety and determined floweriness in

their bits of garden ground; the small-paned high windows in the peaks of their steep gables were like knowing eyes that watched the harbor and the far sea-line beyond, or looked northward all along the shore and its background of spruces and balsam firs. When one really knows a village like this and its surroundings, it is like becoming acquainted with a single person. The process of falling in love at first sight is as final as it is swift in such a case, but the growth of true friendship may be a lifelong affair.

After the first visit made two or three years before in the course of a yachting

cruise, a lover of Dunnet Landing returned to find the unchanged shores of the pointed firs, the same childish quaintness of the village with its elaborate conventionality; all that mixture of remoteness and certainty of being the centre of civilization of which her affectionate dreams had told. One evening late in June, a single passenger landed upon the steamboat wharf. The tide was high, there was a fine crowd of spectators, and the younger portion of the company followed her with subdued excitement up the narrow street of the salt-aired, white-clboarded little town.

II.

Later, there was only one fault to find with this choice of a summer lodging-place, and that was its complete lack of seclusion. At first the tiny house of Mrs. Almira Todd, which stood with its end to the street, appeared to be retired and sheltered enough from the busy world, behind its bushy bit of a green garden, in which all the blooming things, two or three gay hollyhocks and some London-pride, were pushed back against the gray-shingled wall. It was a queer little garden and puzzling to a stranger, the few flowers being put at a disadvantage by so much greenery; but the discovery was soon made that Mrs. Todd was an ardent lover of herbs, both wild and tame, and the sea-breezes blew into the low end-window of the house laden with not only sweet-brier and sweet-mary, but balm and sage and borage and mint, wormwood and southernwood. If Mrs. Todd had occasion to step into the far corner of her herb plot, she trod heavily upon thyme, and made its fragrant presence known with all the rest. Being a very large person, her full skirts brushed and bent almost every slender stalk that her feet missed. You could always tell when she was stepping about there, even when you were half awake in the morn-

ing, and learned to know, in the course of a few weeks' experience, in exactly which corner of the garden she might be.

At one side of this herb plot were other growths of a rustic pharmacopœia, great treasures and rarities among the commoner herbs. There were some strange and pungent odors that roused a dim sense and remembrance of something in the forgotten past. Some of these might once have belonged to sacred and mystic rites, and have had some occult knowledge handed with them down the centuries; but now they pertained only to humble compounds brewed at intervals with molasses or vinegar or spirits in a small caldron on Mrs. Todd's kitchen stove. They were dispensed to suffering neighbors, who usually came at night as if by stealth, bringing their own ancient-looking vials to be filled. One nostrum was called the Indian remedy, and its price was but fifteen cents; the whispered directions could be heard as customers passed the windows. With most remedies the purchaser was allowed to depart unadmonished from the kitchen, Mrs. Todd being a wise saver of steps; but with certain vials she gave cautions, standing in the doorway, and there were other doses which had to be accompanied on their healing way as far as the gate, while she muttered long chapters of directions, and kept up an air of secrecy and importance to the last. It may not have been only the common ails of humanity with which she tried to cope; it seemed sometimes as if love and hate and jealousy and adverse winds at sea might also find their proper remedies among the curious wild-looking plants in Mrs. Todd's garden.

The village doctor and this learned herbalist were upon the best of terms. The good man may have counted upon the unfavorable effect of certain potions which he should find his opportunity in counteracting; at any rate, he now and then stopped and exchanged greetings with Mrs. Todd over the picket fence.

The conversation became at once professional after the briefest preliminaries, and he would stand twirling a sweet-scented sprig in his fingers, and make suggestive jokes, perhaps about her faith in a too persistent course of thoroughwort elixir, in which my landlady professed such firm belief as sometimes to endanger the life and usefulness of worthy neighbors.

To arrive at this quietest of seaside villages late in June, when the busy herb-gathering season was just beginning, was also to arrive in the early prime of Mrs. Todd's activity in the brewing of old-fashioned spruce beer. This cooling and refreshing drink had been brought to wonderful perfection through a long series of experiments; it had won immense local fame, and the supplies for its manufacture were always giving out and having to be replenished. For various reasons, the seclusion and uninterrupted days which had been looked forward to proved to be very rare in this otherwise delightful corner of the world. My hostess and I had made our shrewd business agreement on the basis of a simple cold luncheon at noon, and liberal restitution in the matter of hot suppers, to provide for which the lodger might sometimes be seen hurrying down the road, late in the day, with cunner line in hand. It was soon found that this arrangement made large allowance for Mrs. Todd's slow herb-gathering progresses through woods and pastures. The spruce-beer customers were pretty steady in hot weather, and there were many demands for different soothing syrups and elixirs with which the unwise curiosity of my early residence had made me acquainted. Knowing Mrs. Todd to be a portionless widow, who had but this slender business and the income from one hungry lodger to maintain her, one's energies and even interest were quickly absorbed, until it became a matter of course that she should go afield every pleasant day, and that the lodger should answer all peremptory knocks at the side door.

In taking an occasional wisdom-giving stroll in Mrs. Todd's company, and in acting as business partner during her frequent absences, I found the July days fly fast, and it was not until I felt myself confronted with a too great pride and pleasure in the display, one night, of two dollars and twenty-seven cents which I had taken in during the day, that I remembered a long piece of writing, sadly belated now, which I was bound to do. To have been patted kindly on the shoulder and called "darlin'," to have been offered a surprise of early mushrooms for supper, to have had all the glory of making two dollars and twenty-seven cents in a single day, and then to renounce it all and withdraw from these pleasant successes, needed much resolution. Literary employments are so vexed with uncertainties at best, and it was not until the voice of conscience sounded louder in my ears than the sea on the nearest pebble beach that I said unkind words of withdrawal to Mrs. Todd. She only became more wistfully affectionate than ever in her expressions, and looked as disappointed as I expected when I frankly told her that I could no longer enjoy the pleasure of what we called "seein' folks." I felt that I was cruel to a whole neighborhood in curtailing her liberty in this most important season for harvesting the different wild herbs that were so much counted upon to ease their winter ails.

"Well, dear," she said sorrowfully, "I've took great advantage o' your bein' here. I ain't had such a season for years, but I have never had nobody I could so trust. All you lack is a few qualities, but with time you'd gain judgment an' experience, an' be very able in the business. I'd stand right here an' say it to anybody."

Mrs. Todd and I were not separated or estranged by the change in our business relations; on the contrary, a deeper intimacy seemed to begin. I do not know

what herb of the night it was that used sometimes to send out a penetrating odor late in the evening, after the dew had fallen, and the moon was high, and the cool air came up from the sea. Then Mrs. Todd would feel that she must talk to somebody, and I was only too glad to listen. We both fell under the spell, and she either stood outside the window, or made an errand to the sitting-room, and told it might be very commonplace news of the day, or, as happened one misty summer night, all that lay deepest in her heart. It was in this way that I came to know that she had loved one who was far above her.

"No, dear, him I speak of could never think of me," she said. "When we was young together his mother did n't favor the match, an' done everything she could to part us; and folks thought we both married well, but 't wa'n't what either one of us wanted most; an' now we're left alone again, an' might have had each other all the time. He was a seafarin' man, an' prospered more than most; he come of a high family, an' my lot was plain an' hard-workin'. I ain't seen him for some years; he's forgot our youthful feelin's, I expect, but a woman's heart is different; them feelin's comes back when you think you've done with 'em, as sure as spring comes with the year. An' I've always had ways of hearin' about him."

She stood in the centre of a braided rug, and its rings of black and gray seemed to circle about her feet in the dim light. Her height and massiveness in the low room gave her the look of a huge sibyl, while the strange fragrance of the mysterious herb blew in from the little garden.

III.

For some days after this Mrs. Todd's customers came and went past my windows, and, haying-time being nearly over, strangers began to arrive from the

inland country, such was her widespread reputation. Sometimes I saw a pale young creature like a white windflower left over into midsummer, upon whose face consumption had set its bright and wistful mark; but oftener two stout, hard-worked women from the farms came together, and detailed their symptoms to Mrs. Todd in loud and cheerful voices, combining the satisfactions of a friendly gossip with the medical opportunity. They seemed to give much from their own store of therapeutic learning. I became aware of the school in which my landlady had strengthened her natural gift; but hers was always the governing mind, and the final command, "Take of hy'sop one handful," or whatever herb it was, was listened to in respectful silence. One afternoon, when I had listened, — it was impossible not to listen, with cottonless ears, — and then laughed and listened again, with an idle pen in my hand, during a particularly spirited and personal conversation, I reached for my hat, and, taking blotting-book and all under my arm, I resolutely fled further temptation, and walked out past the fragrant green garden and up the dusty road. The way went straight uphill, and presently I stopped and turned to look back.

The tide was in, the wide harbor was surrounded by its dark woods, and the small wooden houses stood as near as they could get to the landing. Mrs. Todd's was the last house on the way uphill. The gray ledges of the rocky shore were well covered with sod in most places, and the pasture bayberry and wild roses grew thick among them. I could see the higher inland country and the scattered farms. On the brink of the hill stood a little white schoolhouse, much wind-blown and weather-beaten, which was a landmark to seagoing folk; from its door there was a most beautiful view of sea and shore. The summer vacation now prevailed, and after finding the door unfastened, and taking a long look through one of the seaward windows,

and reflecting afterward for some time in a shady place near by among the bayberry bushes, I returned to the chief place of business in the village, and, to the amusement of two of the selectmen, brothers and autocrats of Dunnet Landing, I hired the schoolhouse for the rest of the vacation for fifty cents a week.

Selfish as it may appear, the retired situation seemed to possess great advantages, and I spent several days there quite undisturbed, with the sea-breeze blowing through the small, high windows and swaying the heavy outside shutters to and fro. I hung my hat and luncheon-basket on an entry nail as if I were a small scholar, but I sat at the teacher's desk as if I were that great authority, with all the timid empty benches in rows before me. Now and then an idle sheep came and stood for a long time looking in at the door. At sundown I went back, feeling most businesslike, down toward the village again, and usually met the flavor, not of the herb garden, but of Mrs. Todd's hot supper, halfway up the hill. On the nights when there were evening meetings or other public exercises that demanded her presence we had tea very early, and I was welcomed back as if from a long absence.

Once or twice I feigned excuses for staying at home, while Mrs. Todd made distant excursions, and came home late, with both hands full and a heavily laden apron. This was in pennyroyal time, and when the rare lobelia was in its prime and the elecampane was coming on. One day she appeared at the schoolhouse itself, partly out of amused curiosity about my industries; but she explained that there was no tansy in the neighborhood with such snap to it as some that grew about the schoolhouse lot. Being scuffed down all the spring made it grow so much the better, like some folks that had it hard in their youth, and were bound to make the most of themselves before they died.

IV.

One day I reached the schoolhouse very late, owing to attendance upon the funeral of an acquaintance and neighbor, with whose sad decline in health I had been familiar, and whose last days both the doctor and Mrs. Todd had tried in vain to ease. The services had taken place at one o'clock, and now, at quarter past two, I stood at the schoolhouse window, looking down at the procession as it went along the lower road close to the shore. It was a walking funeral, and even at that distance I could recognize most of the mourners as they went their solemn way. Mrs. Begg had been very much respected, and there was a large company of her friends following to her grave. She had been brought up on one of the neighboring farms, and each of the few times that I had seen her she professed great dissatisfaction with town life. The people lived too close together for her liking, at the Landing, and she could not get used to the constant sound of the sea. She had lived to lament three seafaring husbands, and her house was decorated with West Indian curiosities, specimens of conch shells and fine coral which they had brought home from their voyages in lumber-laden ships. Mrs. Todd had told me all our neighbor's history. They had been girls together, and, to use her own phrase, had "both seen trouble till they knew the best and worst on 't." I could see the sorrowful, large figure of Mrs. Todd as I stood at the window. She made a break in the procession by walking slowly and keeping the after-part of it back. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and I knew, with a pang of sympathy, that hers was not affected grief.

Beside her, after much difficulty, I recognized the one strange and unrelated person in all the company, an old man who had always been mysterious to me. I could see his thin, bending figure.

He wore a narrow, long-tailed coat and walked with a stick, and had the same "cant to leeward" as the wind-bent trees on the height above.

This was Captain Littlepage, whom I had seen only once or twice before, sitting pale and old behind a closed window; never out of doors until now. Mrs. Todd always shook her head gravely when I asked a question, and said that he wasn't what he had been once, and seemed to class him with her other secrets. He might have belonged with a simple which grew in a certain slug-haunted corner of the garden, whose use she could never be betrayed into telling me, though I saw her cutting the tops by moonlight once, as if it were a charm, and not a medicine, like the great fading bloodroot leaves.

I could see that she was trying to keep pace with the old captain's lighter steps. He looked like an aged grasshopper of some strange human variety. Behind this pair was a short, impatient little person, who kept the captain's house, and gave it what Mrs. Todd and others believed to be no proper sort of care. She was usually called "that Mari' Harris" in subdued conversation between intimates, but they treated her with anxious civility when they met her face to face.

The bay-sheltered islands and the great sea beyond stretched away to the far horizon southward and eastward; the little procession in the foreground looked futile and helpless on the edge of the rocky shore. It was a glorious day in late July, with a clear, high sky; there were no clouds, there was no noise of the sea. The song sparrows sang and sang, as if with joyous knowledge of immortality, and contempt for those who could so pettily concern themselves with death. I stood watching until the funeral procession had crept round a shoulder of the slope below and disappeared from the great landscape as if it had gone into a cave.

An hour later I was busy at my work. Now and then a bee blundered in and took me for an enemy; but there was a useful stick upon the teacher's desk, and I rapped to call the bees to order as if they were unruly scholars, or waved them away from their riots over the ink, which I had bought at the Landing store, and discovered too late to be scented with bergamot, as if to refresh the labors of anxious scribes. One anxious scribe felt very dull that day; a sheep-bell tinkled near by, and called her wandering wits after it. The sentences failed to catch these lovely summer cadences. For the first time I began to wish for a companion and for news from the outer world, which had been, half unconsciously, forgotten. Watching the funeral gave one a sort of pain. I began to wonder if I ought not to have walked with the rest, instead of hurrying away at the end of the services. Perhaps the Sunday gown I had put on for the occasion was making this disastrous change of feeling, but I had now made myself and my friends remember that I did not really belong to Dunnet Landing.

I sighed, and turned to the half-written page again.

V.

It was a long time after this; an hour was very long in that coast town where nothing stole away the shortest minute. I had lost myself completely in work, when I heard footsteps outside. There was a steep footpath between the upper and the lower road, which I climbed to shorten the way, as the children had taught me, but I believed that Mrs. Todd would find it inaccessible, unless she had occasion to seek me in great haste. I wrote on, feeling like a besieged miser of time, while the footsteps came nearer, and the sheep-bell tinkled away in haste as if some one had shaken a stick in its wearer's face. Then I looked up, and saw Captain Littlepage passing the near-

est window; the next moment he tapped politely at the door.

"Come in, sir," I said, rising to meet him; and he entered, bowing with much courtesy. I stepped down from the desk and offered him a chair by the window, where he seated himself at once, being sadly spent by his climb. I returned to my fixed seat behind the teacher's desk, which gave him the lower place of a scholar.

"You ought to have the place of honor, Captain Littlepage," I said.

"A happy, rural seat of various views,"

he quoted, as he gazed out into the sunshine and up the long wooded shore. Then he glanced at me, and looked all about him as pleased as a child.

"My quotation was from *Paradise Lost*: the greatest of poems, I suppose you know?" and I nodded. "There's nothing that ranks, to my mind, with *Paradise Lost*; it's all lofty, all lofty," he continued. "Shakespeare was a great poet; he copied life, but you have to put up with a great deal of low talk."

I now remembered that Mrs. Todd had told me one day that Captain Littlepage had overset his mind with too much reading; she had also made dark reference to his having "spells" of some unexplainable nature. I could not help wondering what errand had brought him out in search of me. There was something quite charming in his appearance: it was a face thin and delicate with refinement, but worn into appealing lines, as if he had suffered from loneliness and misapprehension. He looked, with his careful precision of dress, as if he were the object of cherishing care on the part of elderly unmarried sisters, but I knew Mari' Harris to be a very commonplace, inelegant person, who would have no such standards; it was plain that the captain was his own attentive valet. He sat looking at me expectantly. I could not help thinking that, with his queer head and length of

thinness, he was made to hop along the road of life rather than to walk. The captain was very grave indeed, and I bade my inward spirit keep close to discretion.

"Poor Mrs. Begg has gone," I ventured to say. I still wore my Sunday gown by way of showing respect.

"She has gone," said the captain, — "very easy at the last, I was informed; she slipped away as if she were glad of the opportunity."

I thought of the Countess of Carberry, and felt that history repeated itself.

"She was one of the old stock," continued Captain Littlepage, with touching sincerity. "She was very much looked up to in this town, and will be missed."

I wondered, as I looked at him, if he had sprung from a line of ministers; he had the refinement of look and air of command which are the heritage of the old ecclesiastical families of New England. But as Darwin says in his autobiography, "there is no such king as a sea-captain; he is greater even than a king or a schoolmaster!"

Captain Littlepage moved his chair out of the wake of the sunshine, and still sat looking at me. I began to be very eager to know upon what errand he had come.

"It may be found out some o' these days," he said earnestly. "We may know it all, the next step; where Mrs. Begg is now, for instance. Certainty, not conjecture, is what we all desire."

"I suppose we shall know it all some day," said I.

"We shall know it while yet below," insisted the captain, with a flush of impatience on his thin cheeks. "We have not looked for truth in the right direction. I know what I speak of; those who have laughed at me little know how much reason my ideas are based upon." He waved his hand toward the village below. "In that handful of houses they fancy that they comprehend the universe."

I smiled, and waited for him to go on.

"I am an old man, as you can see," he continued, "and I have been a ship-master the greater part of my life, — forty-three years in all. You may not think it, but I am above eighty years of age."

He did not look so old, and I hastened to say so.

"You must have left the sea a number of years ago, then, Captain Littlepage?" I said.

"I should have been serviceable at least five or six years more," he answered. "My acquaintance with certain — my experience upon a certain occasion, I might say, gave rise to prejudice. I do not mind telling you that I chanced to know of one of the greatest discoveries that man has ever made."

Now we were approaching dangerous ground, but a sudden sense of his sufferings at the hands of the ignorant came to my help, and I asked to hear more with all the deference I really felt. A swallow flew into the schoolhouse at this moment as if a kingbird were after it, and beat itself against the walls for a minute, and escaped again to the open air; but Captain Littlepage took no notice whatever of the flurry.

"I had a valuable cargo of general merchandise from the London docks to Fort Churchill, a station of the old company on Hudson's Bay," said the captain earnestly. "We were delayed in lading, and baffled by head winds and a heavy tumbling sea all the way north-about and across. Then the fog kept us off the coast; and when I made port at last, it was too late to delay in those northern waters with such a vessel and such a crew as I had. They cared for nothing, and idled me into a fit of sickness; but my first mate was a good, excellent man, with no more idea of being frozen in there until spring than I had, so we made what speed we could to get clear of Hudson's Bay and off the coast. I owned an eighth of the vessel, and he

owned a sixteenth of her. She was a full-rigged ship, called the *Minerva*, but she was getting old and leaky. I meant it should be my last v'y'ge, and so it proved. She had been an excellent vessel in her day. Of the cowards aboard her I can't say so much."

"Then you were wrecked?" I asked, as he made a long pause.

"I wa'n't caught astern o' the lighter by any fault of mine," said the captain gloomily. "We left Fort Churchill and run out into the bay with a light pair o' heels; but I had been vexed to death with their red-tape rigging at the company's office, and chilled with stayin' on deck an' tryin' to hurry up things, and when we were well out o' sight o' land, headin' for Hudson's Straits, I had a bad turn o' some sort o' fever, and had to stay below. The days were getting short, and we made good runs, all well on board but me, and the crew done their work by dint of hard driving."

I began to find this unexpected narrative a little dull. Captain Littlepage spoke with a kind of slow correctness that lacked the longshore high flavor to which I had grown used; but I listened respectfully while he explained the winds having become contrary, and talked on in a dreary sort of way about his voyage, the bad weather, and the disadvantages he was under in the lightness of his ship, which bounced about like a chip in a bucket, and would not answer the rudder or properly respond to the most careful setting of sails.

"So there we were blowin' along anyways," he complained; but looking at me at this moment, and seeing that my thoughts were unkindly wandering, he ceased to speak.

"It was a hard life at sea in those days, I am sure," said I, with redoubled interest.

"It was a dog's life," said the poor old gentleman, quite reassured, "but it made men of those who followed it. I see a change for the worse even in our own

town here; full of loafers now, small and poor as 't is, who once would have followed the sea, every lazy soul of 'em. There is no occupation so fit for just that class o' men who never get beyond the fo'cas'le. I view it, in addition, that a community narrows down and grows dreadful ignorant when it is shut up to its own affairs, and gets no knowledge of the outside world except from a cheap, unprincipled newspaper. In the old days, a good part o' the best men here knew a hundred ports and something of the way folks lived in them. They saw the world for themselves, and like 's not their wives and children saw it with them. They may not have had the best of knowledge to carry with 'em sight-see-in', but they were some acquainted with foreign lands an' their laws, an' could see outside the battle for town clerk here in Dunnet; they got some sense o' proportion. Yes, they lived more dignified, and their houses were better within an' without. Shipping 's a terrible loss to this part o' New England from a social point o' view, ma'am."

"I have thought of that myself," I returned, with my interest quite awakened. "It accounts for the change in a great many things, — the sad disappearance of sea-captains, — does n't it?"

"A shipmaster was apt to get the habit of reading," said my companion, brightening still more, and taking on a most touching air of unreserve. "A captain is not expected to be familiar with his crew, and for company's sake in dull days and nights he turns to his book. Most of us old shipmasters came to know 'most everything about something; one would take to readin' on farming topics, and some were great on medicine, — but Lord help their poor crews! — or some were all for history, and now and then there 'd be one like me that gave his time to the poets. I was well acquainted with a shipmaster that was all for bees an' bee-keepin'; and if you met him in port and went aboard, he 'd

sit and talk a terrible while about their havin' so much information, and the money that could be made out of keepin' 'em. He was one of the smartest captains that ever sailed the seas, but they used to call the Newcastle, a great bark he commanded for many years, Tuttle's beehive. There was old Cap'n Jameson: he had notions of Solomon's Temple, and made a very handsome little model of the same, right from the Scripture measurements, same 's other sailors make little ships and design new tricks of rigging and all that. No, there 's nothing to take the place of shipping in a place like ours. These bicycles offend me dreadfully; they don't afford no real opportunities of experience such as a man gained on a voyage. No: when folks left home in the old days they left it to some purpose, and when they got home they stayed there and had some pride in it. There 's no large-minded way of thinking now: the worst have got to be best and rule everything; we're all turned upside down, and going back year by year."

"Oh no, Captain Littlepage, I hope not," said I, trying to soothe his feelings.

There was a silence in the schoolhouse, but we could hear the noise of the water on a beach below. It sounded like the strange warning wave that gives notice of the turn of the tide. A late golden robin, with the most joyful and eager of voices, was singing close by in a thicket of wild roses.

VI.

"How did you manage with the rest of that rough voyage on the *Minerva*?" I asked.

"I shall be glad to explain to you," said Captain Littlepage, forgetting his grievances for the moment. "If I had a map at hand, I could explain better. We were driven to and fro 'way up toward what we used to call Parry's Discoveries,

and lost our bearings. It was thick and foggy, and at last I lost my ship; she drove on a rock, and we managed to get ashore on what I took to be a barren island, the few of us that were left alive. When she first struck, the sea was somewhat calmer than it had been, and most of the crew, against orders, manned the long-boat and put off in a hurry, and were never heard of more. Our own boat upset, but the carpenter kept himself and me above water, and we drifted in. I had no strength to call upon after my recent fever, and laid down to die; but he found the tracks of a man and dog the second day, and got along the shore to one of those far missionary stations that the Moravians support. They were very poor themselves, and in distress; 't was a useless place. There were but few Esquimaux left in that region. There we remained for some time, and I became acquainted with strange events."

The captain lifted his head and gave me a questioning glance. I could not help noticing that the dulled look in his eyes had gone, and there was instead a clear intentness that made them seem dark and piercing.

"There was a supply ship expected, and the pastor, an excellent Christian man, made no doubt that we should get passage in her. He was hoping that orders would come to break up the station; but everything was uncertain, and we got on the best we could for a while. We fished, and helped the people in other ways; there was no other way of paying our debts. I was taken to the pastor's house until I got better; but they were crowded, and I felt myself in the way, and made excuse to join with an old seaman, a Scotchman, who had built him a warm cabin, and had room in it for another. He was looked upon with regard, and had stood by the pastor in some troubles with the people. He had been on one of those English exploring parties that found one end of the road to the north pole, but never could find the

other. We lived like dogs in a kennel, or so you 'd thought if you had seen the hut from the outside; but the main thing was to keep warm; there were piles of birdskins to lie on, and he 'd made him a good bunk, and there was another for me. 'T was dreadful dreary waitin' there; we begun to think the supply steamer was lost, and my poor ship broke up and strewed herself all along the shore. We got to watching on the headlands; my men and me knew the people were short of supplies and had to pinch themselves. It ought to read in the Bible, 'Man cannot live by fish alone,' if they 'd told the truth of things; 'tain't bread that wears the worst on you! First part of the time, old Gaffett, that I lived with, seemed speechless, and I did n't know what to make of him, nor he of me, I dare say; but as we got acquainted, I found he 'd been through more disasters than I had, and had troubles that wa'n't going to let him live a great while. It used to ease his mind to talk to an understanding person, so we used to sit and talk together all day, if it rained or blew so that we could n't get out. I 'd got a bad blow on the back of my head at the time we came ashore, and it pained me at times, and my strength was broken, anyway; I 've never been so strong since."

Captain Littlepage fell into a reverie.

"Then I had the good of my reading," he explained presently. "I had no books; the pastor spoke but little English, and all his books were foreign; but I used to say over all I could remember. The old poets little knew what comfort they could be to a man. I was well acquainted with the works of Milton, but up there it did seem to me as if Shakespeare was the king; he has his sea terms very accurate, and some beautiful passages were calming to the mind. I would say them over till I shed tears; there was nothing beautiful to me in that place but the stars above and those passages of verse.

"Gaffett was always brooding and brooding, and talking to himself; he was afraid he should never get away, and it preyed upon his mind. He thought when I got home I could interest the scientific men in his discovery: but they're all taken up with their own notions; some did n't even take pains to answer the letters I wrote. You observe that I said this crippled man Gaffett had been shipped on a voyage of discovery. I now tell you that the ship was lost on its return, and only Gaffett and two officers were saved off the Greenland coast, and he had knowledge later that those men never got back to England; the brig they shipped on was run down in the night. So no other living soul had the facts, and he gave them to me. There is a strange sort of a country 'way up north beyond the ice, and strange folks living in it. Gaffett believed it was the next world to this."

"What do you mean, Captain Littlepage?" I exclaimed. The old man was bending forward and whispering; he looked over his shoulder before he spoke the last sentence.

"To hear old Gaffett tell about it was something awful," he said, going on with his story quite steadily after the moment of excitement had passed. "'T was first a tale of dogs and sledges, and cold and wind and snow. Then they begun to find the ice grow rotten; they had been frozen in, and got into a current flowing north, far up beyond Fox Channel, and they took to their boats when the ship got crushed, and this warm current took them out of sight of the ice, and into a great open sea; and they still followed it due north, just the very way they had planned to go. Then they struck a coast that was n't laid down or charted, but the cliffs were such that no boat could land until they found a bay and struck across under sail to the other side where the shore looked lower; they were scant of provisions and out of water, but they got sight of something that looked like

a great town. 'For God's sake, Gaffett!' said I, the first time he told me. 'You don't mean a town two degrees farther north than ships had ever been?' for he'd got their course marked on an old chart that he'd pieced out at the top; but he insisted upon it, and told it over and over again, to be sure I had it straight to carry to those who would be interested. There was no snow and ice, he said, after they had sailed some days with that warm current, which seemed to come right from under the ice that they'd been pinched up in and had been crossing on foot for weeks."

"But what about the town?" I asked. "Did they get to the town?"

"They did," said the captain, "and found inhabitants; 't was an awful condition of things. It appeared, as near as Gaffett could express it, like a place where there was neither living nor dead. They could see the town when they were approaching it by sea pretty near like any town, and thick with habitations; but all at once they lost sight of it altogether, and when they got close inshore they could see the shapes of folks, but they never could get near them, — all blowing gray figures that would pass along alone, or sometimes gathered in companies as if they were watching. The men were frightened at first, but the shapes never came near them, — it was as if they blew back; and at last they all got bold and went ashore, and found birds' eggs and sea fowl, like any wild northern spot where creatures were tame and folks had never been, and there was good water. Gaffett said that he and another man came near one o' the fog-shaped men that was going along slow with the look of a pack on his back, among the rocks, an' they chased him; but, Lord! he flittered away out o' sight like a leaf the wind takes with it, or a piece of cobweb. They would make as if they talked together, but there was no sound of voices, and 'they acted as if they did n't see us, but only felt us com-

ing towards them,' says Gaffett one day, trying to tell the particulars. They could n't see the town when they were ashore. One day the captain and the doctor were gone till night up across the high land where the town had seemed to be, and they come back at night beat out and white as ashes, and wrote and wrote all next day in their notebooks, and whispered together full of excitement, and they were sharp-spoken with the men when they offered to ask any questions.

"Then there came a day," said Captain Littlepage, leaning toward me with a strange look in his eyes, and whispering quickly. "The men all swore they would n't stay any longer; the man on watch early in the morning gave the alarm, and they all put off in the boat and got a little way out to sea. Those folks, or whatever they were, come about 'em like bats; all at once they raised incessant armies, and come as if to drive 'em back to sea. They stood thick at the edge o' the water like the ridges o' grim war; no thought o' flight, none of retreat. Sometimes a standing fight, then soaring on main wing tormented all the air. And when they 'd got the boat out o' reach o' danger, Gaffett said they looked back, and there was the town again, standing up just as they 'd seen it first, comin' on the coast. Say what you might, they all believed 't was a kind of waiting-place between this world an' the next."

The captain had sprung to his feet in his excitement, and made excited gestures, but he still whispered huskily.

"Sit down, sir," I said as quietly as I could, and he sank into his chair quite spent.

"Gaffett thought the officers were hurrying home to report and to fit out a new expedition when they were all lost. At the time, the men got orders not to talk over what they had seen," the old man explained presently in a more natural tone.

"Were n't they all starving, and was n't

it a mirage or something of that sort?" I ventured to ask. But he looked at me blankly.

"Gaffett had got so that his mind ran on nothing else," he went on. "The ship's surgeon let fall an opinion to the captain, one day, that 't was some condition o' the light and the magnetic currents that let them see those folks. 'T wa'n't a right-feeling part of the world, anyway; they had to battle with the compass to make it serve, an' everything seemed to go wrong. Gaffett had worked it out in his own mind that they was all common ghosts, but the conditions were unusual favorable for seeing them. He was always talking about the Geographical Society, but he never took proper steps, as I view it now, and stayed right there at the mission. He was a good deal crippled, and thought they 'd confine him in some jail of a hospital. He said he was waiting to find the right men to tell, somebody bound north. Once in a while they stopped there to leave a mail or something. He was set in his notions, and let two or three proper explorin' expeditions go by him because he did n't like their looks; but when I was there he had got restless, fearin' he might be taken away or something. He had all his directions written out straight as a string to give the right ones. I wanted him to trust 'em to me, so I might have something to show, but he would n't. I suppose he's dead now. I wrote to him, an' I done all I could. 'T will be a great exploit some o' these days."

I assented absent-mindedly, thinking more just then of my companion's alert, determined look and the seafaring, ready aspect that had come to his face; but at this moment there fell a sudden change, and the old, pathetic, scholarly look returned. Behind me hung a map of North America, and I saw, as I turned a little, that his eyes were fixed upon the northernmost regions and their careful recent outlines with a look of bewilderment.

VII.

Gaffett with his good bunk and the birdskins, the story of the wreck of the *Minerva*, the human-shaped creatures of fog and cobweb, the great words of Milton with which he described their onslaught upon the crew, all this moving tale had such an air of truth that I could not argue with Captain Littlepage. The old man looked away from the map as if it had vaguely troubled him, and regarded me appealingly.

"We were just speaking of" — and he stopped. I saw that he had suddenly forgotten his subject.

"There were a great many people at the funeral," I hastened to say.

"Oh yes," the captain answered, with satisfaction. "All showed respect who could. The sad circumstances had for a moment slipped my mind. Yes, Mrs. Begg will be very much missed. She was a capital manager for her husband when he was at sea. Oh yes, shipping is a very great loss." And he sighed heavily. "There was hardly a man of any standing who did n't interest himself in some way in navigation. It always gave credit to a town. I call it low-water mark now here in Dunnet."

He rose with dignity to take leave, and asked me to stop at his house some day, when he would show me some outlandish things that he had brought home from sea. I was familiar with the subject of the decadence of shipping interests in all its affecting branches, having been already a month in Dunnet, and I felt sure that Captain Littlepage's mind had now returned to a safe level.

As we came down the hill toward the village our ways divided, and when I had seen the old captain well started on a smooth piece of sidewalk which would lead him to his own door, we parted, the best of friends. "Step in some afternoon," he said, as affectionately as if I were a fellow-shipmaster wrecked on the

leeshore of age like himself. I turned toward home, and presently met Mrs. Todd coming toward me with an anxious expression.

"I see you sleevin' the old gentleman down the hill," she suggested.

"Yes. I've had a very remarkable afternoon with him," I answered; and her face brightened.

"Oh, then he's all right. I was afraid 't was one o' his flighty spells, an' Mari' Harris would n't" —

"Yes," I returned, smiling, "he has been telling me some old stories, but we talked about Mrs. Begg and the funeral beside, and *Paradise Lost*."

"I expect he got tellin' of you some o' his great narratives," she answered, looking at me shrewdly. "Funerals always sets him goin'. Some o' them tales hangs together toler'ble well," she added, with a sharper look than before. "An' he's been a great reader all his seafarin' days. Some thinks he overdid, and affected his head, but for a man o' his years he's amazin' now when he's at his best. Oh, he used to be a beautiful man!"

We were standing where there was a fine view of the harbor and its long stretches of shore all covered by the great army of the pointed firs, darkly cloaked and standing as if they waited to embark. As we looked far seaward among the outer islands, the trees seemed to march seaward still, going over the heights and down to the water's edge.

It had been growing gray and cloudy, like the first evening of autumn, and a shadow had fallen on the darkening shore. Suddenly, as we looked, a gleam of golden sunshine struck the outer islands, and one of them shone out clear in the light, and revealed itself in a compelling way to our eyes. Mrs. Todd was looking off across the bay with a face full of affection and interest. The sunburst upon that outermost island made it seem like a sudden revelation of the

world beyond this which some believe to be so near.

"That's where mother lives," said Mrs. Todd. "Can't we see it plain? I was brought up out there on Green Island. I know every rock an' bush on it."

"Your mother!" I exclaimed, with great interest.

"Yes, dear, cert'in; I've got her yet, old's I be. She's one o' them spry, light-footed little women; always was, an' light-hearted, too," answered Mrs. Todd, with satisfaction. "She's seen all the trouble folks can see, without it's her last sickness; an' she's got a word o' courage for everybody. Life ain't spoilt her a mite. She's eighty-seven an' I'm sixty-seven, and I've seen the time I've felt a good sight the oldest. 'Land sakes alive!' says she, last time I was out to see her. 'How you do lurch about step-pin' into a bo't!' I laughed so I liked to have gone right over into the water; an' we pushed off, an' left her laughin' there on the shore."

The light had faded as we watched. Mrs. Todd had mounted a gray rock, and stood there grand and architectural, like a caryatid. Presently she stepped down, and we continued our way homeward.

"You an' me, we'll take a bo't an'

go out some day and see mother," she promised me. "'T would please her very much, an' there's one or two sca'ce herbs grows better on the island than anywheres else. I ain't seen their like nowheres here on the main."

"Now I'm goin' right down to get us each a mug o' my beer," she announced as we entered the house, "an' I believe I'll sneak in a little mite o' camomile. Goin' to the funeral an' all, I feel to have had a very wearin' afternoon."

I heard her going down into the cool little cellar, and then there was considerable delay. When she returned, mug in hand, I noticed the taste of camomile, in spite of my protest; but its flavor was disguised by some other herb that I did not know, and she stood over me until I drank it all and said that I liked it.

"I don't give that to everybody," said Mrs. Todd kindly; and I felt for a moment as if it were part of a spell and incantation, and as if my enchantress would now begin to look like the cobweb shapes of the arctic town. Nothing happened but a quiet evening and some delightful plans that we made about going to Green Island, and on the morrow there was the clear sunshine and blue sky of another day.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE JOHNSON CLUB.

"POSSIBLY," wrote the Young Men's Philosophical Society of New York to Lord Macaulay, "possibly our fame has not pinioned the Atlantic." Neither, I fear, has the Atlantic been pinioned by the fame of the Johnson Club of London, though from time to time we have had the pleasure of welcoming in our haunts in Fleet Street more than one American guest. We are, in strict accordance with the great lexicographer's

definition, "an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions;" the conditions being that we shall do honor to the immortal memory of Dr. Samuel Johnson by supping together four times a year, and by swallowing as much beef-steak pudding, punch, and tobacco smoke as the strength of each man's constitution admits. A few of the weaker brethren, — among whom, unhappily, I am included, — whose bodily infirmity cannot

respond to the cheerful Johnsonian cry, "Who's for poonsh?" do their best to play their part by occasionally reading essays on Johnsonian subjects, and by seasoning their talk with anecdotes and sayings of the great doctor. We are tolerated by the jovial crew, for they see that we mean well, and are as "clubable" as nature allows. Our favorite haunt is the Old Cheshire Cheese, the only tavern in Fleet Street left unchanged by what Johnson called that "fury of innovation" which, beginning with Tyburn and its gallows-tree, has gradually transformed London. The Mitre, "where he loved to sit up late;" where he made Boswell's head ache, not with the port wine, but with the sense he put into it; where, at their first supper, "he called to him with warmth, 'Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you;'" where, nearly a hundred years later, Hawthorne, in memory of the two men, dined "in the low, sombre coffee-room," — the Mitre has been rebuilt. The Cock, most ancient of taverns, has followed its "plump head-waiter" along the road of mortality, although, fortunately, its fittings and furniture are still preserved in the house which, under the same name, has risen on the other side of the street. The Old Cheshire Cheese stands as it stood in the days when Goldsmith used to pass its side door on his way up the dark entry to his lodgings in Wine Office Court. The jolly host, who owns the freehold, can show title-deeds going back almost to the time of the Great Fire of London. There, in the ground-floor room, we meet, our "Prior" sitting on a bench above which is set in the wall a brass tablet bearing the following inscription: —

THE FAVOURITE SEAT OF
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Born 18th Sept. 1709. Died 13 Dec. 1784.

In him a noble understanding and a masterly intellect were united with great independence of character and unflinching goodness of heart, which won the admiration of his own age, and

remain as recommendations to the reverence of posterity.

"No, Sir! there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced¹ as by a good tavern." JOHNSON.

That Johnson frequented the Cheshire Cheese there is no contemporary evidence. The place is never mentioned by Boswell. That there was not a decent tavern in Fleet Street in which Johnson had not often dined might be safely inferred from all that we know of his life and from the nature of things. Happily, I have come across a tradition strong enough to support this metaphysical argument, and to clear away the last doubts of the Johnsonian pilgrim. Nearly thirty years ago an old man published a book under the title of *The Law: What I have Seen, What I have Heard and What I have Known*. He dedicated it "To the Lawyers and Gentlemen with whom I have dined for more than half a century at the Old Cheshire Cheese, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street." In the preface he says: "During the fifty-three years I have frequented the Cheshire Cheese there have been only three landlords. When I first visited it, I used to meet several old gentlemen who remembered Dr. Johnson nightly at the Cheshire Cheese; and they have told me, what is not generally known, that the doctor, whilst living in the Temple, always went to the Mitre or the Essex Head; but when he removed to Gough Square or Bolt Court he was a constant visitor at the Cheshire Cheese, because nothing but a hurricane would have induced him to cross Fleet Street." In this there is some loose talk, for Johnson removed to the Temple after he left Gough Square. Moreover, we know that he would at any time willingly cross the street to dine with Boswell at the Mitre. Besides, it was pure gallantry, and no

¹ Johnson said "is produced." If "it is not every man that can carry a *bonmot*," neither is it every man that can copy correctly.

hurricane, which one evening made him give his arm to assist across the street a gentlewoman who was somewhat in liquor; "upon which," he adds, "she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the watchman." Nevertheless, there is not the least reason to doubt the general accuracy of the tradition. Fifty-three years take us back from 1868 to 1815, and 1815 was removed by only thirty-one years from the date of Johnson's death. I have heard a member of our Club relate that, when he was a student of law, there used to be pointed out to him in the Cheshire Cheese an old gentleman, who day after day was always to be found there, prolonging his dinner by an unbroken succession of glasses of gin and water. It was as a kind of awful warning of the depths to which a lawyer might sink that this toper was shown, and it was added in a whisper that he was the son of Jay of Bath. Jay of Bath is well-nigh forgotten now, but during the first half of the present century his fame as a preacher stood exceedingly high. It was Cyrus Jay, his son, who for fifty-three years frequenting this ancient tavern preserved and handed down this curious tradition of Johnson. The landlord has told me how, in his childhood, he used to hear in the distance the gruff voice of the old gentleman as he came along Fleet Street, and how sometimes he was sent by his mother to see Mr. Jay safe home to his chambers in Serjeants' Inn, hard by. For most of his long life, port, that medium liquor, neither like claret for boys nor like brandy for heroes, but the drink for men, had been his favorite beverage. A failing income brought him down at last to gin and water. He used to comfort himself by the reflection that he could get twice as drunk for half the money. He dined in the tavern to the very end. One evening he was led to his lodgings by the little boy, and in four-and-twenty hours he was dead. He was the last frequenter of the Old Cheshire Cheese who knew

the men who had known Johnson. Mine host remembers a still older guest, Dr. Pooley by name, a barrister, who died about 1856, at the age of eighty. Night after night for many a long year he had dined at half past seven to the minute on "a follower," the end chop of the loin. He too used to tell of the men of his younger days who boasted that they had often spent an evening there with Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In this same room, with its floor as "nicely sanded" as when Goldsmith knew it, our Club gathers from time to time; here, undisturbed in our thoughts by a single modern innovation except the gas, we sup on one of those beef-steak puddings for which the Cheshire Cheese has been famous from time immemorial. So vast is it in all its glorious rotundity that it has to be wheeled in on a table; it disdains a successor in the same line, and itself alone satisfies forty hungry guests. "A magnificent hot apple-pie stuck with bay leaves," our second course, recalls the supper with which Johnson "celebrated the birth of the first literary child of Mrs. Lennox, the novelist, when at five in the morning his face still shone with meridian splendor, though his drink had been only lemonade." The talk is of the liveliest; from time to time toasts are drunk and responded to. Sometimes, indeed, we suffer from a guest who, having nothing to say, naturally takes a long time to say it; but when he has at last sat down, some touch of humor soon comes to clear the dull air. We still recall with delight the speech of a young giant, a famous Australian cricketer, whose batting and bowling had overpowered many an English eleven. As he stood up in the low room to reply to his health, his head rising through the clouds of tobacco smoke seemed almost to touch the ceiling. "Till this evening," he remarked, "I never heard Dr. Johnson's name." (Here there was a cry of "shame.") "Yes," he continued, "and I will ven-

ture to assure that gentleman who cries out 'shame' that, day after day, he might ride for hundreds and hundreds of miles through that country from which I come without meeting with a single man who had ever heard the doctor's name. Nevertheless, after all that has been said in praise of his greatness this evening, I am ready to allow that were I not B—— the cricketer, I would willingly be Dr. Johnson." Amid what shouts of applause, what rattlings of glasses, what beatings of the table, did he not resume his seat! Every one felt that it was a fit occasion for refilling glasses, and the punch-bowl had soon to be replenished.

Though Fleet Street, "the most cheerful scene in the world" in Boswell's opinion, Johnson's "favourite street," is our chosen haunt, nevertheless from time to time we make Johnsonian pilgrimages. At Lichfield, where still stands, scarcely changed, the old house in which our hero was born, we have set up our punch-bowl more than once, and thrice we have set it up in Oxford. By the Master and Fellows of his old college, that "nest of singing birds," as he fondly called it, we have been hospitably entertained, and we in turn have entertained them. Full of Johnsonian veneration, we have visited the old common-room of University College, which one day witnessed his drinking three bottles of port at a sitting without being the worse for it, and we have thought that there were indeed giants in those days. In this same room I have read the entry in one of the college books in which Shelley's expulsion is recorded.

In the wonderful weather which in England last autumn seemed to turn the year back from the end of September to the middle of June, we took a longer pilgrimage, going as far as Ashbourne, a little market-town charmingly situated at the entrance of one of the most lovely dales in Derbyshire. It was late in the afternoon of Friday, September 27, that the train set me down in the

outskirts of the town. One hundred and nineteen years earlier, Johnson and Boswell had entered Ashbourne in great state in "the large roomy post-chaise, drawn by four stout plump horses, and driven by two steady jolly postilions," belonging to the Rev. Dr. John Taylor, a divine of the Church of England, "whose talk was of bullocks, and whose size and figure and countenance and manner were that of a hearty English 'squire, with the parson super-induced." It was in a small one-horse omnibus that I made my entry, in company with a jovial farmer, who, as we drove by the bank, told me that he passed many a thousand pounds every year through that place. This, I felt, was all in keeping, for did not Johnson himself, one day, in the Oxford coach, talk without reserve of the state of his affairs, and say, "I have about the world, I think, above a thousand pounds, which I intend shall afford Frank [his negro servant] an annuity of seventy pounds a year"? I alighted at the Green Man and Black's Head Royal Hotel, an old-fashioned rambling inn, which looks as if it had known no change since the day when Boswell hired there his post-chaise on his way home. The elderly landlady who welcomed me reminded me of her predecessor, "a mighty civil gentlewoman, who, courtseying very low, presented him with an engraving of the sign of her house, bearing the following address in her own handwriting:—

" 'M. KILLINGLEY's duty waits upon *Mr. Boswell*, is exceedingly obliged to him for this favour; whenever he comes this way, hopes for a continuance of the same. Would *Mr. Boswell* name the house to his extensive acquaintance, it would be a singular favour conferr'd on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks, and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time, and in a blessed eternity.

'Tuesday morn.'

The Green Man and Black's Head Royal Hotel — a strange combination of titles, by the way — I will gladly name to all my acquaintance who are satisfied with an old-fashioned inn, a good bed, plain but good fare, civil attendance, and furniture and fittings which have much more of the eighteenth than of the nineteenth century about them. One article alone is of uncertain quality. We were warned not to drink the Ashbourne water, for it is drawn from shallow wells. A son of temperance must have it boiled, or must use only mineral waters; for men of a more jovial disposition there is a good cellar. A member of our Club, when he was cautioned about the water, replied, "Water! I never drink water anywhere." Some of us, however, are weaker brethren.

Pleasant though this inn was soon to prove, yet on my arrival I felt somewhat lonely. Darkness was rapidly setting in, and there was not a single Johnsonian to welcome me. I was in too clubable a mood to dine alone; so I put off dinner till the arrival of the next train, and strolled out to explore the town. The bell ringing for evening service led me to the fine old church, the great glory of Ashbourne: "one of the largest and most luminous that I have seen in any town of the same size," wrote Boswell; "the finest mere parish church in the kingdom," George Eliot called it. The spire — "the Pride of the Peak" — rises to a height of two hundred and twelve feet, and has stood the storms of five hundred years. The chancel and transept are older by a whole century. In a side chapel, surrounded by his forefathers and descendants, is the tomb of Sir Edmund Cokayne, who fell in that battle where Falstaff boasted that he and Percy "rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock." Among these rough knights is the recumbent effigy of a little girl, the only child in a family well known to Johnson, — the Boothbys of Ashbourne Hall. He might have stroked

her hair and given her an old man's blessing in his last visit to the little town. She had been the one link which held together her father and mother. From her little grave they went back to their ancient hall, and there parted, never to meet again. Let into one of the pillars in the transept is the original dedication plate, bearing date MCCXLI. In the register was long to be seen the following entry in the handwriting of Charles I.: "August 1645, Wednesday, Ashburne in the Peak, Mr. Cokaine's 1 night." It now probably adorns some cabinet of autographs, for several years ago it was cut out and stolen, most likely by one of that unscrupulous race of collectors. Just one hundred years after the king's visit, his great-grandson, the young Pretender, with his Highland rabble, swept by under the shadow of the old church. In Ashbourne Hall, at the other end of the town, were long preserved the inscriptions set over the rooms to mark where each officer was quartered. The following original document, which I found pasted inside a History of Lichfield in the Bodleian Library, shows what terror the clansmen must have spread in these quiet dales: —

LEEK, 3 Decemb. 1745.

TO THE HEADBORROW OF ENDON,

You are required imediatly to bring to Leek Twenty Able Horses with proper Carts under pain of Military Execution for the Service of the Prince of Wales.

JAMES URQUHART.

Leek is ten miles from Ashbourne, and Endon is still nearer. The post-horses and carriages of the Green Man were no doubt impressed. M. Killingley, that "mighty civil gentlewoman," had Boswell thought of questioning her, could probably have told strange stories of these wild invaders. What short work would they have made of Dr. Taylor's roomy post-chaise and four stout plump horses! Had the young Pretender suc-

ceeded in what Johnson called his "noble attempt," the fittings of this squire-parson's pew in Ashbourne church would have been far less gorgeous. As "a Hanoverian, a vile Whig," he had good preferment. As one of the prebendaries of Westminster Abbey, he had shared in the divisions of the trappings used at the coronation of George III. The cushion on which the crown rested had fallen to his lot, as well as some velvet hangings. With these he decked the roomy pew in which Boswell sat that Sunday when "he felt great satisfaction in considering that he was supported in his fondness for solemn worship by the general concurrence and munificence of mankind."

As, guided by the sound of the bell, I drew near the church, I saw that two or three of the great windows were lighted up, though the mass of the building was in darkness. Following some devout women along the dark churchyard path, I reached an open door, and entered upon a scene of mingled light and gloom, — gloom at the ends of the transept, nave, and chancel, while in the middle of the church, above the pulpit, reading-desk, and seats for the choir, gas-jets were burning. On all sides, flowers and fruits, lately gathered for the harvest thanksgiving, gave a fresh grace to the ancient pile, though some large pumpkins and cucumbers, as they sprawled under one of the windows, contrasted oddly with the light-springing arch and the Gothic tracery. I was pleased to learn, next day, that chance had led me to a seat just behind the pew in which Johnson, with that "tremulous earnestness" which Boswell had noticed in St. Clement-Danes on many a Sunday, "pronounced the awful petition in the Liturgy — 'In the hour of death and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us.'" The organ began to play, and a surpliced choir, followed by four priests, streamed in. We were but a small congregation: six ordinary worshippers, a woman to be

"churched," and a little company of babies, parents, and godparents for a christening. The intoning of the priests was clear, and so was their reading; the chanting was good, and little Elsie Ann and John Herbert stood the triple sprinkling of the water without uttering a cry. I fell into a train of thought on the wonderful power which, in such a spot as this, the beautiful creation of a church has on the minds of men. What far-distant ages, what far-distant lands, were meeting together that September evening in this ancient building; what thoughts of the past, what fears and hopes for the future! The beauty of the venerable pile; the mingled light and darkness; the tombs of the dead; the roll of the organ; the chanting of the choristers; the touching words of the sweet psalmist of Israel, once more telling a strange people how, long ages ago, "the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion;" the perfect melody of the Book of Common Prayer; the young mother kneeling in thankfulness for her deliverance from "the great danger of childbirth;" the babes who "hereafter shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified," — in all this the long generations of men seemed to have combined to make, as it were, a wondrous poem, a drama of man's life of consummate workmanship. This beautiful poem, this noble drama, priests all over England, I thought, with their apish tricks, with their servile imitation of Rome, with that "fooling" which Cromwell long ago bid cease, are bringing into contempt, as if the rising tide of science were not sweeping round the foundations of their church, and washing away so much that once seemed founded on a rock. Happily, at Ashbourne such fantastic tricks as these were not played before high heaven.

From these reflections I was diverted, on my return to the Green Man, by the arrival of some of my companions; with them I spent the rest of the evening in cheerful converse. Next morning we

woke up to the brightest sunshine. Our hotel, I found, stood halfway down the main street, which is so short and straight that at either end can be seen the green trees where the town ends and the country begins. While waiting for breakfast I strolled towards Ashbourne Hall, where a striking contrast suddenly recalled to me Cambridge in far-distant New England. Few things delighted me more in that pleasant town than the way in which the beauties of green lawns and bright flower-beds "are free alike to all." There, no stone walls, no wooden fences, no hedges shut in the rights of the few and shut out the enjoyment of the many. All the householders seemed possessed with Cowper's thought that

"the guiltless eye

Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys."

At Ashbourne, on the contrary, the grounds of the Hall were inclosed by a stone wall too high for even a tall man to look over. This in itself would not have caught my attention, for such inclosures are common enough everywhere. In one place, however, it had been raised for a considerable distance to the height of nearly twenty feet by a superstructure of two ponderous wooden fences piled one on the other. This vast work, so a lad told me, had been set up as a screen against a pair of harmless cottages which had lately been built on the other side of the road. As they were already hidden from the Hall by a fine grove of trees, the fence seemed merely meant to rob the humble inmates of a pleasant prospect.

After breakfast we visited the main object of our pilgrimage, the Mansion (for so the house is called), where Johnson so often stayed with his old school-fellow, and where Boswell, in a visit that lasted only ten days, added so much to his "Johnsonian store." Here he saw his hero in a happy mood. "He seemed," he writes, "to be more uniformly social, cheerful and alert than I had almost ever seen him." There was an air of neglect about the place when we visited it, for

it was uninhabited, which suited ill with the comfort, and even state, in which Dr. Taylor lived; "his house, garden, pleasure-grounds, table, in short everything good, and no scantiness appearing." There was nothing to recall the wealthy pluralist, and those postilions who, being at the same time jolly and steady, harmonized so well with the two characters which were united in this squire-parson. The street front was shabby and ugly. Even in its neglect the old house might still have had a certain picturesque air, had not Taylor hidden the gables behind a pediment with a large round window beneath it. It was this addition which troubled Johnson in his last visit to Ashbourne, a few months before his death; for the builders were at work all the time he was there. "That a man," he wrote, "worn with disease, in his seventy second or third year, should condemn part of his remaining life to pass among ruins and rubbish, and that no inconsiderable part, appears to me very strange." We wandered about the old house, trying to recall the past. Beyond the bare walls there was not much on which Johnson's eyes had lighted. In two old mirrors he might have seen reflected that countenance which Boswell described as "the cast of an ancient statue;" but who can think of him as ever making use of a looking-glass? We looked in vain for the crystal lustre which "he somewhat sternly said he *would* not have lighted on his birth-day." The return of that day gave no pleasure to him, "filling him," he said, "with thoughts which it seems to be the general care of humanity to escape." Indifferent as he was to the fine arts, his eye might nevertheless have rested on the sculpture of a marble mantelpiece, telling, as it did, of the rapidly growing commerce of England. Britannia is represented leaning on a lion, while a figure scantily clothed in a flowing scarf stretches out one hand towards her, and the other towards some bales of goods. In the background is a

ship. Round the dining-room hovered recollections of those dinners which Johnson described to Mrs. Thrale. "Venison," he wrote, "no forester that lived under the green-wood tree ever had more frequently upon his table. We fry, and roast, and bake, and devour in every form."

The present worthy vicar of Ashbourne, a sound Johnsonian as well befits a member of Johnson's own college, long ago gathered the few traditions of the doctor and his host which, when he entered upon his cure, were still floating about the neighborhood. Taylor, it was said, wealthy man though he was, had a great reluctance to settle his accounts. The agent of a neighboring country gentleman who had often supplied the divine with that venison which he loved, not getting his bill settled, so timed a call that he entered the house just as a savory haunch of venison was set before him and Johnson. It was in vain that the servant told the man his master could not see him. He pushed past into the dining-room, and demanded immediate payment. Taylor, in whom the super-induced parson at once disappeared in the angry squire, in a passion ordered him to leave the room. The agent, still pressing for payment, went close up to the table, and under cover of it got a corner of the cloth firmly twisted round his hand. Finding the storm of abuse rise higher and higher, with one pull he dragged table-cloth, haunch of venison, dishes, plates and glasses, with a great crash on to the floor. We may picture to ourselves the astonishment of that "upper servant, Mr. Peters, of whom Boswell took particular notice, a decent grave man, in purple clothes and a large white wig, like the butler or *major-domo* of a Bishop." Johnson's sympathies, however much he might have felt the loss of his dinner, would not, I think, have been with the rich man who would not pay his debts. Of Taylor's talk for the rest of that day, and of the threats

which he breathed forth, we can form some notion from a letter in which, on another occasion, Johnson laughed at the strange English of this pillar of the Church. "Taylor," he wrote, "has let out another pound of blood, and is come to town, brisk and vigorous, fierce and fell, to drive on his lawsuit. Nothing in all life now can be more *profligater* than what he is; and if in case, that so be, that they persist for to resist him, he is resolved not to spare no money, nor no time."

Another tradition of this divine has been gathered by the vicar. We know from Boswell that "he had a considerable political interest in the county of Derby." His friendship, therefore, was worth cultivating by the great Whig landowner, the Duke of Devonshire, who one day accompanied him in his roomy post-chaise to Ashbourne. Wishing to impress the lord of Chatsworth with the extent of his domain, Taylor privately ordered his postilions to drive twice round his paddock. It was perhaps in this paddock that was reared that famous bull which furnished Johnson with many a humorous touch in his letters to Mrs. Thrale. "I have seen the great bull," he wrote, "and very great he is. I have seen likewise his heir apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his sire. I have seen the man who offered an hundred guineas for the young bull, while he was yet little better than a calf." A year later he wrote: "There has been a man here to-day to take a farm. After some talk he went to see the bull, and said that he had seen a bigger. Do you think he is likely to get the farm?" Fifteen months later he returned to the subject: "Our bulls and cows are all well; but we yet hate the man that had seen a bigger bull."

The garden, the pleasure-grounds, and the lawn all wore an air of great neglect as we wandered through them. It was not easy to reconcile what we saw

with Johnson's description of the place: "Dr. Taylor's is a very pleasant house, with a lawn and a lake, and twenty deer and five fawns upon the lawn."

The lake — it was never anything but a small pool — has long been filled up; the lawn has lost all its smoothness. The waterfall, which Taylor had made by building a dyke across the little stream at the bottom of his garden, has disappeared. It should have been preserved in memory of that day when Johnson sat by it, listening to its roaring — for it was swollen by the autumn rain — and reading Erasmus's *Militis Christiani Enchiridion*; The Handsome Weapon of a Chrysten Knyght, as it was entitled in an early English translation. Another morning, "when the sun shone bright," writes Boswell, "we walked out together, and 'pored' upon the cascade for some time with placid indolence." The lines in Gray's *Elegy* were no doubt in his mind: —

"His listless length at noontide would he stretch,

And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

Johnson presently shook off his indolence, and, taking a long pole, pushed down "several parcels" of rubbish which obstructed the fall; while his friend "stood quietly by, wondering to see the sage thus curiously employed. He worked till he was quite out of breath; and having found a large dead cat so heavy that he could not move it after several efforts, 'Come,' said he, throwing down the pole, '*you* shall take it now;' which," continues Boswell, "I accordingly did, and being a fresh man soon made the cat tumble over the cascade."

One severe autumn night the two friends stood in calm conference in the garden, looking up to the heavens, while Boswell directed the discourse to the subject of a future state. "My friend," he adds, "was in a placid and most benignant frame. 'Sir, (said he,) I do not imagine that all things will be made

clear to us immediately after death, but that the ways of Providence will be explained to us very gradually.' " Another day they stepped across the road to the grammar school, of which Johnson had once had hopes of becoming master or usher. These hopes tradition has magnified into fruition. The very room which he occupied as second master is, I was told, still to be seen. Here "in the garden very prettily formed upon a bank, rising gradually behind the house," they "sat basking in the sun," while they discussed "a common subject of complaint, the very small salaries which many curates have." Was the instance of Parson Adams introduced, who, "though he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, could not make any great figure with it, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children"? Goldsmith's "village preacher" might have been instanced, too, a man who was "passing rich with forty pounds a year." The *Wealth of Nations*, which had appeared a year earlier, would have afforded an apt illustration; for Adam Smith states that "forty pounds a year is reckoned at present very good pay for a curate, and there are many curacies under twenty pounds a year." It is a pity that Dr. Taylor was not also there, basking in the sun with the others, for he could have thrown the light of a pluralist on the subject. He too, poor man, had his cares. In spite of the good things which already he enjoyed, "livings and preferments," wrote Johnson, "as if he were in want with twenty children, run in his head." Without his help, his friend, however, "explained the system of the English hierarchy exceedingly well," pointing out that curates were "in the nursery for the church, being candidates for the higher ecclesiastical offices, according to their merit and good behaviour." Boswell's comment still holds good, — "This is an excellent theory."

Dr. Taylor had no children to whom to leave his wealth. He had meant to make Johnson his heir, it was said, but Johnson died first. Towards the close of his life, when his end was thought to be near, he overheard some of his relations talking of the use they should make of his property when he was gone. They were at the old game of dividing the bear's skin while the bear was still alive. The old man at once made a fresh will. On the day of his funeral they returned from the churchyard hard by to the Mansion to hear it read. One of the company, the fire burning low, ordered a servant lad to bring some coals. As the boy was leaving the room the lawyer said to him, "My lad, you had better stay and hear the will." When he heard that the whole of the large property was bequeathed to William Bent, he cried out, "Why, that's me!" and fell down in a swoon. A proviso was added that he should change his name, taking any he pleased but that of Taylor. He chose Webster. It was suspected that he was the doctor's illegitimate son; but the vicar of Ashbourne has shown that the Bents were distantly related to Taylor.

One day Johnson and Boswell drove from Ashbourne to Ilam, where in a recess in a rock, shaded by overhanging trees, with a clear stream flowing at his feet, Congreve, it is said, wrote his *Old Bachelor*. There are, however, "more places than one in groves and gardens" which claim this honor. The play might just as well have been written in the greenroom of a theatre, for any touch it shows of nature. Artificial indeed was the age in which the poet in such a spot did not

"feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain."

Boswell describes Ilam as "a romantic scene;" "the fit abode of pastoral virtue" Johnson calls it. At present it is the abode of the Right Honorable R. W. Hanbury, Financial Secretary to the

Treasury, who with great courtesy invited our Club to lunch. At Ilam we spent two or three hours with much satisfaction, everything combining to make the visit pleasant,—beautiful scenery, delightful weather, a hospitable host and hostess, and old memories. I was willing to believe the tradition that here is to be found the original of the Happy Valley of Rasselas, but "an obstinate rationality prevented me." Johnson, we know, did not see Dovedale till long after he wrote that tale, and Ilam lies close to Dovedale. A lovelier spot I have rarely seen. Nature here had already done great things, but her work is set off by the sloping lawns, the gardens, and the avenues. A short distance below the Hall, in the midst of the park, stands the ancient village church. Its font is older than the Norman Conquest. What is the age of the three Runic crosses in the churchyard no man knows. Round the old building lie the dead of many generations. There is no fence, no inclosure, to part life from death. The lawn without a break slopes gently down to that quiet spot

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

Why in that peaceful scene should the dead be secluded? Our host, with honest indignation, told us of a bishop who had requested him to have the churchyard railed off from the park, as if God's house and God's acre were wronged by that unbroken sweep of beauty. There are men who think that exclusion is the main part of religion.

Johnson contrasted Ilam with Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill, in a passage which, artificially as it is expressed, is nevertheless true to nature. "Ilam," he writes, "has grandeur tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think that he must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the vallies, he is composed

and soothed. He that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone wonders how he comes thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horror, of solitude; a kind of turbulent pleasure, between fright and admiration."

Who that has wandered alone among the mountains has not at times felt this turbulent pleasure, this horror of solitude? Grieved as we were to leave Ilam, the thought cheered us that on our way back we should see Dovedale. As Johnson walked up it one hot summer day, "the water," he recorded, "murmured pleasantly among the stones. It is," he added, "a place that deserves a visit; but it did not answer my expectation. I expected a larger river where I found only a clear quick brook. I believe I had imaged a valley enclosed by rocks, and terminated by a broad expanse of water." Nevertheless he maintains that "he that has seen Dovedale has no need to visit the Highlands."

By our long Johnsonian day we had, we felt, earned our Johnsonian supper. The landlady did her best. To the meal which she provided no one could have justly applied Johnson's words: "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to." By a happy chance we found established in Ashbourne as a physician the great-grandson of Dr. John Boswell, the uncle of the author of the *Life of Johnson*. On his death, his nephew, writing of him, said: "He was a very good scholar, knew a great many things, had an elegant taste, and was very affectionate; but he had no conduct. His money was all gone. He had a strange kind of religion; but I flatter myself he will be ere long, if he is not already, in Heaven." His descendant, Dr. Alexander Boswell, we were glad to welcome as our guest. Not only did his surname admirably harmonize with our festive gathering, but his Christian name recalled Bos-

well's father, the old Scotch judge, who, when Johnson, in their famous altercation in the library at Auchinleck, asked what good Cromwell had ever done to his country, replied, "God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a lith in their neck," — he taught kings they had a joint in their neck. The vicar also came, who is, as I have said, a member of Johnson's own college, as indeed I am myself. With his traditions of our hero and his friend Dr. Taylor, he played his part well. Our "Prior," who took the chair, the witty author of *Obiter Dicta*, a few weeks earlier had been lecturing on Johnson to the vacation students in Oxford. "The booksellers of London (publishers we should now call them), for whom Johnson uniformly professed much regard," and with whom in his long life he had so many dealings, were well represented by a member of our Club. I had brought with me copies of some unpublished autograph letters of Johnson in the fine collection of my friend Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo. These I read aloud. There was, therefore, a fuller Johnsonian and Boswellian flavor in the company than might have been looked for in this out-of-the-way country town. Two members of Parliament also honored us as our guests. One of them, in a speech, complimented me on my literary labors. He meant it kindly, though perhaps he would have been more in harmony with the Club had he belonged to what Reynolds described as Dr. Johnson's school, — a school distinguished above everything for its accuracy. My honorable friend's compliment was based on the supposition that it was not Boswell, but the works of Johnson, that I had edited. I was consoled by reflecting how slow the great moralist's fame was in reaching the ears of his fellow-collegian, old Oliver Edwards. The Rambler had been published nearly thirty years when this worthy, meeting the doctor one day, said, "I am told you have written a very

pretty book called *The Rambler*." "I was unwilling," Johnson told Boswell, "that he should leave the world in total darkness, and sent him a set." I regret the total darkness in which my own guest seems likely to leave the world, but I do not propose to dissipate it by sending him the six volumes of my edition of Boswell.

The evening at last came to an end, as to an end the pleasant evenings at last will come. With Johnson we may exclaim, "Whoever thinks of going to bed before twelve o'clock is a scoundrel;" but before long midnight would be rung out by the chimes, and to bed we must go. As the company broke up, I thought of that dinner at Mrs. Garrick's, when Boswell whispered to his neighbor, "I believe this is as much as can be made of life." "We were all in fine spirits," he adds. It lingered in his memory "as one of the happiest days that he had enjoyed in the whole course of his life."

I did not leave this part of the country without visiting Uttoxeter, that old Staffordshire town where Johnson did strange penance one market-day. To a young clergyman, to whom, shortly before his death, "he used to talk with great freedom, he mentioned that he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son. 'Once, indeed,' said he, 'I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory.'"

A traveler, who visited Lichfield a few years after Johnson's death, was told that on this day of expiation the old man was missed by his friends. "The servants said that he had set off at a very

early hour; whither they knew not. Just before supper he returned. He informed his hostess of his breach of filial duty, which had happened just fifty years before on that very day. 'To do away the sin of this disobedience I this day went,' he said, 'in a chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at time of high business uncovered my head, and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather.'"

The image of old Samuel Johnson so patient in his penance always rises before my mind when I read those lines in Dante where the poet tells how a proud man, casting all shame aside, was saved from hell that day that, in the midst of all his glory, he took his stand in the open place of Siena to beg for money to ransom his friend:—

"Quando vivea più glorioso, disse,
Liberamente nel campo di Siena,
Ogni vergogna deposta, s'affisse."

How finely does Carlyle bring back this scene, so sad and strange! "Who," he writes, "does not figure to himself this spectacle, amid the 'rainy weather and the sneers,' or wonder, 'of the by-standers'?" The memory of old Michael Johnson, rising from the far distance; sad-beckoning in the 'moonlight of memory;' how he had toiled faithfully hither and thither; patiently among the lowest of the low; been buffeted and beaten down, yet ever risen again, ever tried it anew. And oh, when the wearied old man, as Bookseller, or Hawker, or Tinker, or whatsoever it was that Fate had reduced him to, begged help of *thee* for one day, how savage, diabolic, was that mean Vanity which answered No! He sleeps now; after life's fitful fever he sleeps well: but thou, O Merciless, how now wilt thou still the sting of that remembrance? The picture of Samuel Johnson standing bareheaded in the market there is one of the grandest and saddest we can paint. Repentance! Re-

pentance ! he proclaims, as with passionate sobs ; but only to the ear of Heaven, if Heaven will give him audience : the earthly ear and heart that should have heard it are now closed, unresponsive forever."

As I stood in the market-place, I almost wished I had never seen it. There is many a spot, beautiful and holy ground in our memories, which is better left unvisited.

"We have a vision of our own ;
Ah ! why should we undo it ?"

There was little here to bring back the scene which the old man looked upon. There was not a house left standing of all those which looked down on him in his sorrow and his patience. From the ancient tower hard by the chimes rang out to him the quarters of that long, sad hour as sweetly as they ring them out now, but little else told me of those old days so long gone by. While my imagination was depressed by these modern surroundings, my indignation was roused by a ridiculous statue in which some sculptor, richly endowed with that affectation which Johnson abhorred, has represented him in the penitential mood of a penny theatre, his head, covered with flowing locks, held awry, and his hands clasped under his chin. Behind him two old women are kneeling, while in front another old woman, resting her head on her crutch, is gazing at him as sympathetically and reverentially as stone-work allows. Close to her on one side is a girl looking at nothing in particular, and on the other side are two little children kneeling, with their clasped hands raised to him. That it is high market is shown by three dead geese with their long necks and heads hanging down over a stall,

and by a live duck, with its mouth open for food or quacking, in a basket. Over this absurd statue is inscribed the date of 1759, though why 1759 of all years no mortal can tell. It is much too late for the act of disobedience, and much too early for the penance.

As I strolled back to the railway station, I examined somewhat hopefully the windows of a shop over which was inscribed "Branch of the Room of Antiquities." It was not open, for it was still early. Here at last, I thought, might be seen something which would bring back the days of Johnson and the old time before him. A patient search discovered little beyond a few volumes of the *Graphic*, and an announcement that tea and coffee were provided at one penny a cup, and that high-class tobaccos were on sale. At the station I asked an elderly porter what was the right way of pronouncing *Uttoxeter*. I felt sure that all the letters were no more sounded in it than in Gloucester or Worcester. "The Bishop of Shrewsbury," he replied, "when he preached here, called it *Uxeter*." "But how do the people of the place call it?" "I don't take much notice of how they calls it," he rejoined. "I come from *Cheadle*." As I did not come from *Cheadle*, a place apparently given over to blissful ignorance, I continued my inquiries, and found that the bishop's pronunciation and the common people's agree. There are some, however, I was told, who call the town *Utchiter*.

The train soon bore me away southwards. As it swept past Lichfield, the birthplace of my hero, old memories came crowding in ; but the graceful spires were soon lost to view, and the Johnson Club holiday was at an end.

George Birkbeck Hill.

A FARM IN MARNE.

Two or three of the convent sisterhood, with a flock of their young pupils from all parts of Europe and America, accompanied me to my experimental *pension* at the farm; dubious over the experiment, though they themselves had selected the cleanest and most endurable peasant domicile for it. Frizette, a gray donkey with a shaggy bang, was also in the expedition, drawing the donkey carriage in which delicate children or nuns took rest by turns from walking. One of the minor Sisters walked by Frizette's head, lifting her purple robe from the roadside weeds. The sun made a halo of her transparent white wool veil. As for Frizette, she walked sedately, as if she were going down into Egypt. The whole journey of a kilometer or two was delicious, across wide sweeps of land, with gray farm buildings showing at intervals.

As we reached Les Buissons our feet paused on the brink of a resplendent valley. I explored that valley afterwards, and found that many of its charms vanished when you came within touch of them. It was like others, ribboned by white roads, bounded by blue wooded and vineyard-covered heights, and inclosed the village of Villevenarde. A vapor like grape-bloom made the most satisfactory veil that ever lent glamour to a landscape. In any weather it was enchanted land.

The farm Les Buissons was well named, thickets growing close around. Pear-trees strewed the ground with fruit, and an enormous walnut-tree stood at the corner of the quadrangle. A farmhouse in the department of Marne is built somewhat like a fortress. This structure of centuries was entirely of stone, with four sides inclosing a court or stable-yard. One side of the square was a high stone wall pierced by an arched gateway. The

remaining three sides, one story high, were under a continuous tiled roof, stables, storehouses, and dwelling. Human inmates occupied comparatively little of this solid block of tenement. Near the front door, which opened directly into the peasant's kitchen, were slits in the wall, ventilating a basement where horses stamped at their feed-racks. The building was on the hillside, so the court sloped downward. Having its own well or pit inside the walls, this farm could once have stood a siege. But when the modern eye discerns its close neighborhood to vast reeking accumulations of manure, the modern stomach prefers water from one of the many springs outside. The farmer himself hoards his stable-heaps with pride; they are the strength of his land. Perhaps in no country except economical France would the traveler see two boys, with baskets, shovels, and brooms, fighting over the same pile of refuse in the street, the victor raking it greedily up with his hands.

We followed madame the farm-wife across the brick-tiled kitchen floor. Her bed stood at one side of the chimney in the spacious place. The joists over our heads were brown with age, and nailed to them were racks on which cheeses ripened in *clayettes*, or straw platters. There are not many flies in France, but such as exist there devote themselves to odorous cheeses of this variety, made of buttermilk, and known as *fromage maigre*, *fromage passé*. At the borders of the Brie country, the familiar flat cakes on the clayettes roused the liveliest anxiety in a lover of Brie. But these cheeses were sold only to the neighboring peasantry at seventy-five centimes a cake; and many were consumed by the farmer's own household.

Cheese-racks continued through a long passage, at the end of which were an

oven and fireplace for the baking of loaves as large as tubs. Here the horrible cheesy odor made me falter. But the house was so clean, and madame herself was such a rotund picture, cutting bites from a hunk of bread and eating them in her embarrassment as she showed us her best chamber, that I determined not to give up the farm. If you want to learn the truth about anything, you must live with it. And I found that the smell of ripening cheeses could be shut out of the best room. It was her elder son's, who was serving his time in the army. His desk and books enriched the place: veterinary treatises, which his mother proudly exhibited.

A bargain was made. I was to pay twenty francs a month for room and attendance, and be charged for my table according to its variety and abundance. In her *note de madame*, therefore, appeared such items as these, spread over much paper:—

2 œufs	0.20
Crème et fromage à fois . . .	0.80
Côtelette	1.00
Litre de vin blanc	0.60
Pain	0.15
Fruits	0.25
Sucre	1.00

her charges being in francs and centimes. For *bifteck* I was taxed but a franc; while for *madeleines* and *confiture* which madame brought from Sézanne I was made to pay dearly.

In America, the first thing a housewife of corresponding class puts into her best bedroom is a carpet. In France, such a dirty superfluity is added last, or omitted altogether. I had a tiled floor, a table and some chairs, and a canopied bed with its huge light down sack. The linen sheets and pillowcases were well bleached. There was an open chimney, suspiciously clean and gray; but I regarded it with favor in view of the nearing September days. Its hearth was never kindled for me, however. There came a time when peremptoriness on my

part was met with steady firmness by this excellent soul who signed an acquittance *femme Valet*. The chimney was a fumer. It would put out eyes and strangle breath. Her son Charles, who was serving his time in the army, had not dared the rigor of this smoke.

I had another disappointment in two gorgeous lamps, gay with fluted paper shades, which stood on the mantel. The farm-wife could not understand a word of English, but a jealous look came into her eyes when one of the convent maids indicated them.

"Oh, madame, what magnificence! You can give us parties in your pension, with such lamps as these."

Later it developed that these virgin lamps — *cadeau de mariage* from the old baronne with whom she had lived at service in her girlhood, twenty-five years past — were more impotent than the fumer. Tired of *bougie* light as the autumn darkness increased, I demanded the use of them of madame. At first she had no *pétrole*. The patron her husband would bring some from Sézanne. Days passed before the patron discharged this errand, though he and his spouse accomplished many another. But one proud evening madame carried forth the lamps, the *pétrole* being in the house, and my insistence giving her no farther excuse for delay, and came back with the crestfallen look which a French peasant woman can assume when she has circumvented you. The oil would not mount. The oil, in fact, had never mounted. No living eye had ever seen or ever would see those lighted lamps shining from the windows of Les Buissons. Twenty-five years the ornaments had graced her domicile, unused; and they will probably pass to her children as they were given to her by the old baronne.

Les Buissons was wonderfully still when one rested alone there *en pension*. Only the chickens broke pastoral quiet. Betwixt sun-soaked uplands and hazy valley

life was a dream. The drive and worry of work which exhaust and enrich a western nation had no place here. Afternoon church bells rang tranquilly across the hills.

The farm shepherd, in shirt and trousers, with little knapsack on his back and dog at his heels, led out the flock of fat full-fleeced sheep. Silence was then jangled against by many little bells. He called them with a trill prefacing the call, "Brebis!" At dusk, when I looked down the valley, I saw the shepherd a moving speck, putting his flock in the fold of an adjustable picket fence.

"Allez coucher!" he shouted to the laggards; and when all were in he carried a gate and pounded it into place, the noise of the blows coming up indolently after his hand had struck. A tiny house tilted on wheels was in the field, for the shepherd's use in lambing-time. He crossed the ploughed ground, coming home through the dusk.

All night pears could be heard spitting on the ground from overladen trees, crowded as all French fruit trees are with fruit. No attempt was made to preserve them for future use. Labor is equally distributed in that land; the French farm-wife is no slave to the products of her farm. She buys her confitures cheaply at the market-town. My table was well furnished with fruit, and a huge pail of baked pears stood ready in the kitchen for anybody. The surplus was abandoned to the hens.

When the children visited me from the convent, they made a leaf basket, and filled it with luscious great blackberries picked from the hedges. I directed madame to make some confiture for me of this *fruit sauvage*, as she called it. She declined, with both hands raised in protest. Such fruit was only fit for birds. She had never heard of Christians eating it. She expected to see me have a fit after swallowing hedge berries in cream. But when I made her bring out her best sugar and heap it on

the fruit in a porcelain vessel, she stood off in disgust and would have nothing to do with the heathen preserving. As long as any of it remained she spoke with contempt—a French peasant's respectful but honest contempt—of the *confiture sauvage*.

I had my private table served by the farm-wife in my own room. Her cream and unsalted butter were delicious, but for the hard, dark peasant bread of her own manufacture it was necessary to substitute loaves from Sézanne.

There was neither washing-tub nor ironing-board in this peasant household. Madame labored over her butter and cheese, but she sent her family linen to a *blanchisseuse*, and wasted no drapery on the common table. Returning from my walks, I sometimes found master, mistress, and domestics at one of the numerous meals with which they supported themselves during the day, sitting on benches at a bare, dark table. They had wine and bread and cheese. There was rarely anything steaming, the peasant stomach not being above cold food. But in the early morning, about four o'clock, wooden shoes might be heard on the kitchen tiles. Then the family gathered to dip their bread in a scalding decoction which they called *café au lait*, a quantity of boiling milk with a spoonful of coffee extract coloring it. Madame declared that my own coffee, which I made myself about eight, was more like a salad than *café au lait*. Each morning she brought me a fresh egg, entered regularly on the note de madame, for this *café d'Amérique, comme la salade*. Having no such thing as a teakettle, she heated the water in a flat, long-legged iron pot. Numbers of these pots, small and large, with mugs, copper and tin vessels, and porcelain-lined dippers and saucepans, hung on the walls; in contrast with the family shoes which stood in a row on a cupboard, neatly blacked, both wood and leather. I had taken the precaution to bring coffee and

tea from Paris. She always had a porcelain dipper of cream cooling in a larger vessel of cold water; for, hearing that I wanted cream cold, not boiled, she thought it required chilling.

Madame was a great galloper; many times during my stay putting on her black cap with long ribbon streamers, to ride off with her husband the patron in the cart. At such times my dinner was served late by bougie light; but she did not fret herself, American fashion. She only explained cheerfully that the fête had deranged her affairs. She had, moreover, a soothing wit, calculated to repress the impatience of one toiling all day in the mysteries of manuscript.

"I am not fit to render service to you!" she would exclaim. "I can wait on my cows, but I am not fit to wait on you."

Whenever she forgot anything, the *service des Buissons* was to blame. Once an ant crawled on my table-cloth from a dish of fruit, and she swept it away in haste; assuring me, however, that the *fourmi* had excellent taste, — it liked good company. And she lamented when I neglected to set my shoes outside the door for her to clean. The household labors of a peasant woman are manifestly neither various nor exhausting. If she sometimes turns her hand to field work, she has plenty of vitality left for it.

The patron, his younger son, and his hired laborers were busy with hay, using three-tined wooden forks; the third tine springing at an angle from the handle like a cock's spur. A mowing-machine and a riding-plough were among implements in sight, but nearly all the tools of this farm were of the Old World. The patron's best cart, in which his wife took her jaunts, had enormous wheels, rearing the covered box high in air. Horses with bells on their yokes drew loads tandem, the deliberate men walking at the side of moving mountains. The court gateway was tall, to let these wains pass under.

Ploughing, harrowing, and mowing might all be seen at once in the same expanse of land. There were no fences, the labor of herders being cheaper. The sower was just what he has been pictured. He scattered seed from a bag at his side with his hand. Seen in the distance, a cloud of white dust moved before him, like the smoke of a censer which he might be swinging. From the edge of deep green woods he walked across bald prairie, the harrow following. And not far away the ploughman shouted all the time at his horses, "Yoé, hup! hup, yoé!" — the language of ploughmen being pretty much the same all over the world. Such continuous talk was necessary, because no lines were used, the direction in which horses were expected to turn being indicated by the cracking of a long whip on that side. They wore no harness, but arched yokes.

The cool light of early September showed on white stubble. The sun went down on that level plain above the hill as it sinks on a Western prairie. It was queer to see a horse's yoke moving along the edge of the earth against the sky, the animal himself submerged in distance, as the fin of a great fish might move above water.

Though the laborers were astir at four in the morning, they came in from the field at eleven. In the evening they returned at half past seven. Their object seemed to be to work a long day, with four or five stops for eating. There was no hurry, for man lived at his labor in this Old World, and took no risk of dying of it.

As the sky came down to one's level, a man's head sometimes swam along the earth's edge. It was the *facteur* going his rounds from farm to farm, carrying his knapsack of mail on his back.

The tenant of Les Buissons held the land under a baron of the old *noblesse*, who was lord of all the farms in that region. The tenant paid two thousand

francs for one hundred and eighty *arpents*, or one hundred and fifty acres.

Twenty cows, large factors on a farm like Les Buissons, were milked at four in the morning, and then turned out for a walk on grassy slopes. At noon they were brought into the stables, to repose themselves, madame explained to me, until their second milking, at five o'clock, when they again promenaded, and returned, to repose until morning.

The peasant, when spoken to, always stood up respectfully, holding his hat in his hand. He had his troubles: the markets were poor, and the roads, perfect as they appeared, were sometimes too icy to travel on in winter. But he had one product from his land unheard of in a western world: this was stone, pounded fine and gathered into oblong piles, ready for highway use. Taken from the hillsides and prepared as opportunity offered, it was a marketable commodity. On afternoons when little else could be done on the farm, the clink of a stone-breaker's hammer came up the valley.

On Sunday evening madame brought into my room a tall, calm, pretty-faced girl whom she proudly introduced as her *grande fille*. It was the *fiancée* of her son Charles. In one year more he would return from the army to be married. The girl's name was Leah. She had fair hands and a distinguished air compared with her rotund prospective mother-in-law. Village dressmakers are favorite brides in Marne on account of the dowers they are able to accumulate. They go to fêtes, dressed grandly in obsolete Parisian styles, and snare the young men's hearts and dazzle farmers

looking for fine matches for their sons. In the remotest corners of France parents arrange marriages for their children. It is not to be imagined that two young people should be left to their own devices at such a critical time of life. When the minutest points relating to property have been agreed upon, a betrothal takes place, the young man gives the girl a ring, and they try to like each other. Sometimes they fall in love, and the match, for financial reasons, is broken off. This causes trouble. But if aversion instead of attraction develops, they are not usually forced to marry.

"Oui, je suis fiancée," Leah told me quite calmly, that I might understand the reason of her visit in the family; and both father and mother showed her every attention, courting her for the absent Charles. The peasant gallantly postponed his labors to carry her home in the cart Monday morning, while, on her part, she sweetly begged him not to derange his plans: "*Ne dérangez-vous pas, M. Valet.*"

By the first of September pink and purple crocuses had begun to spring everywhere, as if the seasons were reversed. Yellow *jaunets* also shone thick in the grass. Of early mornings, when I looked down the valley, the very towers in the vineyards showed through a haze like May light, differing from the colder whiteness of the uplands. Every day I had my chair carried to a lovely little place in the woods, where ivy covered the ground, and white birches and oaks made a thick dark shade. It was like a room with a canopy of branches, a path running across it to be lost down the slope.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXVI.

THAT evening, at eight o'clock, Jean Labrouk was buried. A shell had burst not a dozen paces from his own door, within the consecrated ground of the cathedral, and in a hole it had made he was laid, the only mourners his wife and his grandfather, and two soldiers of his company, sent by Bougainville to bury him. I watched the ceremony from my loft, which had one small dormer window. It was dark, but burning buildings in the Lower Town made all light about the place. I could hear the grandfather mumbling and talking to the body as it was lowered into the ground. While yet the priest was hastily reading prayers, a dusty horseman came riding to the grave, and dismounted.

"Jean," he said, looking at the grave, "Jean Labrouk, a man dies well that dies with his gaiters on, ah! . . . What have you said for Jean Labrouk, monsieur?" he added to the priest.

The priest stared at him, as though he had presumed.

"Well?" said Gabord. "Well?"

The priest answered nothing, but prepared to go, whispering a word of comfort to the poor wife. Gabord looked at the soldiers, looked at the wife, at the priest, then spread out his legs and stuck his hands down into his pockets, while his horse rubbed its nose against his shoulder. He fixed his eyes on the grave, and nodded once or twice musingly.

"Well," he said at last, as if he had found a perfect virtue, and the one or only thing that could be said, "well, he never eat his words, that Jean."

A moment afterwards he came into

the house with Babette, leaving one of the soldiers holding his horse. After the old man had gone, I heard him say, "Were you at mass to-day? And did you see all?"

And when she had answered yes, he continued: "It was a mating as birds mate, but mating was it, and holy fathers and Master Devil Doltaire can change naught till cock pheasant Stobo come rocketing to's grave. They would have hanged me for my part in it, but I repent not, for they have hunted wild this little lady."

"I weep with her," said Jean's wife, repeating Jean's own words; so had a sweet charity come out of her sorrow.

"Ay, ay, weep on, Babette," he answered.

"Has she asked help of you?" said the wife.

"Truly; but I know not what says she, for I read not, but I know her pecking. Here it is. But you must be secret."

Looking through a crack in the floor, I could plainly see them. She took the letter from him and read aloud:—

"If Gabord the soldier have a good heart still, as ever he had in the past, he will again help a poor friendless woman. She needs him, for all are against her. Will he leave her alone among her enemies? Will he not aid her to fly? At eight o'clock to-morrow night she will be taken to the convent of the Ursulines, to be there shut in. Will he not come to her before that time?"

For a moment after the reading there was silence, and I could see the woman looking at him curiously. "What will you do?" she asked.

"My faith, there's nut to crack, for I have little time. This letter but

reached me with the news of Jean, two hours ago, and I know not what to do, but, scratching my head, here comes word from General Montcalm that I must ride to Master Devil Doltaire with a letter, and I must find him wherever he may be, and give it straight. So forth I come; and I must be at my post again by morn, said the General."

"It is now nine o'clock, and she will be in the convent," said the woman tentatively.

"Aho!" he answered, "and none can enter there but Governor, if holy Mother say no. So how goes Master Devil there? 'Gabord,' quoth he, 'you shall come with me to the convent at ten o'clock, bringing three stout soldiers of the garrison. Here's an order on Monsieur Ramesay, the Commandant. Choose you the men, and fail me not, or you shall swing aloft, dear Gabord.' Sweet lovers of hell, but Master Devil shall have swinging too one day." He put his thumb to his nose, and spread his fingers out.

Presently he seemed to note something in the woman's eyes, for he spoke almost sharply to her: "Jean Labrouk was honest man, and kept faith with a comrade."

"And I keep faith too, comrade," was the answer.

"Brute am I to doubt you," he rejoined quickly, and he drew from his pocket a piece of gold, and made her take it, though she much resisted.

Meanwhile my mind was made up. I saw, I thought, through "Master Devil's" plan, and I felt, too, that Gabord would not betray me. In any case, Gabord and I could fight it out. If he opposed me, it was his life or mine, for too much was at stake, and all my plans were now changed by his astounding news. At that moment Voban entered the room without knocking. Here was my cue, and so, to prevent explanations, I crept quickly down, opened the door, and came in on them.

They wheeled at my footsteps; the woman gave a little cry, and Gabord's hand went to his pistol. There was a wild sort of look in his face, as though he could not trust his eyes. I took no notice of the menacing pistol, but went straight to him and held out my hand.

"Gabord," said I, "you are not my jailer now."

"I'll be your guard to citadel," said he, after a moment's dumb surprise, refusing my outstretched hand.

"Neither guard nor jailer any more, Gabord," said I seriously. "We've had enough of that, my soldier."

The soldier and the jailer had been working in him, and his fingers trifled with the trigger. In all things he was the foeman first. But now something else was working in him. I saw this, and added pointedly, "No more cage, Gabord, not even for reward of twenty thousand livres and at command of Holy Church."

He smiled grimly, too grimly, I thought, and turned inquiringly to Babette. In a few words she told him all, tears dropping from her eyes.

"If you take him, you betray me," she said; "and what would Jean say, if he knew?"

"Gabord," said I, "I come not as a spy; I come to seek my wife, and she counts you as her friend. Do harm to me, and you do harm to her. Serve me, and you serve her. Gabord, you said to her once that I was an honorable man."

He put up his pistol. "Aho, you've put your head in the trap. Stir, and click goes the spring."

I went on: "I must have my wife. Shall the nest you helped to make go empty? 'Shall hunter's arrow harm?'"

Thus, using his own words, I worked upon him to such purpose that, at first all bristling with war, he was shortly won over to my scheme, which I disclosed to him while the wife made us a cup of coffee, procured at high price by money I had pressed on her that after-

noon. Through all our talk Voban had sat eying us with a covert interest, yet showing no excitement. He had been unable to reach Alixe. She had been taken to the convent, and immediately afterwards her father and brother had gone their ways, — Juste to General Montcalm, and the Seigneur to the French camp. Thus Alixe did not know that I was in Quebec.

An hour after this I was marching, with two other men and Gabord, to the convent of the Ursulines, dressed in the ordinary costume of a French soldier, got from the wife of Jean Labrouk. In manner and speech though I was somewhat dull, my fellows thought, I was enough like a peasant soldier to deceive them, and my French was more fluent than their own. I was playing a desperate game; and yet I liked it, for it had a fine spice of adventure apart from the great matter at stake. If I could but carry it off, I should have sufficient compensation for all my miseries, in spite of their twenty thousand livres and Holy Church.

In a few minutes we came to the convent, and halted outside, waiting for Doltaire. Presently he came, and, looking sharply at us all, he ordered two to wait outside, and Gabord and myself to come with him. Then he stood looking at the building curiously for a moment. A shell had broken one wing of it, and this portion had been abandoned; but the faithful Sisters clung still to their home, though urged constantly by the Governor to retire to the Hôtel Dieu, which was outside the reach of shot and shell. This it was their intention soon to do, for within the past day or so our batteries had not tried to spare the convent. As Doltaire looked he laughed to himself, and then said, "Too quiet for gay spirits, this hearse. Come, Gabord, and fetch this slouching fellow," nodding towards me.

Then he knocked loudly. No one came, and he knocked again and again.

At last the door was opened by the Mother Superior, who was attended by two others. She started at seeing Doltaire.

"What do you wish, monsieur?" she asked.

"I come on business of the King, good Mother," he replied seriously, and stepped inside.

"It is a strange hour for business," she said severely.

"The King may come at all hours," he answered soothingly: "is it not so? By the law he may enter when he wills."

"You are not the King, monsieur," she objected, with her head held up separately.

"Or the Governor may come, good Mother."

"You are not the Governor, Monsieur Doltaire," she said, more sharply still.

"But a Governor may demand admittance to this convent, and by the order of his Most Christian Majesty he may not be refused: is it not so, good Mother?"

"Must I answer the catechism of Monsieur Doltaire?"

"But is it not so?" he asked again urbanely.

"It is so, yet how does that concern you, monsieur?"

"In every way," and he smiled.

"This is unseemly, monsieur. What is your business?"

"The Governor's business, good Mother."

"Then let the Governor's messenger give his message and depart in peace," she answered, her hand upon the door.

"Not the Governor's messenger, but the Governor himself," he rejoined gravely.

He turned and was about to shut the door, but she stopped him. "This is no house for jesting, monsieur," she said. "I will arouse the town if you persist. Sister," she added to one standing near, "the bell!"

"You fill your office with great dignity

and merit, Mère St. George," he said, as he put out his hand and stayed the Sister. "I commend you for your discretion. Read this," he continued, handing her a paper.

A Sister held a light, and the Mother read it. As she did so Doltaire made a motion to Gabord, and he shut the door quickly on us. Mère St. George looked up from the paper, startled and frightened too.

"Your Excellency!" she exclaimed.

"You are the first to call me so," he replied. "I thought to leave untouched this good gift of the King, and to let the Marquis de Vaudreuil and the admirable Bigot untwist the coil they have made. But no. After some too generous misgivings, I now claim my own. I could not enter here, to speak with a certain lady, save as the Governor, but as the Governor I now ask speech with Mademoiselle Duvarney. Do you hesitate?" he added. "Do you doubt that signature of his Majesty? Then see this. Here is a line from the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the late Governor. It is not dignified, one might say it is craven, but it is genuine."

Again the distressed lady read, and again she said, "Your Excellency!" Then, "You wish to see her in my presence, your Excellency?"

"Alone, good Mother," he softly answered.

"Your Excellency, will you, the first officer in the land, defy our holy rules, and rob us of our privilege to protect and comfort and save?"

"I defy nothing," he replied. "The lady is here against her will, a prisoner. She desires not your governance and care. In any case, I must speak with her; and be assured, I honor you the more for your solicitude, and will ask your counsel when I have finished talk with her, for I am convinced of your rare wisdom."

Was ever man so crafty? After a moment's thought she turned, dismissed the others, and led the way, and Gabord

and I followed. We were bidden to wait outside a room, well lighted but bare, as I could see through the open door. Doltaire entered, smiling, and then bowed the nun on her way to summon Alixe. Gabord and I stood there, not speaking, for both were thinking of the dangerous game now playing. In a few minutes the Mother returned, bringing Alixe. The light from the open door shone upon her face. My heart leaped, for there was in her look such a deep sorrow. She was calm, save for those shining yet steady eyes; they were like furnaces, burning up the color of her cheeks. She wore a soft black gown, with no sign of ornament, and her gold-brown hair was bound with a piece of black velvet ribbon. Her beauty was deeper than I had ever seen it; a peculiar gravity seemed to have added years to her life. As she passed me her sleeve brushed my arm, as it did that day I was arrested in her father's house. She started, as though I had touched her fingers, but only half turned toward me, for her mind was wholly occupied with the room where Doltaire was.

At that moment Gabord coughed slightly, and she turned quickly to him. Her eyes flashed intelligence, and presently, as she passed in, a sort of hope seemed to have come on her face to lighten its painful pensiveness. The Mother Superior entered with her, the door closed, and then, after a little, the Mother came out again. As she did so I saw a look of immediate purpose in her face, and her hurrying step persuaded me she was bent on some project of espial. So I made a sign to Gabord and followed her. As she turned the corner of the hallway just beyond, I stepped forward silently and watched her enter a room that would, I knew, be next to this we guarded.

Listening at the door for a moment, I suddenly and softly turned the handle and entered, to see the good Mother with a panel drawn in the wall before her,

and her face set to it. She stepped back as I shut the door and turned the key in the lock. I put my finger to my lips, for she seemed about to cry out.

"Hush!" said I. "I watch for those who love her. I am here to serve her — and you."

"You are a servant of the Seigneur's?" she said, the alarm passing out of her face.

"I served the Seigneur, good Mother," I answered, "and I would lay down my life for Mademoiselle."

"You would hear?" she asked, pointing to the panel.

I nodded.

"You speak French not like a Breton or Norman," she added. "What is your province?"

"I am an Auvergnian."

She said no more, but motioned to me, enjoining silence also by a sign, and I stood with her beside the panel. Before it was a piece of tapestry which was mere gauze in parts, and I could see through and hear perfectly. I admired the Jesuitry of this device. The room we were in was at least four feet higher than the other, and we looked down on its occupants.

"Presently, holy Mother," said I, "all shall be told true to you, if you wish it. It is not your will to watch and hear; it is because you love the lady. But I love her, too, and I am to be trusted. It is not business for such as you."

She saw my implied rebuke, and said, as I thought a little abashed, "You will tell me all? And if he would take her forth, give me alarm in the room opposite yonder door, and stay them, and" —

"Stay them, holy Mother, at the price of my life. I have the honor of her family in my hands."

She looked at me gravely, and I assumed a pleasant openness of look and honesty. She was deceived completely, and, without further speech, she stepped to the door like a ghost and was gone. I never saw a human being so noiseless,

so uncanny. Our talk had been carried on silently, and I had closed the panel quietly, so that we could not be heard by Alixe or Doltaire. Now I was alone, to see and hear my wife in speech with my enemy, the man who had made a strong, and was yet to make a stronger fight to unseat me in her affections.

There was a moment's compunction, in which I hesitated to see this meeting; but there was Alixe's safety to be thought on, and what might he not here disclose of his intentions! — knowing which, I should act with judgment, and not in the dark. I trusted Alixe, though I knew well that this hour would see the great struggle in her between this scoundrel and myself. I knew that he had ever had a sort of power over her, even while she loathed his character; that he had a hundred graces I had not, place which I had not, an intellect that ever delighted me, and a will like iron when it was called into action. I thought for one moment longer ere I moved the panel. My lips closed tight, and I felt a pang at my heart.

Suppose, in this conflict, this singular man, acting on a nature already tried beyond reason, should bend it to his will, to which it was, in some radical ways, inclined? Well, if that should be, then I would go forth and never see her more. She must make her choice out of her own heart and spirit, and fight this fight alone, and having fought, and lost or won, the result should be final, should stand, though she was my wife, and I was bound in honor to protect her from all that might invade her loyalty, to cherish her through all temptation and distress. But our case was a strange one, and it must be dealt with according to its strangeness — our only guides our consciences. There were no precedents to meet our needs; our way had to be hewn out of a noisome, pathless wood. I made up my mind: I would hear and see all. So I slid the panel softly, and put my eyes to the tapestry. How many

times did I see, in the next hour, my wife's face upraised to this very tapestry, as if appealing to the Madonna worked upon it! How many times did her eyes look into mine without knowing it! And more than once Doltaire followed her glance, and a faint smile passed over his face, as if he saw and was interested in the struggle in her, apart from his own passion and desires.

When I looked in first, she was standing near a tall high-backed chair, in almost the same position as on the day when Doltaire told me of Braddock's death, accused me of being a spy, and arrested me. It gave me, too, a thrill to see her raise her handkerchief to her mouth as if to stop a cry, as she had done then, the black sleeve falling away from her perfect rounded arm, now looking almost like marble against the lace. She held her handkerchief to her lips for quite a minute; and indeed it covered more than a little of her face, so that the features most showing were her eyes, gazing at Doltaire with a look hard to interpret, for there seemed in it trouble, entreaty, wonder, resistance, and a great sorrow — no fear, trepidation, or indirectness.

His disturbing words were these: "To-night I am the Governor of this country. You once doubted my power — that was when you would save your lover from death. I proved it in that small thing — I saved him. Well, when you saw me carried off to the Bastile — it looked like that — my power seemed to vanish: is it not so? We have talked of this before, but now is a time to review all things again. And once more I say I am the Governor of New France. I have had the commission in my hands ever since I came back. But I have spoken of it to none — except your lover."

"My husband!" she said steadily, crushing the handkerchief in her hand, which now rested upon the chair-arm.

"Well, well, your husband — after a fashion. I did not care to use this as an

argument. I chose to win you by personal means alone, to have you give yourself to Tinoir Doltaire because you set him before any other man. I am vain, you see; but then vanity is no sin when one has fine aspirations, and I aspire to you!"

She made a motion with her hand. "Oh, can you not spare me this to-day — of all days in my life — your Excellency?"

"Let it be plain 'monsieur,'" he answered. "I cannot spare you, for this day decides all. As I said, I desired you. At first my wish was to possess you at any cost: I was your hunter only. I am still your hunter, but in a different way. I would rather have you in my arms than save New France; and with Montcalm I could save it. Vaudreuil is a blunderer and a fool; he has sold the country. But what ambition is that? New France may come and go, and be forgotten, and you nor I need be no worse. There are other provinces to conquer. But for me there is only one province, and I will lift my standard there, and build a grand château of my happiness there. That is my hope, and that is why I come to conquer it, and not the English. Let the English go — all save one, and he must die. Already he is dead; he died to-day at the altar of the cathedral" —

"No, no, no!" broke in Alixe, her voice low and firm.

"But yes," he said; "but yes, he is dead to you forever. The Church has said so; the State says so; your people say so; race and all manner of good custom say so; and I, who love you better — ay, a hundred times better — than he, say so."

She made a hasty, deprecating gesture with her hand. "Oh, carry this old song elsewhere," she said, "for I am sick of it." There were now both scorn and weariness in her tone.

He had a singular patience, and he resented nothing. "I understand," he

went on, "what it was sent your heart his way. He came to you when you were yet a child, before you had learnt the first secret of life. He was a captive, a prisoner, he had a wound got in honest fighting, and I will do him the credit to say he was an honest man; he was no spy."

She looked up at him with a slight flush, almost of gratitude. "I know that well," she returned. "I knew there was other cause than spying at the base of all ill treatment of him. I know that you, you alone, kept him prisoner here five long years."

"Not I; the Grande Marquise — for weighty reasons. You should not fret at those five years, since it gave you what you have cherished so much, a husband — after a fashion. But yet I will do him justice: he is an honorable fighter, he has parts and graces of a rude order. But he will never go far in life; he has no instincts and habits common with you; it has been, so far, a compromise, founded upon the old-fashioned romance of ill-used captive and soft-hearted maid; the compassion, too, of the superior for the low, the free for the caged."

"Compassion such as your Excellency feels for me, no doubt," she said, with a slow pride.

"You are caged, but you may be free," he rejoined meaningly.

"Yes, in the same market open to him, and at the same price of honor," she replied, with dignity.

"Will you not sit down?" he now said to her, motioning her to a chair politely, and taking one himself, thus pausing before he answered her.

I was prepared to see him keep a decorous distance from her. I felt he was acting upon deliberation; that he was trusting to the power of his insinuating address, his sophistry, to break down barriers. It was as if he felt himself at greater advantage, making no emotional demonstrations, so allaying her fears,

giving her time to think; for it was clear he hoped to master her intelligence, so strong a part of her.

She sat down in the high-backed chair, and at the moment I noted that our batteries began to play upon the town — an unusual thing at night. It gave me a strange feeling — the perfect stillness of the holy place, the quiet movement of this tragedy before me, on which broke, with no modifying noises or turmoil, the shouting cannonade. Nature, too, it would have seemed, had forged a mood in keeping with the time, for there was no air stirring when we came in, and a strange stillness had come upon the landscape. In the pause, too, I heard a long, soft shuffling of feet in the corridor — the evening procession from the chapel — and a slow chant: —

"I am set down in a wilderness, O Lord, I am alone. If a strange voice call, O teach me what to say; if I languish, O give me Thy cup to drink; O strengthen Thou my soul. Lord, I am like a sparrow; far from home, O bring me to Thine honorable house. Preserve my heart, encourage me, according to Thy truth."

The words came to us distinctly yet distantly, swelled softly, and died away, leaving Alixe and Doltaire seated and looking at each other. Alixe's hands were clasped in her lap.

"Your honor is above all price," he said at last in reply to her. "But what is honor in this case of yours, in which I throw the whole interest of my life, stake all? For I am convinced that, losing, the book of fate will close for me. Winning, I shall begin again, and play a part in France which men shall speak of when I am done with all. I never had ambition for myself; for you, Alixe Duvarney, a new spirit lives in me. . . . I will be honest with you. At first I swore to cool my hot face in your bosom; and I would have done that at any price, and yet I would have stood by that same dishonor honorably to the end. Never

in my whole life did I put my whole heart in any — episode — of admiration: I own it, for you to think what you will. There never was a woman whom, loving to-day," — he smiled, — "I could not leave to-morrow with no more than a pleasing kind of regret. Names that I ought to have recalled I forgot; incidents were cloudy, like childish remembrances. I was not proud of it; the peasant in me spoke against it sometimes. I even have wished that I, half peasant, had been" —

"If only you had been all peasant, this war, this misery of mine, had never been," she interrupted.

He nodded with an almost boyish candor. "Yes, yes, but I was half prince also; I had been brought up, one foot in a cottage and another in a palace. But for your misery: is it, then, misery? Need it be so? But lift your finger and all will be well. Do you wish to save your country? Would that be compensation? Then I will show you the way. We have three times as many soldiers as the English, though of poorer stuff. We could hold this place, could defeat them, if we were united and had but two thousand men. We have fifteen thousand. As it has been, Vaudreuil balks Montcalm, and that will ruin us in the end unless you make it otherwise. You would be a patriot? Then shut out forever this English captain from your heart, and open its doors to me. I will to-morrow take Vaudreuil's place, put your father in Bigot's, your brother in Ramesay's — they are both perfect and capable; I will strengthen the excellent Montcalm's hands in every way, will inspire the people, and cause the English to raise this siege. You and I will do this; the Church will bless us, the State will thank us; your home and country will be safe and happy, your father and brother honored. This, and far, far greater things I will do for your sake."

He paused. He had spoken with a

deep power, such as I knew he could use, and I did not wonder that she paled a little, even trembled before it.

"Will you not do it for France?" she said.

"I will not do it for France," he answered. "I will do it for you alone. Will you not be your country's friend? It is no virtue in me to plead patriotism — it is a mere argument, a weapon that I use; but my heart is behind it, and it is a means to that which you will thank me for one day. I would not force you to anything, but I would persuade your reason, question your foolish loyalty to a girl's mistake. Can you think that you are right? You have no friend that commends your cause; the whole country has upbraided you, the Church has cut you off from the man. All is against reunion with him, and most of all your own honor. Come with me, and be commended and blessed here, while over in France homage shall be done you. For you I would take from his Majesty a dukedom which he has offered me more than once."

Suddenly, with a passionate tone, he continued: "Your own heart is speaking for me. Have I not seen you tremble when I come near you?"

He rose and came forward a step or two. "You thought it was fear of me. It was fear, but fear of that in you which was pleading for me, while you had sworn yourself away to him who knows not and can never know how to love you, who has nothing kin with you in mind or heart — an alien of poor fortune, and poorer birth and prospects."

He fixed his eyes upon her, and went on, speaking with forceful quietness: "Had there been cut away that mistaken sense of duty to him, which I admire unspeakably, — yes, though it is misplaced, — you and I would have come to each other's arms long ago. Here in your atmosphere I feel myself possessed, endowed. I come close to you, and something new in me cries out simply, 'I

love you, Alixe, I love you!’ See, all the damnable part of me is burned up by the clear fire of your eyes; I stand upon the ashes, and swear that I cannot live without you. Come — come” —

He stepped nearer still, and she rose like one who moves under some fascination, and I almost cried out, for in that moment she was his, his — I felt it; he possessed her like some spirit; and I understood it, for the devilish golden beauty of his voice was like music, and he had spoken with great skill.

“Come,” he said, “and know where all along your love has lain. That other way is only darkness — the convent, which will keep you buried, while you will never have heart for the piteous seclusion, till your life is broken all to pieces, till you have no hope, no desire, no love, and at last, under a cowl, you look out upon the world, and, with a dead heart, see it as in a pale dream, and die at last: you, born to be a wife, without a husband; endowed to be the perfect mother, without a child; to be the admired of princes, a moving, powerful figure to influence great men, with no salon but the little bare cell where you pray. With me all that you should be you will be. You have had a bad, dark dream; wake, and come into the sun with me. Once I wished for you as the lover only; now, by every hope I ever might have had, I want you for my wife.”

He held out his arms to her and smiled, and spoke one or two low words which I could not hear. I had stood waiting death against the citadel wall, with the chance of a reprieve hanging between uplifted muskets and my breast; but that suspense was less than this, for I saw him, not moving, but standing there waiting for her, the warmth of his devilish eloquence about him, and she moving toward him.

“My darling,” I heard him say, “come, till death . . . us do part.”

She paused, and, waking from the

dream, drew herself together, as though something at her breast hurt her, and she repeated his words like one dazed — “‘Let no man put asunder’!”

With a look that told of her great struggle, she moved to a shrine of the Virgin in the corner, and, clasping her hands before her breast for a moment, said something I could not hear, before she turned to Doltaire, who had now taken another step towards her. By his look I knew that he felt his spell was broken; that his auspicious moment had passed; that now, if he won her, it must be by harsh means.

For she said, “Monsieur Doltaire, you have defeated yourself. ‘Let no man put asunder’ was my response to my husband’s ‘Whom God hath joined,’ when last I met him face to face. Nothing can alter that while he lives, nor yet when he dies, for I have had such a sorrowful happiness in him that if I were sure he were dead I would never leave this holy place — never. But he lives, and I will keep my vow. Holy Church has parted us, but yet we are not parted. You say that to think of him now is wrong, reflects upon me. I tell you, monsieur, that if it were a wrong a thousand times greater I would do it. To me there can be no shame in following till I die the man who took me honorably for his wife.”

He made an impatient gesture and smiled ironically.

“Oh, I care not what you say or think,” she went on. “I know not of things canonical and legal; the way that I was married to him is valid in his country and for his people. Bad Catholic you call me, alas! But true wife am I, who, if she sinned, sinned not wittingly, and deserves not this tyranny and shame.”

“You are possessed with a sad infatuation,” he replied persuasively. “You are not the first who has suffered so. It will pass, and leave you sane — leave you to me. For you are mine; what

you felt a moment ago you will feel again, when this romantic martyrdom of yours has wearied you."

"Monsieur Doltaire," she said, with a successful effort at calmness, though I could see her trembling too, "it is you who are mistaken, and I will show you how. But first, you have said often that I have unusual intelligence. You have flattered me in that, I doubt not, but still here is a chance to prove yourself sincere. I shall pass by every wicked means that you took first to ruin me, to divert me to a dishonest love, though I knew not what you meant at the time, and, failing, to make me your wife. I shall not refer to this base means to reach me in this sacred place, using the King's commission for such a purpose."

"I would use it again and do more, for the same ends," he rejoined, with shameless frankness.

She waved her hand impatiently. "I pass all that by. You shall listen to me as I have listened to you, remembering that what I say is honest, if it has not your grace and eloquence. You say that I will yet come to you, that I care for you and have cared for you always, and that — this other — is a sad infatuation. Monsieur, in part you are right."

He came another step forward, for he thought he saw a foothold again; but she drew back to the chair, and said, lifting her hand against him, "No, no, wait till I have done. I say that you are right in part. I will not deny that, against my will, you have always influenced me; that, try as I would, your presence moved me, and I could never put you out of my mind, out of my life. At first I did not understand it, for I knew how bad you were. I was sure you did evil because you loved it; that to gratify yourself you would spare no one: a man without pity" —

"On the contrary," he interrupted, with a sour sort of smile, "pity is almost a foible with me."

"Not real pity," she answered. "Mon-

sieur, I have lived enough to know what pity moves you. It is the moment's careless whim; a pensive pleasure, a dramatic tenderness. Wholesome pity would make you hesitate to harm others. You have no principles" —

"Pardon me, many," he urged politely, as he eyed her with admiration.

"Ah no, monsieur; habits, not principles. Your life has been one long irresponsibility. In the very maturity of your powers, you use them to win to yourself, to your empty heart, a girl who has tried to live according to the teachings of her soul and conscience. Were there not women elsewhere to whom it did n't matter — your abandoned purposes? Why did you throw your shadow on my path? You are not, never were, worthy of a good woman's love."

He laughed with a sort of bitterness. "Your sinner stands between two fires," he said. She looked at him inquiringly, and he added, "The punishment he deserves and the punishment he does not deserve. But it is interesting to be thus picked out upon the stone, however harsh the picture. You said I influenced you — well?"

"Monsieur," she went on, "there were times when, listening to you, I needed all my strength to resist. I have felt myself weak and shaking when you came into the room. There was something in you that appealed to me, I know not what; but I do know that it was not the best of me, that it was emotional, some strange power of your personality — ah yes, I can acknowledge all now. You had great cleverness, gifts that startled and delighted; but yet I felt always, and that feeling grew and grew, that there was nothing in you wholly honest, that by artifice you had frittered away what once may have been good in you. Now all goodness in you was an accident of sense and caprice, not true morality."

"What has true morality to do with love of you?" he said.

"You ask me hard questions," she replied. "This it has to do with it. We go from morality to higher things, not from higher things to morality. Pure love is a high thing; yours was not high. To have put my life in your hands — ah no, no! And so I fought you. There was no question of yourself and Robert Stobo — none. Him I knew to possess fewer gifts, but I knew him also to be what you could never be. I never measured him against you. What was his was all of me worth the having, and was given always; there was no change. What was yours was given only when in your presence, and then with hatred of myself and you — given to some baleful fascination in you. For a time, the more I struggled against it the more it grew, for there was nothing that could influence a woman which you did not do. Monsieur, if you had had Robert Stobo's character and your own gifts, I could, monsieur, I could have worshiped you!"

Doltaire was in a kind of dream. He was sitting now in the high-backed chair, his mouth and chin in his hand, his elbow resting on the chair-arm. His left hand grasped the other arm, and he leaned forward with brows bent and his eyes fixed on her intently. It was a figure singularly absorbed, lost in study of some deep theme. Once his sword clanged against the chair as it slipped a little from its position, and he started almost violently, though the dull booming of a cannon in no wise seemed to break the quietness of the scene. He was dressed, as in the morning, in plain black, but now the star of King Louis shone on his breast. His face was pale, but his eyes, with their swift-shifting lights, lived upon Alixe, devoured her.

She paused for an instant.

"Thou shalt not commit — idolatry," he remarked in a low, cynical tone, which the repressed feeling in his face and the terrible new earnestness of his look belied.

She flushed a little, and continued:

"Yet all the time I was true to him, and what I felt concerning you he knew — I told him enough."

Suddenly there came into Doltaire's looks and manner an astounding change. Both hands caught the chair-arm, his lips parted with a sort of snarl, and his white teeth showed maliciously. It seemed as if, all at once, the courtier, the *flaneur*, the man of breeding, had gone, and you had before you the peasant, in a moment's palsy from the intensity of his fury.

"A thousand hells for him!" he burst out in the rough *patois* of Poitiers, and got to his feet. "You told him all, you confessed your fluttering fears and desires to him, while you let me play upon those ardent strings of feelings, that you might save him! You used me, Tinoir Doltaire, son of a king, to further your *amour* with a *bourgeois* Englishman! And he laughed in his sleeve, and soothed away those dangerous influences of the magician. By the God of heaven, Robert Stobo and I have work to do! And you — you, with all the gifts of the perfect courtesan" —

"Oh, shame! shame!" she said, breaking in.

"But I speak the truth. You berate me, but you used incomparable gifts to hold me near you, and the same gifts to let me have no more of you than would keep me. I thought you the most honest, the most heavenly of women, and now" —

"Alas!" she interrupted, "what else could I have done? To draw the line between your constant attention and my own necessity! Ah, I was but a young girl; I had no friend to help me; he was condemned to die; I loved him; I did not believe in you, not in ever so little. If I had said, 'You must not speak to me again,' you would have guessed my secret, and all my purposes would have been defeated. So I had to go on; nor did I think that it ever would cause you aught but a shock to your vanity."

He laughed hatefully. "My faith, but it has shocked my vanity," he answered. "And now take this for thinking on: Up to this point I have pleaded with you, used persuasion, courted you with a humility astonishing to myself. Now I will have you in spite of all. I will break you, and soothe your hurt afterwards. I will, by the face of the Madonna, I will feed where this Stobo would pasture, I will gather this ripe fruit!" With a devilish swiftness he caught her about the waist, and kissed her again and again upon the mouth.

The blood was pounding in my veins, and I would have rushed in then and there, have ended the long strife, and have dug revenge for this outrage from his heart, but that I saw Alixe did not move, nor make the least resistance. This struck me with horror, till, all at once, he let her go, and I saw her face. It was very white and still, smooth and cold as marble. She seemed five years older in the minute.

"Have you quite done, monsieur?" she said, with infinite quiet scorn. "Do you, the son of a king, find joy in kissing lips that answer nothing, a cheek from which the blood flows in affright and shame? Is it an achievement to feed as cattle feed? Can insult give a harvest of pleasure to a man like you, whose intellect is so great? Listen to me, Monsieur Doltaire. No, do not try to speak till I have done, if your morality — of manners — is not all dead. Somehow, by this cowardly act of yours, the last vestige of your power over me is gone. I sometimes think that, with you, in the past I have remained true and virtuous at the expense of the best of me; but now all that is over, and there is no temptation, I feel beyond it: by this hour here, this hour of sore peril, you have freed me. I was tempted, Heaven knows, a few minutes ago — I was tempted, for everything was with you; but God has been with me, and you and I are no nearer than the poles."

"You doubt that I love you?" he said in an altered voice.

"I doubt that any man will so shame the woman he loves," she answered.

"What is insult to-day may be a pride to-morrow," was his quick reply. "I do not repent of it, I never will, for you and I shall go to-night from here, and you shall be my wife; and one day, when this man is dead, when you have forgotten your bad dream, you will love me as you cannot love him. I have that in me to make you love me. To you I can be loyal, never drifting, never wavering. I tell you, I will not let you go. First my wife you shall be, and after that I will win your love; in spite of all, mine now, though it is shifted for the moment. Come, come, Alixe." He made as if to take her hand. "You and I will learn the splendid secret" —

She drew back to the shrine of the Virgin.

"Mother of God! Mother of God!" I heard her whisper, and then she raised her hand against him. "No, no, no," she said, with sharp anguish, "do not try to force me to your wishes, do not; for I, at least, will never live to see it. I have suffered more than I can bear — I will end this shame, I will" —

I had heard enough. I stepped back quickly, closed the panel, and went softly to the door and into the hall, determined to bring her out against Doltaire, trusting to Gabord not to oppose us.

XXVII.

I knew it was Doltaire's life or mine, and I shrank from desecrating this holy place; but our bitter case would warrant this, and more. As I came quickly through the hall, and round the corner where stood Gabord, I saw a soldier talking with the Mother Superior.

"He is not dead?" I heard her say.

"No, holy Mother," was the answer, "but sorely wounded. He was testing

the fire-organs for the rafts, and one exploded too soon."

At that moment the Mother turned to me, and seemed startled by my look. "What is it?" she whispered.

"He would carry her off," I replied.

"He shall never do so," was her quick answer. "Her father, the good Seigneur, has been wounded, and she must go to him."

"I will take her," said I at once, and I moved to open the door. At that moment I caught Gabord's eye. There I read what caused me to pause. If I made myself known to Doltaire now, Gabord's life would pay for his friendship to me — even if I killed Doltaire; for the matter would be open to all then just the same. That I could not do, for the man had done me kindnesses dangerous to himself. Besides, he was a true soldier, and disgrace itself would be to him as bad as the drum-head court-martial. I made up my mind to another course even as the perturbed "aho" which followed our glance fell from his puffing lips.

"But no, holy Mother," said I, and I whispered in her ear. She opened the door and went in, leaving it ajar. I could hear only a confused murmur of voices, through which ran twice, "No, no, monsieur," in Alixe's soft, clear voice. I could scarcely restrain myself, and I am sure I should have gone in, in spite of all, had it not been for Gabord, who withstood me.

He was right, and as I turned away I heard Alixe cry, "My father, my poor father!"

Then came Doltaire's voice, cold and angry: "Holy Mother, this is a trick."

"Your Excellency should be a better judge of trickery," she replied quietly. "Will not your Excellency leave an unhappy lady to her trouble and the Church's care?"

"If the Seigneur is hurt, I will take Mademoiselle to him," was his instant reply.

"It may not be, your Excellency," she said. "I will furnish her with other escort."

"And I, as Governor of this province, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, say that only with my escort shall the lady reach her father."

At this Alixe spoke: "Dear Mère St. George, do not fear for me; God will protect me" —

"And myself, Mademoiselle, with my life," interposed Doltaire.

"God will protect me," Alixe repeated; "I have no fear."

"I will send two of our Sisters with Mademoiselle to nurse the poor Seigneur," said Mère St. George.

I am sure Doltaire saw the move. "A great kindness, holy Mother," he said politely, "and I will see they are well cared for. We will set forth at once. The Seigneur shall be brought to the Intendance, and he and his daughter shall have quarters there."

He stepped towards the door where we were. I fell back into position as he came. "Gabord," he said, "send your trusted fellow here to the General's camp, and have him fetch to the Intendance the Seigneur Duvarney, who has been wounded. Alive or dead, he must be brought," he added in a lower voice. Then he turned back into the room. As he did so, Gabord looked at me inquiringly.

"If you go, you put your neck into the gin," said he; "some one in camp will know you."

"I will not leave my wife," I answered in a whisper. Thus were all plans altered on the instant. Gabord went to the outer door and called another soldier, to whom he gave this commission.

A few moments afterwards, Alixe, Doltaire, and the Sisters of Mercy were at the door ready to start. Doltaire turned and bowed with a well-assumed reverence to the holy Mother. "To-night's affairs here are sacred to ourselves, Mère St. George," he said.

She bowed, but made no reply. Alixe turned and kissed her hand. But as we stepped forth, the Mother said suddenly, pointing to me, "Let the soldier come back in an hour, and Mademoiselle's luggage shall go to her, your Excellency."

Doltaire nodded, glancing at me. "Surely he shall attend you, Mère St. George," he said, and then stepped on with Alixe, Gabord and the other soldier ahead, the two Sisters behind, and myself beside these. Going quietly through the disordered Upper Town, we came down Mountain Street and on to the Intendance. Here Doltaire had kept his quarters despite his growing quarrel with Bigot. As we entered he inquired of the servant where Bigot was, and was told he was gone to the Château St. Louis. Doltaire shrugged a shoulder and smiled—he knew that Bigot had had news of his deposition through the Governor. He gave orders for rooms to be prepared for the Seigneur and for the Sisters; Mademoiselle meanwhile to be taken to hers, which had, it appeared, been made ready. Then I heard him ask in an undertone if the Bishop had come, and he was answered that Monseigneur was at Charlesbourg, and could not be expected till the morning. I was in a most dangerous position, for, though I had escaped notice, any moment might betray me; Doltaire himself might see through my disguise.

We all accompanied Alixe to the door of her apartments, and there Doltaire with courtesy took leave of her, saying that he would return in a little time to see if she was comfortable, and to bring her any fresh news of her father. The Sisters were given apartments next her own, and they entered her room with her, at her own request.

When the door closed, Doltaire turned to Gabord, and said, "You shall come with me to bear letters to General Montcalm, and you shall send one of these fellows also for me to General Bougain-

ville at Cap Rouge." Then he spoke directly to me, and said, "You shall guard this passage till morning. No one but myself may pass into this room or out of it, save the Sisters of Mercy, on pain of death."

I saluted, but spoke no word.

"You understand me?" he repeated.

"Absolutely, monsieur," I answered in a rough peasant-like voice.

He turned and walked in a leisurely way through the passage, and disappeared, telling Gabord to join him in a moment. As he left, Gabord said to me in a low voice, "Get back to General Wolfe, or wife and life will both be lost."

I caught his hand and pressed it, and a minute afterwards I was alone before Alixe's door.

An hour later, knowing Alixe to be alone, I tapped on her door and entered. As I did so she rose from a priedieu where she had been kneeling. Two candles were burning on the mantel, but the room was much in shadow.

"What is 't you wish?" she asked, approaching.

I had off my hat; I looked her direct in the eyes and put my fingers on my lips. She stared painfully for a moment.

"Alixe," said I.

She gave a gasp, and stood transfixed, as though she had seen a ghost, and then in an instant she was in my arms, sobs shaking her. "Oh, Robert, Robert! dear, dear Robert!" she cried again and again. I calmed her, and presently she broke into a whirl of questions. I told her of all I had seen at the cathedral and at the convent, what my plans had been, and then I waited for her answer. Swiftly a new feeling took possession of her. She knew that there was one question at my lips which I dared not utter. She became very quiet, and a sweet, settled firmness came into her face.

"Robert," she said, "you must go

back to your army without me. I cannot leave my father now. Save yourself alone, and if — and if you take the city, and I am alive, then we shall be united. If you do not take the city, then, if my father lives or dies, I will come to you. Of this be sure, that I shall never live to be the wife of any other man — wife or aught else. You know me. You know all, you trust me, and, my love, my dear husband, we must part once more. Go, go, and save yourself, keep your life safe for my sake, and may God in heaven, may God” —

Here she broke off and started back from my embrace, staring hard a moment over my shoulder; then her face became deadly pale, and she fell back unconscious. Supporting her, I turned round, and there, inside the door, with his back to it, was Doltaire. There was a devilish smile on his face, as wicked a look as I ever saw on any man. I laid Alixe down on a sofa without a word, and faced him again.

“As many coats as Joseph’s coat had colors,” he said. “And for once disguised as an honest man — well, well!”

“Beast — I know you!” I hissed, and I whipped out my short sword.

“Not here,” he said, with a malicious laugh. “You forget your manners: familiarity” — he glanced towards the couch — “has bred” —

“Coward!” I cried. “I will kill you at her feet.”

“Come, then,” he answered, and stepped away from the door, drawing his sword, “since you will have it here. But if I kill you, as I intend” —

He smiled detestably, and motioned towards the couch, then turned to the door again as if to lock it. I stepped between, my sword at guard. At that the door opened. A woman came in quickly, and closed it behind her. She passed me, and faced Doltaire.

It was Madame Cournal. She was most pale, and there was a peculiar wildness in her eyes.

“You have deposed François Bigot,” she said.

“Stand back, madame; I have business with this fellow,” said Doltaire, waving his hand.

“My business comes first,” she replied. “You — you dare to depose François Bigot!”

“It needs no daring,” he said nonchalantly.

“You shall put him back in his place.”

“Come to me to-morrow morning, dear madame.”

“I tell you he must be put back, Monsieur Doltaire.”

“Once you called me Tinoir,” he said meaningly, mockingly.

Without a word she caught from her cloak a dagger and struck him in the breast, though he threw up his hand and partly diverted the blow. Without a cry he half swung round, and sank, face forward, against the couch where Alixe lay.

I saw him feebly, blindly, catch her hand and kiss it; then he fell back.

Stooping beside Doltaire, I felt his heart. He was alive. Madame Cournal now knelt beside him, staring at him as in a kind of dream. I left the room quickly, and met the Sisters of Mercy in the hall. They had heard the noise, and were coming to Alixe. I bade them care for her. Passing rapidly through the corridors, I told a servant of the household what had occurred, bade him send for Bigot, and then made for my own safety. Alixe was safe for a time, at least, — thank God, perhaps forever, — from the approaches of Monsieur Doltaire. As I sped through the streets, I could not help but think of how he had kissed her hand as he fell, and I knew by this act, at such a time, that in very truth he loved her after his fashion.

I came soon to the St. John’s Gate, for I had the countersign from Gabord, and, dressed as I was, I had no difficulty in passing. Outside I saw a small cavalcade arriving from Beauport way. I

drew back and let it pass me, and then I saw that it was soldiers bearing the Seigneur Duvarney to the Intendance.

An hour afterwards, having passed the sentries, I stood on a lonely point of the shore of Lower Town, and, seeing no one near, I slid into the water. As I did so I heard a challenge behind me, and when I made no answer there came a shot, another, and another; for it was

thought, I doubt not, that I was a deserter. I was hit in the shoulder, and had to swim with one arm; but though boats were put out, I managed to evade them and to get within hail of our fleet. Challenged there, I answered with my name. A boat shot out from among the ships, and soon I was hauled into it by Clark himself; and that night I rested safe upon the Terror of France.

Gilbert Parker.

THE FÊTE DE GAYANT.

As far as I have ever seen provincial France, it appears to be perpetually *en fête*. Religiously or patriotically, it is always celebrating something; and it does so in a splendid whole-hearted fashion, concentrating all the energy of a town into a few days or a few hours of ardent demonstration. *Les fêtes religieuses* are without doubt the most charming and picturesque; and the smaller the place, the more curious and time-honored the observances. It is wonderful, too, to note the resources of even the poorest community. Auray, with its few straggling streets, is little better than a village; yet here, on the Fête du Sacré Cœur, I saw a procession so beautiful and so admirably organized that it would have done credit to any city of France. Scores of clerics and hundreds of weather-beaten men and women moved slowly through the narrow lanes, or knelt before the rude altars that had been erected at every turning. Not a house in Auray that had not been hung with linen sheets; not a rood of ground that was not strewn with flowers and fresh green leaves. Bands of little girls, dressed in blue and white, surrounded the statue of the Madonna, and the crimson banner of the Sacred Heart was borne by tiny boys, with red sashes around their waists and wreaths of red

roses on their curly heads, looking absurdly like Bonfigli's flower-crowned angels. One solemn child personated the infant St. John. He wore a scanty goat-skin, and no more. A toy lamb, white and woolly, was tucked under his arm, and a slender cross grasped in his baby hand. By his side walked an equally youthful Jeanne d'Arc, attired in a blue spangled skirt and a steel breastplate, with a helmet, a nodding plume, a drawn sword, and a pair of gauzy wings, thus indicating that approaching beatification which is the ardent desire of every French Catholic.

"Notre mère, la France, est de Jeanne la fille,"

and she is to be congratulated on so blithely forgetting the unfilial nature of her conduct. At every altar benediction was given to the kneeling throng, and a regiment of boys beat their drums and sounded their trumpets shrilly to warn those who were too far away to see that the sacred moment had come. It seemed incredible that so small a place could have supplied so many people, until I remembered what an American is wont to forget, — that in Auray there were no two ways of thinking. Spectators, affected or disaffected, there were none. Everybody old enough and strong enough to walk joined in the procession; just

as everybody at Lourdes joined in the great procession of the Fête Dieu, when the hundreds were multiplied to thousands, when the mountain side at dusk seemed on fire with myriads of twinkling tapers, and the pilgrim chant, plaintive, monotonous, and unmusical, was borne by the night winds far away over the quiet valley of the Gave.

On these occasions I have been grateful to the happy accident, or design, that made me a participant in such scenes. But there have been other days when provincial towns en fête meant the acme of discomfort for wearied travelers. It was no especial grievance, indeed, that Compiègne should continue to celebrate the 14th of July long after it had merged into the 15th, by playing martial airs, and firing off guns directly under my bedroom window. I felt truly that I should have been but little better off elsewhere; for there is not a corner of France, nor a single French dependency, that does not go mad annually with delight because a rabble destroyed one of the finest fortresses in Europe. But it did seem hard that we should reach Amiens just when the combined attractions of the races and a fair had filled that quiet spot with tumult and commotion. Amiens is not a town that takes kindly to excitement. It is contemplative in character, and boisterous gayety sits uneasily upon its tranquil streets. Even the landlady of our very comfortable hotel appeared to recognize and deplore the incongruity of the situation. Her house was full to overflowing; her dining-room could not hold its famished guests; yet, instead of rejoicing, she bewailed the hungry crowds who had wrecked the harmony of her well-ordered inn.

"If madame had only come two days ago," she protested, "madame would then have seen Amiens at its best; and, moreover, she would have been properly waited on. My servants are trained, they are attentive, they are polite, they

would have taken care that madame had everything she required. But now! What, then, does madame think of this so sad disorder?"

Madame assured her she thought the servants were doing all that could be required of mortal men; and indeed, these nimble creatures fairly flew from guest to guest, and from room to room. I never saw one of them even lapse into a walk. I tried to describe to her the behavior of domestics in our own land, recalling to memory a sudden invasion of one of the Yellowstone Park hotels by a band of famished tourists, — their weary waiting, their humble attitude, their meek appeals for food, and the stolid indifference of the negro waiters to their most urgent needs. But this imperious little Frenchwoman merely held up her hands in horror at such anarchical conduct. A mob of communists engaged in demolishing the cathedral of Amiens would have seemed less terrible to her than a mob of servants refusing to wait swiftly upon hungry travelers. She was so serious in her anxiety for our comfort that her mind appeared visibly relieved when, on the second day, we decided that we too were weary of noise and excitement, and would move on that afternoon to Douai. There, at least, we told ourselves, we should find the drowsy quiet we desired. The image of the dull old town — which we had never seen — rose up alluringly before us. We pictured even the station, tranquil and empty like so many stations in rural France, with a leisurely little engine sauntering in occasionally, and a solitary porter roused from his nap, and coming forward, surprised but smiling, to handle our numerous bags. These pretty fancies soothed our nerves and beguiled our idleness until the three hours' trip was over, and Douai was reached at last. Douai! Yes; but Douai in a state of apparent frenzy, with a surging crowd whose uproar could be heard above our engine's shriek, — hundreds of people

rushing hither and thither, climbing into cars, clamoring over friends, laughing, shouting, blowing trumpets, and behaving generally in a fashion which made Amiens silent by comparison. For one moment we stood, stunned by the noise and confusion; and then the horrid truth forced itself upon our unwilling minds: Douai was en fête.

We made our way through the throng of people into the square outside the station, and took counsel briefly with one another. We were tired, we were hungry, and it was growing late; but should we ignore these melancholy conditions, and push bravely on for Lille? Lille, says Baedeker, has "two hundred thousand inhabitants," and cities of that size have grown too big for play. We thought of the discomforts which probably awaited us at Douai, in a meagre inn crowded with noisy *bourgeois*, and were turning resolutely back, when suddenly there came the sound of drums playing a gay and martial air, and in another minute, surrounded by a clamorous mob, the Sire de Gayant and his family moved slowly into sight.

Thirty feet high was the Sire de Gayant, and his nodding plumes overtopped the humble roofs by which he passed. His steel breastplate glittered in the evening sun; his mighty mace looked like a May-pole; his countenance was grave and stern. The human pygmies by his side betrayed their insignificance at every step. They ran backward and forward, making all the foolish noise they could. They rode on hobby-horses. They played ridiculous antics. They were but children, after all, gamboling irresponsibly at the feet of their own Titanic toy. Behind the Sire de Gayant came his wife, in brocaded gown, with imposing farthingale and stomacher. Pearls wreathed her hair and fell upon her massive bosom. Earrings a handbreadth in size hung from her ears, and a fan as big as a fire-screen was held lightly by a silver chain. Like Lady Corysande,

"her approaching mien was full of majesty;" yet she looked affable and condescending, too, as befitted a dame of parts and noble birth. Her children manifested in their bearing more of pride and less of dignity. There was even something theatrical in the velvet cap and swinging cloak of her only son; and Mademoiselle Gayant held her head erect in conscious complacency, while her long brown ringlets fluttered in the breeze.

"Of course the village girls
Who envy me my curls,"

she seemed to murmur as she passed stiffly by.

Happily, however, there was still another member of this ancient family, more popular and more well beloved than all the rest, Mademoiselle Thérèse, "*la petite Binbin*," who for two hundred years has been the friend and idol of every child in Douai. A sprightly and attractive little girl was Mademoiselle Thérèse, barely eight feet high, and wearing a round cap and spotless pinafore. In her hand she carried a paper windmill, that antique Douai toy with which we see the angels and the Holy Innocents amusing themselves in Belle-gambe's beautiful old picture, the Altarpiece of Anchin. She ran hither and thither with uncertain footsteps, pausing now and then to curtsy prettily to some admiring friends in a doorway; and whenever the pressure of the crowd stopped her progress, the little children clamored to be held up in their fathers' arms to kiss her round, smooth cheeks. One by one they were lifted in the air, and one by one I saw them put their arms around *la Binbin's* neck, and embrace her so heartily that I wondered how she kept herself clean and uncrumpled amid these manifold caresses. As she went by, the last of that strange procession, we moved after her, without another thought of Lille and its comfortable hotels. Comfort, forsooth! Were we not back in the fifteenth century, when comfort had still to be invented?

Was that not the Song of Gayant which the drums were beating so gayly? And who yet ever turned their backs upon Douai when the famous Ranz des Douaisiens was ringing triumphantly in their ears?

For this little French town, smaller than many a ten-year-old city in the West, has an ancient and honorable past; and her martial deeds have been written down on more than one page of her country's history. The Fête de Gayant is old; so old that its origin has been lost in an obscurity which a number of industrious writers have tried in vain to penetrate.

"Ce que c'est que Gayant? Ma foi, je n'en sais rien.

Ce que c'est que Gayant? Nul ne le sait en Flandre."

The popular belief is that a knight of gigantic size fought valorously in behalf of Douai when the city, spent and crippled, made her splendid defense against Louis XI., and that his name is still preserved with gratitude by the people whom he helped to save. Certain it is that the fête dates from 1479, the year that Louis was repulsed; and whether or not a real Gayant ever stood upon the walls, there is little doubt that the procession celebrates that hard-won victory. But the Church has not been backward in claiming the hero for her own, and identifying him with St. Maurand, the blessed patron of Douai. St. Maurand, it is said, fought for the welfare of his town as St. Iago fought for the glory of Spain; and there is a charming legend to show how keenly he watched over the people who trusted to his care. In 1556, on the night following the feast of the Epiphany, Admiral Coligny planned to surprise the city, which, ignorant of its danger, lay sleeping at the mercy of its foe. But just as St. George, St. Mark, and St. Nicholas aroused the old fisherman, and went out into the storm to do battle with demons for the safety of Venice, so St. Maurand pre-

pared to defeat the crafty assailant of Douai. At midnight he appeared by the bedside of the monk whose duty it was to ring the great bells of St. Amé, and bade him arise and call the brethren to matins. The monk, failing to recognize the august character of his visitor, protested drowsily that it was too early, and that, after the fatigue and lengthy devotions of the feast, it would be but humanity to allow the monastery an extra hour of slumber. St. Maurand, however, insisted so sternly and so urgently that the poor lay brother, seeing no other way to rid himself of importunity, arose, stumbled into the belfry, and laid his hands upon the dangling ropes. But hardly had he given them the first faint pull when, with a mighty vibration, the bells swung to and fro, as though spirits were hurling them through the air. So furiously were they tossed that the brazen clangor of their tongues rang out into the night with an intensity of menace that awoke every man in Douai to a swift recognition of his peril. Soldiers sprang to arms; citizens swarmed out of their comfortable homes; and while the bells still pealed forth their terrible summons, those who were first at the defenses saw for one instant the blessed St. Maurand standing in shining armor on the ramparts, guarding the city of his adoption as St. Michael guards the hidden gates of paradise.

So the Church will have it that the knight Gayant is no other than the holy son of Adalbald; and as for Madame Gayant and her family, who seem like a questionable incumbrance upon sainthood, it is clearly proved that Gayant had neither wife nor child until 1665, when the good people of Douai abruptly ended his cheerful days of celibacy. Indeed, there are historians so lost to all sense of honor and propriety as to insist that this beloved Titan owes his origin neither to Flemish heroism nor to the guardianship of saints, but to the efforts made by the Spanish conquerors of

Douai to establish popular pastimes resembling those of Spain. According to these base-minded antiquarians, Gayant was an invention of Charles V., who added a variety of pageants to the yearly procession with which the city celebrated its victory over Louis XI.; and when the Spaniards were finally driven from the soil, the knight remained as a popular hero, vaguely associated with earlier deeds of arms. That he was an object of continual solicitude — and expense — is proven by a number of entries in the archives of Douai. In 1665 seven florins were paid to the five men who carried him through the streets, and twenty pastars to the two boys who danced before him, to say nothing of an additional outlay of six florins for the white dancing-shoes provided for them. Moreover, this being his wedding year, two hundred and eighty-three florins — a large sum for those days — were spent on Madame Gayant's gown, besides seventeen florins for her wig, and over forty florins for her jewels and other decorations. A wife is ever a costly luxury, but when she chances to be over twenty feet high her trousseau becomes a matter for much serious consideration. In 1715, the price of labor having risen and the knight's family having increased, it cost thirty-three florins to carry them in procession, Mademoiselle Thérèse, who was then too young to walk, being drawn in a wagon, probably for the first time. The repainting of faces, the repairing of armor, the replacing of lost pearls or broken fans, are all accounted for in these careful annals; and it is through them, also, that we learn how the Church occasionally withdrew her favor from the Sire de Gayant, and even went so far as to place him under a ban. M. Guy de Sève, Bishop of Arras in 1699, and M. Louis François Marc-Hilaire de Conzié, Bishop of Arras in 1770, were both of the opinion that the fête had grown too secular, not to say licentious in its character, and in spite of clamor-

ous discontent the procession was sternly prohibited. But French towns are notably wedded to their idols. Douai never ceased to love and venerate her gigantic knight; and after a time, perhaps through the good offices of St. Maurand, he overcame his enemies, reëstablished his character with the Church, and may be seen to-day, as we had the happiness of seeing him, carried in triumph through those ancient streets that welcomed him five hundred years ago.

The Fête de Gayant is not a brief affair, like Guy Fawkes day or the Fourth of July. It lasts from the 8th of July until the 11th, and is made the occasion of prolonged rejoicing and festivity. In the public square, boys are tilting like knights of old, or playing antiquated games that have descended to them from their forefathers. Greased poles hung with fluttering prizes tempt the unwary; tiny donkeys, harnessed and garlanded with flowers, are led around by children; and a discreet woman in spangled tights sits languidly on a trapeze, waiting for the sous to be collected before beginning her performance. From that post of vantage she spies us standing on the outskirts of the crowd, and sends her little son, a pretty child, brave in gilt and tinsel, to beg from us.

As it chances, I have given all my sous to earlier petitioners, and I open my collapsed pocket-book to show him how destitute I am. With a swift corresponding gesture he turns his little tin canister upside down, and shakes it plaintively, proving that it is even emptier than my purse. This appeal is irresistible. In the dearth of coppers a silver coin is found for him, which his mother promptly acknowledges by going conscientiously through the whole of her slender répertoire. Meanwhile, the child chatters fluently with us. He travels all the time, he tells us, and has been to Italy and Switzerland. His father can speak Italian and a little English. He likes the English people best of all, —

a compliment to our supposed nationality; they are the richest, most generous, most charming and beautiful ladies in the world. He says this, looking, not at my companions, who in some sort merit the eulogium, but straight at me, with a robust guile that is startling in its directness. I have given the franc. To me is due the praise. Poor little lad! It must be a precarious and slender income earned by that jaded mother, even in time of fête; for provincial France, though on pleasure bent, hath, like Mrs. Gilpin, a very frugal mind. She does not fling money about with British prodigality, nor consume gallons of beer with German thirst, nor sink her scanty savings in lottery tickets with Italian fatuity. No, she drinks her single glass of wine, or cider, or syrup and water, and looks placidly at all that may be seen for nothing, and experiences the joys of temperance. She knows that her strength lies in husbanding her resources, and that vast are the powers of thrift.

Meanwhile, each day brings its allotted diversions. Gayly decorated little boats are sailing on the Scarpe, and fancying themselves a regatta. A band of archers are contesting for prizes in the Place St. Amé, where, hundreds of years ago, their forefathers winged their heavy bolts. A *carrousel vélocipédique* is to be followed by a ball; carrier pigeons are being freed in the Place Carnot; a big balloon is to ascend from the esplanade; and excellent concerts are being played every afternoon in the pretty Jardin des Plantes. It is hard to make choice among so many attractions, especially as two days out of the four the Sire de Gayant and his family march through the streets, and draw us irresistibly after them. But we see the archers, and the pigeons, and the balloon, which takes three hours to get ready, and three minutes to be out of sight, carrying away in its car a grizzled aeronaut and an adventurous young woman, who embraces all her friends with

dramatic fervor, and unfurls the flag of France as she ascends, to the unutterable admiration of the crowd. We hear a concert, also, sitting comfortably in the shade, and thinking how pleasant it would be to have a glass of beer to help the music along. But the natural affinity, the close and enduring friendship between music and beer, which the Germans understand so well, the French have yet to discover. They are learning to drink this noble beverage — in small doses — and to forgive it its Teutonic flavor. I have seen half a dozen men sitting in front of a restaurant at Lille or at Rouen, each with a tiny glass of beer before him; but I have never beheld it poured generously out to the thunderous accompaniment of a band. Even at Marseilles, where, faithful to destiny, we encountered a musical fête so big and grand that three hotels rejected us, and the cabmen asked five francs an hour, — even amid this tumult of sweet sound, from which there was no escaping, we failed ignominiously when we sought to hearten ourselves to a proper state of receptivity with beer. At the Douai concerts no one dreamed of drinking anything. The townspeople sat in decorous little groups under the trees, talking furtively when the loudness of the clarionets permitted them, and reserving their enthusiastic applause for the Chant de Gayant, with which, as in honor bound, each entertainment came to a close. Young girls, charmingly dressed, lingered by their mothers' sides, never even lifting their dark eyes to note the fine self-appreciation of the men who passed them. If they spoke at all, it was in fluttering whispers to one another; if they looked at anything, it was at one another's gowns. They are seldom pretty, these fallow daughters of France; yet, like Gautier's Carmen, their ugliness has in it a grain of salt from that ocean out of which Venus rose. No girls in the whole wide world lead duller lives than theirs. They

have neither the pleasures of a large town nor the freedom of a little one. They may not walk with young companions even of their own sex. They may not so much as go to church alone. Novels, romances, poetry, plays, operas, all things that could stimulate their imaginations and lift them out of the monotonous routine of life, are sternly prohibited. Perpetual espionage forbids the healthy growth of character and faculty, which demand some freedom and solitude for development. The strict seclusion of a convent school is exchanged for a colorless routine of small duties and smaller pleasures. And yet these young girls, bound hand and foot by the narrowest conventionalities, are neither silly nor insipid. A dawning intelligence, finer than mere precocity can ever show, sits on each tranquil brow. When they speak, it is with propriety and grace. In the restrained alertness of their brown eyes, in their air of simplicity and self-command, in the instinctive elegance of their dress, one may read, plainly written, the subtle possibilities of the future.

That offensive and meaningless phrase, the woman problem, is seldom heard in France, where all problems solve themselves more readily than elsewhere. Midway between the affectionate subservience of German wives and daughters and the gay arrogance of our own, with more self-reliance than the English, and a clearer understanding of their position than all the other three have ever grasped, Frenchwomen find little need to wrangle for privileges which they may easily command. The resources of tact and good taste are well-nigh infinite, and to them is added a capacity for administration and affairs which makes the French gentleman respect his wife's judgment, and places the French shopkeeper at the mercy of his spouse. In whatever walk of life these young provincial girls are destined to tread, they will have no afflicting doubts as to the limits of their usefulness. They will probably never even pause to ask themselves what men would do without them, or to point a lesson vaingloriously from the curious fact that Douai gave Gayant a wife.

Agnes Repplier.

CLEOPATRA TO THE ASP.

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?"

LIE thou where Life hath lain,
And let thy swifter pain
His rival prove;
Till, like the fertile Nile,
Death buries, mile for mile,
This waste of Love.

Soft! Soft! A sweeter kiss
Than Antony's is this!
O regal Shade,
Luxurious as sleep
Upon thy bosom deep
My heart is laid.

John B. Tabb.

THE CHILDREN OF THE ROAD.

I.

THE real "road" is variously named and variously described. By the "ambulanter" it is called Gypsyland, by the tramp Hoboland; the fallen woman thinks it is the street, the thief that it means stealing and the penitentiary; even the little boy who reads dime novels and fights hitching-posts for desperadoes believes momentarily that he too is on the real road. All these are indeed branches of the main line. The road proper, or "the turf," as the people who toil along its stretches sometimes prefer to call it, is low life in general. It winds its way through dark alleys and courts to dives and slums, and wherever criminals, hoboes, outcast women, stray and truant children congregate; but it never leads to the smiling windows and doorways of a happy home, except for plunder and crime. There is not a town in the land that it does not touch, and there are but few hamlets that have not sent out at least one adventurer to explore its twists and turnings.

The travelers, as I have said, are of all kinds, conditions, and ages: some old and crippled, some still in their prime, and others just beginning life. To watch in thought the long and motley procession marching on is to see a panorama of all the sins, sorrows, and accidents known to human experience. Year after year they trudge on and on, and always on, seeking a goal which they never seem to find. Occasionally they halt for a while at some halfway house, where they have heard that there is a resting-place of their desire; but it invariably proves disappointing, and the tramp, tramp, begins afresh. Young and old, man and woman, boy and girl, all go on together; and as one dies or wears of the march another steps into his

heel-tracks, and the ranks close up as solidly as ever.

The children of the road have always been to me its most pitiful investiture, and I have more than once had dreams and plans that looked to the rescue of these prematurely outcast beings. It needs skilled philanthropists and penologists, however, for such a work, and I must content myself with contributing experiences and facts which may perhaps aid in the formation of theory, and thus throw light upon the practical social tasks that are before us.

There are four distinct ways by which boys and girls get upon the road: some are born there, some are driven there, others are enticed there, and still others go there voluntarily.

Of those who are born on the road, perhaps the least known are the children of the ambulanters. The name is a tramp invention, and not popular among the ambulanters themselves. They prefer to be called gypsies, and try at times, especially when compelled by law to give some account of themselves, to trace their origin to Egypt; but the most of them, I fear, are degenerated Americans. How they have become so is a question which permits of much conjecture, and in giving my own explanation I do not want it to be taken as applicable to the entire class. I know only about fifty families, and not more than half of these at all familiarly; but those whom I do know seem to me to be the victims of a pure and simple laziness handed down from generation to generation until it has become a chronic family disease. From what they have told me confidentially about their natural history, I picture their forefathers as harmless village "do-nothings," who lounged in corner groceries, hung about taverns, and followed the fire-engine and the circus. The

second generation was probably too numerous for the home parish, and, inheriting the talent for loafing, started out to find roomier lounges. It must have wandered far and long, for upon the third generation, the one that I know, the love of roaming descended to such a degree that all North America is none too large for it. Go where one will, in the most dismal woods, the darkest lanes, or on the widest prairies, there the ambulanter may be found tenting with his large and unkempt family. He comes and goes as his restless spirit dictates, and the horse and wagon carry him from State to State.

It is in Illinois that I know his family best. Cavalier John, as he proudly called himself, I remember particularly. He gave me shelter one night in his wagon, as I was toiling along the highway south of Ottawa, and we became such good friends that I traveled with his caravan for three days. And what a caravan it was! A negro wife, five little mulattoes, a deformed white girl, three starved dogs, a sore-eyed cat, a blasphemous parrot, a squeaking squirrel, a bony horse, and a canvas-topped wagon, and all were headed "Texas way." John came from Maine originally, but he had picked up his wife in the West, and it was through their united efforts in trickery and clever trading that they had acquired their outfit. So far as I could learn, neither of them had ever done an honest stroke of business. The children ranged from three years to fourteen, and the deformed girl was nearly twenty. John found her among some other ambulancers in Ohio, and, thinking that he might make money out of her physical monstrosities at "side-shows," cruelly traded off an old fox for her. She ought to have been in an insane asylum, and I hope John has put her there long ago. The other "kidlets," as they were nicknamed, were as deformed morally as was the adopted girl physically. They had to beg in every town and vil-

lage they came to, and at night their father took the two oldest with him in his raids on the hen-roosts. It was at town and county fairs, however, that they were the most profitable. Three knew how to pick pockets, and the youngest two gave acrobatic exhibitions. None of them had ever been in school, none could read or write, and the only language they spoke was the one of their class. I have never been able to learn it well, but it is a mixture of Rom and tramp dialects with a dash of English slang.

On the journey we met another caravan, bound west by way of Chicago. There were two families, and the children numbered sixteen; the oldest ranging from fifteen to twenty, and the youngest had just appeared. We camped together in a wood for a night and a day, and seldom have I sojourned in such company. John had given me a place with him in the wagon, but now the woman with the babe was given the wagon, and John and I slept, or tried to, "in the open." In the other wagon, both sexes, young and old, were crowded into a space not much larger than the ordinary omnibus, and the vermin would have made sleep impossible to any other order of beings. The next day, being Sunday, was given over to play and revel, and the poor horses had a respite from their sorrows. The children invented a queer sort of game, something like "shinny," and used a dried-up cat's head as block. They kicked, pounded, scratched, and cursed one another; but when the play was over all was well again, and the block was tucked away in the wagon for further use. Late at night the journeys were taken up once more, one caravan moving on toward Dakota, and the other toward the Gulf.

"Salawakkee!"¹ cried John, as he drove away; and the strangers cried back, "Chalamu!"²

I wonder what has become of that little baby for whom I sat the night out?

¹ So long.

² Live well.

It is nearly ten years ago now, and he has probably long since been compelled to play his part in crime, and scratch and fight as his older brothers and sisters did on that autumn Sunday morning. Certainly there is nowhere in the world a more ferocious set of children than these of the ambulanter. From morning till night it is one continual snap and bite, and the depraved fathers and mothers look on and grin. They have not the faintest ideal of home, and their only outlook in life is to some day have a "rig" of their own and prowl throughout the land seeking whom they may devour. To tame them is a task requiring almost divine patience. I should not know how to get at them. They laugh at tenderness, never say "thank you," and obey their parents only when driven with boot and whip. I wish that I could suggest some gentle method by which they could be rescued from the road and made good men and women. It always seems harsh to apply strict law to delinquents so young and practically innocent, but it is the only remedy I can offer. They must be put under stiff rule and order, and trained long and hard. Although lacking gypsy blood they have acquired gypsy character, and it will take generations to get it out of them. Just how many children are born on the road is a question which even the ambulanter would find difficult to answer. They are scattered so widely and in such out-of-the-way places that a census is almost impossible. In the families that I have met there have never been less than four children. Gypsy Sam once told me that he believed there were at least two hundred ambulanter families in the United States, but this will strike every one as a low estimate; however, if this is true, and each family has as many boys and girls as those that I have met, then there must be at least a thousand of their kind.

Another kind of ragamuffin, also born on the road, and in many ways akin to

the ambulanter, although wanting such classification, is the one found so often in those families which every community supports, but relegates to its uttermost boundary lines. They are known as "the McCarthys," "the Night Hawks," or "the Holy Frights," as the case may be. I have found no town in the United States of twenty thousand inhabitants without some such little Whitechapel in its vicinity, and, like the famous original, it is often considered dangerous to enter unarmed. Speaking generally, there is a great deal of fiction afloat concerning these tabooed families, a number of them being simply poor or lazy people whom the boys of the vicinity have exaggerated into gangs of desperadoes. There are, however, some that are really very bad, and I have found them even in new little villages. They are not exactly out-and-out criminals whom the police can get hold of, but moral lepers who by public consent have been sentenced to live without the pale of civilization.

Some years ago I had occasion to visit one of these miniature Whitechapels. It was situated in a piece of woods not far from St. Paul, Minnesota, and belonged by right of appropriation to three families who were called "the Stansons." A tramp friend of mine had been taken sick in their camp, and I was in duty bound to go out to see him. I managed to find the settlement all right, but was stopped about a hundred yards from the log shanties by a bushy-bearded man, barefooted and clad only in trousers, who asked my errand. My story evidently satisfied him, for he led the way to the largest of the shanties, where I found my friend. He was lying in the middle of the floor on some straw, the only furniture in the room being a shaky table and a three-legged chair; all about him, some even lying in the straw beside him, were half-clothed children of both sexes, playing "craps" and eating hunks of bread well daubed with molasses. I counted nine in that shanty

alone, and about as many again in the other two. They belonged severally to six women who were apportioned after Mormon custom to three men. The tramp told me in his dialect that they really were Mormons and came from Utah. He was passing by their "hang-out," as he called it, when taken ill, and they hospitably lodged him. He said they had not been there long, having come up the river from Des Moines, Iowa, where they had also had a camp; but long enough, I discovered on my return to St. Paul, to acquire a reputation among the city lads for all kinds of "toughness." I suppose they were "tough" when considered from certain view-points, but, as the tramp said, it was the silliest kind he had known. They were not thieves, and only lukewarm beggars, but they did seem to love their outlandish existence. The children interested me especially, for they all spoke a queer jargon which they had invented themselves. It was something like the well-known "pig Latin" that all sorts of children like to play with, but much more complicated and difficult to understand. And, except the very youngest, who naturally cried a little, they were the jolliest children I have ever seen in such terrible circumstances. The mothers were the main bread-winners, and while I was there one of them started off to town on a begging trip, with a batch of children as "guy." The men sat around, smoked, and talked about the woods. The tramp told me later, however, that they occasionally raided a hen-roost. Since my visit to the Stansons I have seen three of the children in different places: one, a cripple, was begging at the World's Fair; another was knocking about the Bowery; and the third, a girl, was traveling with an ambulanter in the Mohawk Valley.

Not all of these families are like the Stansons. A number are simply rough-and-tumble people who haunt the outskirts of provincial towns, and live partly

by pilfering and partly from the municipal fund for the poor. Somehow or other the children always dodge the school commissioners, and grow up, I am sorry to say, very much like their usually unmarried parents. On the other hand, there are several well-known organized bands, and they thrive mainly, I think, in the South and West. Near New Orleans there used to be, and for aught I know they are still there, "the Jim Jams" and "the Rincheros;" near Cairo, Illinois, "the River Rats;" near Chicago, "the Dippers;" and not far from New York, in the Rapahoe Mountains, I knew of "the Sliders," but they have since moved on to new fields. Each of these families, or collection of families, had its full quota of children. Very often the public becomes so enraged at their petty thefts that an investigation is ordered, and then there is a sudden packing of traps and quick departure to a different neighborhood, where a new name is invented. But the family itself never dies out entirely.

There are a few children who are born in Hoboland. Now and then, as one travels along the railway lines, he will come to a hastily improvised camp where a pale, haggard woman is lying, and beside her a puny infant, scarcely clothed, blinking with eyes of wonder upon the new world about him. I know of no sadder sight than this in all trampdom. Not even the accident of motherhood can make the woman anything but unhuman, and the child, if he lives, grows up in a world which I believe is unequaled for certain forms of wickedness. Fortunately, his little body usually tires of the life ere he comes to realize what it is, and his soul wanders back to regions of innocence, unsoiled and unscarred.

I wonder whether there are still men in Hoboland who remember that interesting little fellow called "the Cheyenne Baby"? Surely there are some who have not forgotten his grotesque

vocabulary, and his utterly overpowering way of using it? There are different stories concerning his origin, and they vary in truthfulness, I have heard, as one travels southward from the Northern Pacific to Santa Fé. I give the one told in Colorado. It may be only a "ghost story," and it may be true; all that I know is that it is not impossible. According to its teaching, his mother was once respectable and belonged to the politest society in the Indian Territory. When quite a young girl she carelessly fell in love with a handsome Indian chief, and, much to the disgust of her friends, married him and went away into his camp. It must have been a wild life that she led there, for within a year she was separated from him and living with another Indian. It is the same pitiful story for the next five years; she was knocked about from tent to tent, and camp to camp. Her enemies say that she liked that kind of life, but her friends know better, and claim that she was ashamed to go home. However it was, she went over to the cowboys after a while, and it was then that the baby was born, and she met the man, whoever he was, that introduced her into Hoboland. She appeared one night at a "hang-out" near Denver, and there was something so peculiarly forlorn about her that the men took pity on her and pressed her to stay. She did, and for some time traveled with the hoboes throughout the districts lying between Cheyenne and Santa Fé. The boy became a sort of "Mascot," and was probably the only child in Hoboland who was ever taught to be really good. The mother had stipulated with the men that they should never teach him anything bad, and the idea struck them as so comical that they fell in with it. Though they swore continually in his presence, they invariably gave him some respectable version of the conversation; and while about the only words he knew were curses, he was made to believe they signified the nicest things in the world. He

died just as unknowing as he had lived, but it was a cruel death. He and his mother, together with some companions, were caught one night in a wreck on the Union Pacific, and all that the survivors could find of him to bury was his right arm. But that was bravely honored, and, unless the coyotes have torn down the wooden slab, the grave can still be found on the prairies.

I cannot leave this division of my theme without saying something about that large army of unfathered children who, to my mind, are just as much born on the road as the less known types. True, many of them at birth are handed over to some family to support, but the great majority of these families are not one whit better than the ambulanterers. They train the orphans put into their care, in sin and crime, quite as carefully as the hobo does his beggar boy. These are the children who make up the main body of the class I have been considering, and it seems to me that they increase from year to year. At present, the only legitimate career for them is that of the outcast, and into it they go. Few, indeed, succeed in gaining a foothold in polite society. Their little lives form the borderland of my second class, the children driven to the road.

II.

Concerning the children who are forced upon the road there is a great deal to be said, but I am not sure that much talk should not be directed against the popular belief that their number is legion. Socialists particularly think that hundreds upon hundreds of boys and girls are compelled by hunger to beg and steal for a living. In England, I once heard a labor agitator declare that there are a million of these juvenile "victims of capital" in the United States alone. I do not know where the man got his information, but if my finding counts for anything it is deplorably unsound. I cannot claim to have studied the

subject as carefully as is necessary to know it absolutely, but in most of our large cities I have given it close attention, and never have I found anything like the state of affairs which even the general public believes to exist. For every child forced by starvation to resort to the road I have met ten who were born there, and nearly the same number who were enticed there. In saying this, however, I do not want to draw emphasis or sympathy away from that certainly existing class of children who really have been driven into outlawry. But it is an injustice to our sober poor to say that they exist in those large numbers that are so often quoted. Not long ago I made it my especial business for a while to look into the condition of some of these compulsory little vagabonds in New York city. I picked out those children whom one sees so often pilfering slyly from the groceryman's sidewalk display. It is an old, old trick. The youngsters divide themselves into "watchers" and "snatchers;" the former keeping an eye on the police as well as the owners of the things coveted, and the latter grabbing when the wink is given. The crime itself is not a heavy one according to the calendar, but it is only a step from this to picking pockets, and only a half-step farther to highway robbery. I chose this particular class because I had often noticed the members of it in my walks through the city, and it had seemed to me the least necessary of all. Then, too, there was something in the pinched faces that made me anxious to know the children personally on grounds of charity. The great majority of youthful travelers on the road are comparatively well fed, to say the least, and, much as one pities their fate, he will seldom have cause to weep over their starved condition. But here was something different, and I fancied that I was to get a glimpse into the life of those people to whom the socialist points when asked for liv-

ing examples of human woe caused by inhuman capitalists.

It was not hard to "get in" with the children. Finding that I was willing to play with them at their games in the alleys and on the tops of their rickety tenement-houses, they nudged up to me, and we were soon pals. There was nothing particularly new in their life, but I was struck with the great interest they took in their petty thefts. In the midst of the most boisterous play they would gladly stop if some one suggested a clever plan by which even a can of preserves could be "swiped," as they called it, and the next instant they were trying to carry it to a finish. They were not what I could call instinctive criminals, — far from it; but a long intimacy with the practices of outlawry, though small in their way, had so deadened their moral sense that sneak-thieving came to them almost as naturally as it does to the kleptomaniac. Even in their games they cheated whenever it was possible, and it seemed to me that the main fun was seeing how cleverly and yet boldly they could do so without being detected. I recall distinctly one afternoon when we were playing "Hi spy." A little fellow called Jamie took me aside, and in the most friendly way advised me not to be so "goody-goody." I had been very unlucky in getting caught, and he said that it was because I gave in too quickly.

"When ye hear yer name," he continued, "jus' lie low, 'cause like as not the catcher ain't seen ye, 'n' if he has he can't prove it; so ye 'r' all right anyhow. Ye'll always be 'It' if ye don't do something like that; 'n' there ain't no fun in that, is there?" he added, winking his left eye in a truly professional manner.

So much for their native endowment. Their accomplishment in thieving, I have no doubt, kept them often from going hungry, notwithstanding the fact that there was honest industry at home, generally that of the mother, while the fa-

ther's earnings went almost bodily into the publican's till.

I found it much more difficult to make friends with the parents, but succeeded in several cases, — that is, with the mother; the father I usually found drunk at the saloon. I shall not try to give an account of the squalor and sorrow that I encountered; this has been done in other places by far more able pens than mine; but I cannot forbear making a note of one little woman whom I saw sewing her very life away, and thinking all the while that she was really supporting her hungry children. I shall never forget the picture she made as she sat there by the alley window, driving the needle with lightning-like rapidity through the cloth, — a veritable *Madonna of the Needle*. Her good cheer was something stupendous. Not once did she murmur, and when her brute of a husband returned, insanely intoxicated, she took care of him as if he were the best man in the world. I was careful that she did not hear from me about the tricks of her wayward children. Some day, however, I fear that one of them will be missing, and when she goes to the police station to make inquiries I should rather not confront her. The main reason why hungry boys and girls are found upon the road is drunken fathers.

There are also children who, instead of being forced to steal, are sent out into the streets by their parents to beg. From morning till night they trudge along the busy thoroughfares, dodging with catlike agility the lumbering wagons that bear down upon them, and accosting every person whom their trained eyes find at all likely to listen to their appeals. Late at night, if perchance they have had the necessary luck during the day, they crawl back to their hovels and hand over the winnings to their heavy-eyed fathers. Or, as often happens, if the day has been unsuccessful and the pennies are not numerous enough to satisfy their cruel masters, they take refuge

in some box or barrel, and pray to the beggar's Providence that the next day will go better.

They come, as a rule, from our foreign population. I have never found one with American-born parents, and in many instances the children themselves have emigrated from Europe, usually from Italy. There is no doubt that they have to beg to live; but when one looks a little farther into their cases, a lazy or dissipated parent is usually the one to blame. Then, too, mendicancy is not considered disgraceful among many of our immigrants, and they send their children into the streets of our cities quite as freely as they do at home. They also are mainly at fault for that awful institution which some of our large towns support, where babies are rented to grown-up beggars to excite the sympathy of the passers-by. I looked into one of these places in San Francisco, while traveling with the hoboës, and it was the very counterpart of an African slave-market. A French-Canadian woman, old enough to be the great-grandmother of all her wares, kept it. She rented the babies from poverty-stricken mothers, and re-rented them at a profit to the begging women of the town. There were two customers in the place when I entered, and the old wretch was trying in true peddler style to bring out the good points of four little bits of humanity cuddled together on a plank bed.

"Oh, he's just the kind you want," she said to one of the women; "never cries, and" — leaning over, she whispered in a Shylock voice — "he don't eat hardly anything; half a bottle o' milk does him the whole day."

The woman was satisfied, and, paying her deposit of two dollars, took the sickly thing in her arms and went out into the town. The other could find nothing that suited her, but promised to return the next day, when "a new batch" was expected.

Such are the main avenues by which

boys and girls are driven to the road in the United States. Hunger, I candidly admit, is the whip in many instances, but the wielder of it is more often than not the drunken father or mother. It is the hunger that comes of selfish indulgence, and not of ill-adjusted labor conditions.

III.

Of my third class, those who are entitled to the road, — and their number is legion, — I have been able to discover three different types. The old roadster knows them all. Wherever he goes they cross his path, and beg him to stop awhile and tell them of his travels. They seem to realize that they have been swindled, — that the road is, after all, only a tantalizing delusion; but they cannot understand why it appeals to so many of their elders, and it is in the hope that these will in the end put them on the right track for the fun they are seeking that they hail them, and cry, "What cheer?" It is a pitiful call, this, and even the "old stager" winces at times on hearing it, but he cannot bring himself to go back on "the profession," and, quickly conquering his emotion, he gives the tiny traveler fresh directions. The latter starts out anew, hoping against experience that he is at last on the right route, and plods on eagerly until stopped again at some troublesome cross-road where he does not know which turn to take. Once more he asks for directions, once more receives them, and so the ceaseless trudge goes on. It is mainly at the cross-roads that I have learned to know these children. Notwithstanding my alien position, they have hailed me too, and inquired for sign-posts. I have seldom been able to help them, even in the way that I most desired, but surely there are others who can. The children of this third class that one meets oftenest are what the older travelers call "worshippers of the tough." They have somehow got the idea into their heads that cowboy swagger and the criminal's lingo are the main features of

a manly man, and, having an abnormal desire to be such an one as quickly as possible, they go forth to acquire them. The hunt soon lures them to the road, and up and down its length they scamper, with faces so eager and intent that one is seldom at a loss to know what they are seeking. There are different explanations of the charm that this wild life has for them. A great many people believe that it is purely and simply the work of the devil on their evil-bent natures; others, that it is the result of bad training; and still others, that it is one form of the mimicry with which every child is endowed in larger or smaller degree. I favor the last opinion. In the bottom of their hearts they are no worse than the average boy and girl, but they have been unfortunate enough to see a picture or hear a story of some famous rascal, and it has lodged in their brains, until the temptation "to go and do likewise" has come upon them with such overwhelming force that they simply cannot resist. Each one has some particular pattern continually before his eyes, and only as he approaches it does he feel that he is becoming "tough." Now it is "Blinkey" Morgan that fascinates them, and, despite his terrible end, they strive to be like him; then it is "Wild Bill," whoever he may be; and not unfrequently it is a character that has existed only in dime novels, or not even so substantially as that.

I remember well a little fellow, about thirteen years old, who appeared in Indian-scout attire one night at a "hang-out" near McCook, Nebraska. He dropped in while the tramps were cooking their coffee, and seldom has there been such a laugh on the "Q" railway as they gave on seeing him. It was impolite, and they begged his pardon later, but even his guardian angel would have smiled. He was dressed from head to foot in leather clothes, each piece made by himself, he said, and at his belt hung an enormous revolver, which some one had

been careful enough to make useless by taking out an important screw. It was in the hope of finding one at the camp that he visited it, but the men made so much of him that he remained until his story was told. It was not remarkably new, for all that he wanted was a chance to shoot Indians, but his hero was a little unusual, — Kalamazoo Chickamauka, he called him. When asked who he was and where he had lived, all that the youngster could say was that he had dreamed about him! I saw him again a week or so later, not far from Denver, tramping along over the railway ties with long strides far beyond his measure, and he hoped to be at "Deadtown," as he miscalled Deadwood, in a few days. He had not yet found a screw for his "gun," but he was sure that "Buffalo Charlie" would give him one.

Of course this is a unique case, in a way, for one does not meet many lads in such an outfit, but there are scores of others just as sincere and fully as innocent. If one could only get hold of them ere they reach the road, nearly all could be brought to reason. They are the most impressionable children in the world, and there must be a way by which this very quality may be turned to their advantage. What this way shall be can be determined only by those who know well the needs of each child, but there is one suggestion I cannot forbear making. Let everything possible be done to keep these sensitive boys and girls, but particularly the former, from familiarity with crime. Do not thrust desperadoism upon them from the shop windows through the picture-covered dime novels and the flaring faces of the *Police Gazette*. It is just such teaching by suggestion that starts many an honest but romantic boy off to the road, when a little cautious legislation might save him years of foolish wandering, and the state the expense of housing him in its reformatories later on. I write with feeling at this point, for I know from personal experience what tan-

talizing thoughts a dime novel will awaken in such a boy's mind. One of these thoughts will play more havoc with his youth than can be made good in his manhood, and lucky is he whom it does not lure on and on until the return path is forever lost.

Something like these children in temperament, but totally different in most other respects, are those lads that one meets so often on our railways, drifting about for a month or so from town to town, seldom stopping in any of them over a day, and then suddenly disappearing, no one knows where, to appear again, later, on another railway, frequently enough a thousand miles distant. Occasionally they are missed from the road for over a year, and there is absolutely no news of their whereabouts; but just as they are almost forgotten they come forward once more, make a few journeys on the freight trains, and vanish again. There are cases on record where they have kept this up for years, some of them coming and going with such regularity that their appearances may be calculated exactly. Out West, not very long ago, there was a little chap who "showed up" in this way, to use the expression that the brakemen applied to him, every six weeks for three years, but this was all that was known concerning him. When asked who he was and where he belonged, he gave such evasive answers that it was impossible to come to any trustworthy conclusion about him. He would have nothing to do with the people he met, and I have heard that he always rode alone in the box cars. In this last respect he was a notable exception, for, as a rule, these little nomads take great pleasure in talking with strangers, but they are careful not to say too much about themselves. They ask questions principally, and skip from one subject to another with a butterfly rapidity, but manage to pick up a great deal of knowledge of the road.

The tramp's theory of them is that

they are possessed of "the railroad fever," and I am inclined to agree with them, but I accept the expression in its broader sense of *Wanderlust*. They want to get out into the world, and at stated periods the desire is so strong and the road so handy that they simply cannot resist the temptation to explore it. A few weeks usually suffice to cool their ardor, and then they run home quite as summarily as they left, but they stay only until the next runaway mood seizes them. I have been successful in getting really well acquainted with several of these interesting wanderers, and in each case this has been the situation. They do not want to be "tough," and many of them could not be if they tried; but they have a passion for seeing things on their own hook, and if the mood for "a trip" comes it seems to them the most natural thing in the world to indulge it. If they had the means they would ride on Pullman cars and imagine themselves princes, but lacking the wherewithal they take to the road.

I knew in New York State a boy of this sort who had as nice a home as a child could wish, but he was cursed with this strange *Wanderlust*, and throughout his boyhood there was hardly a month that he did not run away. The queerest things enticed him to go. Sometimes the whistle of a railway engine was enough to make him wild with unrest, and again the sight of the tame but to him fascinating village street was sufficient to set him planning his route of travel. In every escapade it was his imagination that stampeded him. Many a time, when he was in the most docile of moods, some fanciful thought of the world at large, and what it held in waiting for him, would dance across his brain, and before he could analyze it, or detect the swindle, he was scampering off for "the depot." Now it was a wish to go West and play trapper and scout, and then it was the dream of American boyhood, — a life cramped but struggling,

and emerging in glorious success as candidate for the presidency. Garfield's biography, I remember, once started him on such a journey, and it took years to get the notion out of his head that simply living and striving as Garfield did was not sure to bring the same results. Frequently his wanderings ended several hundred miles from home, but much oftener in some distracting vagabond's "hang-out" in a neighboring city. Fortunately the fever burned itself out ere he had learned to like the road for its own sake, and he lived to wonder how he had harbored or indulged such insane impulses. A large number of these truants, however, have no good homes and indulgent parents to return to, and after a while the repeated punishment seems to them so unjust and cruel that there comes "a trip" which never ends. The *Wanderlust* becomes chronic, and mainly because it was not treated properly in its intermittent stage. There is no use in whipping these children; they are not to blame; all that one can do is to busy their imaginations in wholesome ways, watch them carefully, and, if they must wander, direct their wanderings. In many cases this is possible, for the fever breaks out among children of the best birth as well as among those of the lowest; and in these instances, at least, the parents have much to answer for if the children reach the road. I look upon this fever as quite as much of a disease as the craze to steal which is found now and then in some child's character, and it deserves the same careful treatment. Punishment only aggravates it, and develops in the boy a feeling of hatred for all about him. I firmly believe that some day this trouble in so many boys' lives will be pathologically treated by medical men, and the sooner that day comes the better will it be for many unfortunate children.

It is a different story that I have to tell of the children decoyed into Hoboland. True, they also are, in a measure, seized with this same *Wanderlust*, and

without this it would be impossible for the tramp to influence them as he does ; but, on the other hand, without him to excite and direct this passion, very few of them would ever reach trampdom. He happens along at their very weakest moments, and, perceiving his advantage, cruelly fires their imagination with tales of adventure and travel, and before they discover their danger he has them in his clutches. It is really one of the wonders of the world, the power that this ugly, dissipated, tattered man has over the children he meets. In no other country that I have visited is there anything like it. He stops at a town for a few hours, collects the likely boys about him at his "hang-out," picks out the one that he thinks will serve him best, and then begins systematically to fascinate him. If he understands the art well (and it is a carefully studied art), he can almost always get the one he wants. Often enough his choice is some well-bred child, unaccustomed, outside his dreams, to any such life, but the man knows so perfectly how to piece out those dreams and make them seducingly real that in a moment of enthusiasm the youngster gives himself up to their bewitching influence and allows the wretch to lead him away. As a rule, however, his victims are the children of the poor, for they are the easiest to approach. A few hours of careful tactics, provided they are in the mood, and he has one of them riding away with him, not merely in the box car of a freight, but on the through train to Hoboland.

Watch him at his preliminary work. He is seated on the top of an ash-barrel in a filthy back alley. A crowd of gamins gaze up at him with admiring eyes. When he tells his ghost stories, each one thinks that he is being talked to just as much as the rest, and yet somehow, little by little, there is a favorite who is getting more and more than his share of the winks and smiles ; soon the most exciting parts of the stories are gradually devoted to him alone, but in such an art-

ful way that he himself fails to notice it at first. It is not long, however, before he feels his importance. He begins to wink, too, but just as slyly as his charmer, and his little mouth curls into a return smile when the others are not looking. "I'm his favorite, I am," he thinks. "He'll take me with him, he will, and show me things."

He is what the hobo calls "peetrified," which means, as much as anything else, hypnotized. The stories that he has heard amount to very little in themselves, but the way they are told, the happy-go-lucky manner, the subtle partiality, the winning voice, and the sensitiveness of the boy's nature to things of wonder, all combine to turn his head. Then his own parents cannot control him as can this slouching wizard.

In Hoboland the boy's life may be likened to that of a voluntary slave. He is forced to do exactly what his "jocker" commands, and disobedience, willful or innocent, brings down upon him a most cruel wrath. Besides being kicked, slapped, and generally maltreated, he is also loaned, traded, and even sold, if his master sees money in the bargain. There are, of course, exceptions, for I have myself known some jockers to be almost as kind as fathers to their boys, but they are such rarities that one can never count upon them. When a lad enters trampdom he must be prepared for all kinds of brutal treatment, and the sooner he forgets home gentleness the better will it be for him. In payment for all this suffering and rough handling, he is told throughout his apprenticeship that some day he too will be able to "snare" a boy, and make him beg and slave for him as he has slaved for others. This is the one reward that tramps hold out to their "prushuns," and the little fellows cherish it so long that, when their emancipation finally comes, nearly all start off to do the very same thing that was done to them when they were children.

West of the Mississippi River there is a regular gang of these "ex-kids," as they are termed in the vernacular, and all are supposed to be looking for revenge. Until they get it there is still something of the prushun about them which makes them unwelcome in the "old stager" class. So they prowl about the community from place to place, looking eagerly for some weak lad whom they can decoy and show to the fraternity as evidence of their full membership. They never seem to realize what an awful thing they are doing. If you remonstrate with them, they reply, "W'y, ye don't think we've been slavin' all this while fer nothin', do ye? It's our turn to play jocker now," and, with a fiendish look in their eyes, they turn and stalk away. Ten years and more of tramp life have killed their better natures, and all that they can think of is vengeance, unscrupulous and sure. In this way the number of boys in Hoboland is always kept up to a certain standard. Every year a number are graduated from the prushun class, and go out into the world immediately to find younger children to take the places they have left. In time these do the same thing, and so on, until to-day there is no line of outlawry so sure of recruits as vagabondage. Each beggar is a propagandist, and his brethren expect of him at least one convert.

IV.

There is not much that I can say of the children who go to the road voluntarily. I am sure that there are such, for I have traveled with them, but it has been impossible for me to get into their life intimately enough to speak of it intelligently. Even the men constantly in their company can say but little about them. When asked for an explanation, they shake their heads and call them "little devils;" but why they are so, what it is that they are seeking, and where they come from are questions to which they are unable to give

any satisfactory replies. I know about twenty, all told, and, as far as I have been successful in observing them, they seem to me to belong to that class of children which the criminologist Lombroso finds morally delinquent at birth. Certainly it would be hard to account for their abnormal criminal sense on any other ground. They take to the road as to their normal element, and are on it but a short time ere they know almost as much as the oldest travelers. Their minds seem bent toward crime and vagabondage, and their intuitive powers almost uncanny. To hear them talk makes one think, if he shuts his eyes, that he is in the presence of trained criminal artists, and I have sometimes imagined that they were not children, but dwarfed men born out of due time. They undertake successfully some of the most dangerous robberies in the world, and come off scot-free, so that old and experienced thieves simply stare and wonder. The temptation is to think that they are accidents, but they recur so frequently as to demand a theory of origin and existence. They are, I do not doubt, the product of criminal breeding, and are just as much admired in the criminal world as are the feats of some *Wunderkind*, for instance, among musicians. Watch the scene in an outcast's den when one of these queer little creatures comes in, and you may see the very same thing that goes on in the "artist's box" at some concert where a prodigy is performing. The people swarm around him, pet him, make him laugh and talk, till the proprietor finds him a valuable drawing card for the establishment. The child himself seldom realizes his importance, and, when off duty, plays at games in keeping with his age. The instant business is suggested, however, his countenance assumes a most serious air, and it is then that one wonders whether he is not, after all, some skillful old soul traveling back through life in a fresh young body. Indeed, there is so much in his case that appeals to my

sense of wonder that I simply cannot study him for what he is ; but there are those who can do this, and I promise them a most interesting field of observation. I know enough about it to believe that if it can be thoroughly explored there will be a great change in the punishment of criminals. These boys have in them in largest measure what the entire body of moral delinquents possesses in some degree ; and when these baffling characteristics have been definitely analyzed and placed, penology will start on a fresh course.

It may be worth while to say what I can about their physical appearance. The most of them have seemed to me to have fairly well-formed bodies, but something out of the ordinary in their eyes, and in a few cases in the entire face. Sometimes the left eye has drooped very noticeably, and one boy that I recall had something akin to a description I once heard of "the evil eye." It was a gypsy who explained it to me ; and if he was right, that "a little curtain," capable of falling over the eyeball at will, is the main curiosity, then this boy had the evil eye. He could throw a film over his eye in the most distressing fashion, and delighted in the power to do so ; indeed, it was his main way of teasing people. He knew that it was not a pleasant sight, and if he had a petty grudge to gratify he chose this very effective torment. Concerning the faces, it is difficult to explain just what was the matter. They were not exactly deformed, but there was a peculiar depravity about them that one could but notice instantly. At times I fancied that it was in the arrangement of features rather than acquired expression of the life ; but there were cases where the effects of evil environment and cruel abuse were plain to see. I have sometimes taken the pains to look up the parents of a child who thus interested me, but I could not discover any similarity of depravity in their countenances. There was depravity

there, to be sure, but of a different kind. I believe that the parents of these children, and especially the mothers, could tell a great deal concerning them, and the theorists in criminology will never be thoroughly equipped for their work till all this evidence has been heard.

The foregoing is but a partial summary of several years' experience with the children of the road. It is far from being what I should like to write about them, but perhaps enough has been said to forestate the problem as it appears to one who has traveled with these children and learned to know them "in the open." Surely there is kindness and ingenuity enough in the world to devise a plan or a system by which they may be snatched from the road and restored to their better selves. Surely, too, these little epitomes of Wanderlust, and even of crime, are not to baffle philanthropy and science forever. I feel sure that whatever may be the answer to the thousand questions which centre in this problem, one thing can be done, and done at once. Wherever law is able to deal with these children, let it be done on the basis of an intelligent classification. In punishing them for their misdemeanors and crimes, let them not be tumbled indiscriminately into massive reform institutions, officered by political appointment and managed with an eye to the immediate interests of the taxpayer instead of the welfare of the inmates. The one practical resource that lies nearest to our hand as philanthropic sociologists is the reform of the reformatories. We may not hope to reach in many generations the last sources of juvenile crime, but we are deserving of a far worse punishment than these moral delinquents if, as well born and well bred, we do not set ourselves resolutely to the bettering of penal conditions once imposed.

First of all, we must have a humane and scientific separation of the inmates in all these reformatories. Sex, age,

height, and weight are not the only things to be taken into consideration when dealing with erring children. Birth, temperament, habits, education, and experience are questions of far more vital importance, and it is no unreasonable demand upon the state that careful attention to each of these points be required in the scheme of such institutions. Put an ambulanter's child with a simple runaway boy, and there will be two ambulancers; associate a youngster with the passion to be "tough" with a companion innately criminal, and the latter will be the leader. The law of the survival of the fittest is just as operative in low life as in any other. In such spheres the worst natures are the fittest, and the partially good must yield to them unless zealously defended by outside help. It is suicidal to put them together, and wherever this is done, especially among children, there need be no surprise if criminals, and not citizens, are developed.

Second, the management of reformatories should be in scientific hands; and just here I am constrained to plead for the training of young men and women for the rare usefulness that awaits them in such institutions. It is to these places that the children I have been describing will have to go, and, with all respect to the officials now in charge, I believe that there are apt and gifted young men and women in this country who could bring

to them invaluable assistance, if they could only be persuaded to train for it and to offer it. I do not know why it is, but for some reason these institutions do not yet appeal to any large number of students who intend taking service in the ranks of Reform. The University Settlement attracts many, and this is one of the finest manifestations of that universal brotherhood which I believe is drawing on. Meanwhile, there is a moral hospital service to be carried on in penal and reformatory houses. Shall it be done by raw, untrained hands, or by selfish quacks, or by careful, scientific students? Must the moral nurse and physician be chosen for his ability to control votes, or to treat his patients with skilled attention and consideration? If the treatment of physical disease offers attractions that call thousands upon thousands of young men and women into the nursing and medical professions, here may be offered a field even more fascinating to the student, and so full of opportunity and interesting employment that it will be a matter of wonder if the supply does not speedily exceed the demand.

There is one thing more. Reformatories, planned, officered, and conducted according to the principles of scientific philanthropy, should be stationed, not at the end of the road, but at the junction of every by-path that leads into it.

Josiah Flynt.

THE AWAKENING.

DARKNESS — silence — scarce a breath:

Love is lying marble-still.

Is it sleep, or is it death?

Can the full heart pause at will?

She who loves sits desolate,

Whelmed in midnight cold and deep;

While her very pulses wait,

Asking, Is it death or sleep?

(Still thee, Soul! Whate'er it be,
 Quell the passion in thy breast.
 Questioned, Love must rise and flee:
 Keep thy vigil; let him rest.
 Stir not, while he slumbers on,
 Till he sigh and softly rise:
 Then shalt thou, who deemed him gone,
 Feel his kiss upon thine eyes!)

Darkness! But her gasping breath
 Cuts the silence like a cry;
 She will know if this be death,
 Though her trembling gladness fly!
 On her lamp's rim breaks a spark,
 Waxes to a slender flame;
 And her white face, 'gainst the dark,
 Shows, a mask of fear and shame.

Slowly moves the fiery blot
 Over flower-traced wall and floor.
 (Wake him not, — ah, wake him not!
 Love awakened dreams no more!)
 Slips the light, at her command,
 O'er the fair extended form,
 O'er the listless, curving hand,
 O'er the pure lips, breathing warm.

Is it sleep, or is it death?
 Ah, she knows! The white lids rise,
 Now unveiling, in a breath,
 All the glory of his eyes!
 Love upsprings beneath her gaze,
 Fleeting, flashing through the night, —
 Leaving all the air ablaze
 With the radiance of his flight!

L'ENVOI.

Keep thy vigil, doubting Soul;
 Still thee, till Love's sleep be o'er;
 Wait thy doom of joy or dole:
 Love, so roused, is thine no more!

Marion Couthouy Smith.

PIRATE GOLD.

IN THREE PARTS. PART ONE: DISCOVERY.

I.

It consisted of a few hundred new American double-eagles and a few times as many Spanish doubloons; for pirates like good broad pieces, fit to skim flat-spun across the waves, or play pitch-and-toss with for men's lives or women's loves. They give five-dollar pieces or thin British guineas to the boy who brings them drink, and silver to their bootblacks, priests, or beggars.

It was contained — the gold — in an old canvas bag, a little rotten and very brown and mouldy, but tied at the neck by a piece of stout and tarnished braid of gold. It had no name or card upon it nor letters on its side, and it lay for nearly thirty years high on a shelf, in an old chest, behind three tiers of tins of papers, in the deepest corner of the vault of the old building of the Old Colony Bank.

Yet this money was passed to no one's credit on the bank's books, nor was it carried as part of the bank's reserve. When the old concern took out its national charter, in 1863, it did not venture or did not remember to claim this specie as part of the reality behind its greenback circulation. It was never merged in other funds, nor converted, nor put at interest. The bag lay there intact, with one brown stain of blood upon it, where Romolo de Soto had grasped it while a cutlass gash was fresh across his hand. And so it was carried, in specie, in its original package: "Four hundred and twenty-three American twenty-dollar gold pieces, and fifteen hundred and fifty-six Spanish doubloons; deposited by — De Soto, June twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine; *for the benefit of whom it may concern.*"

And it concerned very much two people with whom our narration has to do: one, James McMurtagh, our hero; the other, Mr. James Bowdoin, then called Mr. James, member of the firm of James Bowdoin's Sons. For De Soto, having escaped with his neck, took good pains never to call for his money.

II.

A very real pirate was De Soto. None of your Captain Kidds, who make one voyage or so before they are hanged, and even then find time to bury kegs of gold in every marshy and uncomfortable spot from Maine to Florida. No, no. De Soto had better uses for his gold than that. Commonly he traveled with it; and thus he even brought it to Boston with him on that unlucky voyage in 1829, when Mr. James Bowdoin was kind enough to take charge of it for him. One wonders what he meant to do with a bag of gold in Boston in 1829.

This happened on Thursday, the 24th of June. It was the day after Mr. James Bowdoin's (or Mr. James's, as Jamie McMurtagh and others in the bank always called him; it was his father who was properly Mr. James Bowdoin, and his grandfather who was Mr. Bowdoin) — after Mr. James's Commencement Day; and it was the day after Mr. James's engagement as junior clerk in the counting-room; and it was the day after Mr. James's engagement to be married; and it was the day but one after Mr. James's class's supper at Mr. Porter's tavern in North Cambridge. Ah, they did things quickly in those days; *ils savoient vivre.*

They had made him a Bachelor of Arts, and a Master of Arts he had made himself by paying for that dignity, and

all this while the class punch was fresher in his memory than Latin quantities; for these parchment honors were a bit overwhelming to one who had gone through his college course *non clam, sed vi et precario*, as his tutor courteously phrased it. And then he had gotten out of his college gown into a beautiful blue frock coat and white duck trousers, and driven into town and sought for other favors, more of flesh and blood, carried his other degree with a rush — and Miss Abigail Dowse off to drive with him. And that evening Mr. James Bowdoin had said to him, "James!"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. James.

"Now you've had your four years at college, and I think it's time you should be learning something."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. James.

"So I wish you to come down to the counting-room at nine o'clock and sort the letters."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. James.

Mr. James Bowdoin looked at him suspiciously over his spectacles. "At eight o'clock; do you hear?"

"I hear, sir," said Mr. James.

Mr. James Bowdoin lost his temper at once. "Oh, you do, do you?" said he. "You don't want to go to Paris, to Rome, — to make the grand tour like a gentleman, in short, as I did long before I was your age?"

"No, sir," said Mr. James.

"Then, sir, by gad," said Mr. James Bowdoin, "you may come down at half past seven — and — and — sweep out the office!"

III.

So it happened that Mr. James was in the counting-room that day; but that he happened also to be alone requires further explanation. Two glasses of the old Governor Bowdoin white port had been left untasted on the dinner-table the night before: the one, that meant for Mr. James Bowdoin, who had him-

self swept out of the room as he made that last remark about sweeping out the office; the other, that of his son, Mr. James, who had instantly gone out by the other door, and betaken himself for sympathy to the home of Miss Abigail Dowse, which stood on Fort Hill, close by, where the sea-breezes blew fresh through the white June roses, and Mr. James found her walking in the garden-path.

"You must tell him," said Miss Dowse, when Mr. James had recounted his late conversation to her, after such preliminary ceremonies as were proper — under the circumstances.

So Mr. James walked down to the head of India Wharf the next morning, determined to make a clean breast of his engagement. The ocean air came straight in from the clear, blue bay, spice-laden as it swept along the great rows of warehouses, and a big white ship, topgallant sails still set, came bulging up the harbor, not sixty minutes from deep water. Mr. James found McMurtagh already in the office and the mail well sorted, but he insisted on McMurtagh finding him a broom, and, wielding that implement on the second pair of stairs (for the counting-room of James Bowdoin's Sons was really a loft, two flights up in the old granite building), was discovered there shortly after by Mr. James Bowdoin. The staircase had not been swept in some years, and the young man's father made his way up through a cloud of aromatic dust that Mr. James had raised. He could with difficulty see the door of his counting-room. This slammed behind him as he entered; and a few seconds after, Mr. James received a summons through McMurtagh that Mr. James Bowdoin wished to see him.

"An' don't ye mind if Mr. James Bowdoin is a bit sharp-set the morn," said Jamie McMurtagh.

Mr. James nodded; then he went in to his father.

"So, sir, it was you kicking up that devil of a dust outside there, was it?"

"Yes, sir," says Mr. James. (I have this story from McMurtagh.) "You told me to sweep out the counting-room."

"Precisely so, sir. I am glad your memory is better than your intelligence. I told you to sweep *it out*, and not all outdoors in."

Mr. James bowed, and wondered how he was to speak of Miss Dowse at this moment. The old gentleman chuckled for some minutes; then he said, "And now, James, it's time you got married."

Mr. James started. "I — I only graduated yesterday, sir," says he.

"Well, sir," answers the old gentleman testily, "you may consider yourself devilish lucky that you were n't married before! I have got a house for you" —

"Perhaps, sir, you have even got me a wife?"

"Of course I have; and a devilish fine girl she is, too, I can tell you!"

"But, sir," says Mr. James, "I — I have made other arrangements."

"The devil you have! Then damme, sir, not a house shall you have from me, — not a house, sir, not a shingle, — nor the girl, either, by gad! I'll — I'll" —

"Perhaps, sir," says Mr. James, "you'll wait and marry her yourself?"

"Perhaps I will, sir; and if I do, what of it? Older men than I have married, I take it! Insolent young dog!"

"May I tell my mother, sir?"

Now, Mrs. James Bowdoin was an august person; and here McMurtagh's anxiety led him to interfere at any cost. An ill-favored, slight man was he, stooping of habit; and he came in rubbing his hands and looking anxiously, one eye on the father, the other on the son, as his oddly protuberant eyes almost enabled him to do.

"There is a ship coming up the harbor, sir, full-laden, and I think she flies the signal of James Bowdoin's Sons."

"Damn James Bowdoin's Sons, sir!" says Mr. James Bowdoin. "And as for

you, sir, not a stick or shingle shall you have" —

"If you'll only take the girl, you're welcome to the house, sir," says Mr. James.

"Oh, I am, am I? Then, by gad, sir, I'll take both houses, and Sam Dowse's daughter'll live in one, and your mother and I in the other!"

"Sam Dowse's daughter?"

"Yes, sir, Miss Abby Dowse. Have you any objections?"

"Why, she — she's the other arrangement," says Mr. James.

"Oh, she is, is she?"

Mr. James Bowdoin hesitated a moment, as if in search of some withering reply, but failed to find it.

"Humph! I thought it was time you came to your senses. Now, here's the keys, d'ye see? And the house was old Judge Allerton's; it's too large for his daughter, and now that you'll marry the girl I've got for you, I'll let you have it."

"I shall marry what girl I like," says Mr. James; "and as for the house, damme if I'll take it, — not a stick, sir, not a shingle!"

Mr. James Bowdoin looked at his son for one moment, speechless; then he slammed out of the room. Mr. James put his foot on the desk and whistled. McMurtagh rubbed his hands.

IV.

The office in which Mr. James found himself was a small, square, sunny corner room with four windows, in the third story of the upper angle of the long block of granite warehouses that lined the wharf. Below him was the then principal commercial street of the city, full of bustle, noisy with drays; at the side was the slip of the dock itself, with its warm, green, swaying water, upon which a jostled crowd of various craft was rocking sleepily in the summer morning. The floor of the room was bare. Between

the windows, on one side, was an open, empty stove; on the other were two high desks, with stools. An eight-day clock ticked comfortably upon the wall, and on either side of it were two pictures, wood-cuts, eked out with rude splashes of red and blue by some primitive process of lithography: the one represented the Take of a Right Whale in Behring's Sea by the Good Adventure Barque out of New Bedford; the other, the Landing of H. M. Troops in Boston, His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England, 1766. In the latter picture, the vanes on the town steeples and the ships in the bay were represented very big, and the town itself very small; and the dull black and white of the wood-cut was relieved by one long stream of red, which was H. M. troops landing and marching up the Long Wharf, and by several splotches of the same, where the troops were standing, drawn up in line, upon each frigate, and waiting to be ferried.

A quiet little place the office would have seemed to us; and yet there was not a sea on earth, probably, that did not bear its bounding ship sent out from that small office. And if it was still, in there, it had a cosmopolitan, aromatic smell; for every strange letter or foreign sample with which the place was littered bespoke the business of the bright, blue world outside. From the street below came noise enough, and loud voices of sailors and shipmen in many a foreign tongue. For in those days we had freedom of the sea and dealings with the world, and had not yet been taught to cabin all our energies within the spindle-rooms of cotton-mills. As Mr. James looked out of the window he saw a full-rigged ship, whose generous lines and clipper rig bespoke the long-voyage liner, warping slowly up toward the dock, her fair white lower sails, still wet from the sea, hanging at the yards, the stiff salt sparkling in the sunlight.

Mr. James Bowdoin was already stand-

ing at the pier-head (for it was indeed their ship of which McMurtagh had been speaking), and Mr. James made bold to turn the key upon the counting-room and go to join his father. Here he was standing, side by side with him, swaying his body, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pocket, in some unconscious imitation of ownership, when his father caught sight of him and ordered him sharply back. "Yes, sir," said Mr. James, and moved to the other angle of the wharf, for he had caught the word "pirates;" and now, for some reason, the ship had cast her anchor, a hundred yards outside the dock, while to it from her side a double-manned yawl was rowing. And amid the blue jackets, above a dark mass of men that seemed to be bound together by an iron chain, was some strange rippling of long yellow hair, that the young man had been first to see. Yet not quite the first, for Jamie McMurtagh was beside him.

Then word was passed rapidly down the pier how this ship of pirates had been captured, red-handed, her own captain still on board, — the good ship *Alarm* having seen a redness in the sky, and heard some firing in the night before; and how Captain How had put it to his crew, Would they fight or not? And they had fought, rushing in before the pirate's long-range guns could get to work, in the early dawn, and boarding; so now there was talk of prize money.

Young James Bowdoin and McMurtagh were all eyes. The boat rowed up to the slippery wharf steps; in the bow were the two ringleaders and the ship's captain, in the waist of the boat the rowers, and in the stern the rank and file of the pirates, some eight or ten ill-looking fellows chained together. (The rest of them, the captain remarked casually, had been shot or lost in the battle; and not much was said about it.)

The boat was made fast, and the two leaders got up, with Captain How. The pirate captain, as Mr. James remarked, was a splendid-looking fellow. Captain

How said something to him as the boat stopped, and he looked up and caught Mr. James's eye; and Bowdoin had time to remark that it was blue and very keen to look upon. Young Bowdoin and McMurtagh were standing on the very verge of the wharf, and the crowd around had made a little space for them, as the owners of the ship; Mr. James Bowdoin was standing farther back with the captain of a file of soldiers. But the second of the pirates was a swarthy Spaniard, with as evil-flashing eyes as you would care to see. And it was he who held in his arms a little girl, almost a baby, whose long yellow hair had made that note of color in the boat.

They were marched up the steps matted with seaweed; for it was low tide, and only the barnacles made footing for them. And as the pirate captain passed young Bowdoin he said, in very good English, "You look like a gentleman," and rapidly drew from his breast, and placed in Bowdoin's hands, the bag of gold. So quickly was this done that the captain had passed and was closely surrounded by the file of soldiers before Bowdoin could reply; nor had he sought to do so, for, on looking to McMurtagh for advice, he saw him holding, and in awkward yet tender manner trying to caress and soothe, the little lady with the yellow hair. The second pirate had sought to hand her, too, to Bowdoin, but some caprice had made the little maiden shy, and she had run and buried her face in the arms of the young-old clerk.

V.

While young Bowdoin's father, with the file of soldiers, marched up State Street to a magistrate's office, Mr. James and clerk McMurtagh retired with their spoils to the counting-room. Here these novel consignments to the old house of James Bowdoin's Sons were safely deposited on the floor; and the clerk and

the young master, eased of their burdens, but not disembarassed, looked at one another. The old clock ticked with unruffled composure; the bag of gold lay gaping on the wooden floor, where young Bowdoin had untied its mouth to see; and the little maid had climbed upon McMurtagh's stool, and was playing with the leaves of the big ledger familiarly, as if pirates' maids and pirates' treasure were entered on the debit side of every page.

"What shall I do with the money?" asked Bowdoin.

"Count it," said McMurtagh, with a gasp, as if the words were wrung from him by force of habit.

"And when counted?"

"Enter it in the ledger, Mr. James," said McMurtagh, with another gasp.

"To whose account?"

"For account — of whom it may concern."

Bowdoin began to count it, and the clock went on ticking: one piece for each tick of the clock. He did not know many of the pieces; and McMurtagh, as they were held up to him, broke the silence only to answer arithmetically, "Doubleloon, — value eight dollars two shillings, New England;" or, "Piece-of-eight, — value so much, free of agio." When they were all counted, McMurtagh opened a new page in the ledger, and a new account for the house: "June 24, 1829. To credit of Pirates, or Whom it may concern, twenty thousand nine hundred and eleven dollars;" and then he wrote underneath, in brackets, the memorandum which we quoted in the beginning.

"Pirates!" he muttered; "it's a new account for us to carry. I'll not be sorry the day we write it off."

Bowdoin, in the frivolity of youth, laughed.

"And now," said McMurtagh, "you must tie up the bag again and seal it, and I must take it up and put it in the vault of the bank."

"And the little girl?" asked Bowdoin. "We can hardly carry her upon the books."

"For the benefit of whom it may concern," said the clerk absently.

Bowdoin laughed again.

McMurtagh looked at her, and gasped, but this time silently. She had clambered down from the stool, and was gazing with delight at the old pictures of the ships; but as if she understood that she was being talked about, she turned around and looked at them with large round eyes.

"What is your name?" said he; and then, "Como se llama V.?" (for we all knew a little Spanish in those days.)

"Mercedes," said the child.

"I suppose," ventured Bowdoin, "there is some asylum" —

McMurtagh looked dubious; and the little maid, divining that the discussion of her was unfavorable, fell to tears, and then ran up and dried them on McMurtagh's business waistcoat.

"You take the gold," said he dryly; "I'll carry the child myself."

"Where?" inquired young Bowdoin, astonished.

"Home," said McMurtagh sharply.

McMurtagh was known to have an old mother and a bedridden father (a retired drayman, run over in the service of the firm), whom he lived with, and with some difficulty supported. Yet little could be said against the plan, as a temporary arrangement, if they were willing to assume the burden. At all events, before Mr. James could find speech for objection, McMurtagh was off with the child in his arms, seeking to soothe her with uncouth words of endearment, as he bore her carefully down the narrow stairs.

James Bowdoin laughed a little, and then grew silent. Finally, his glance falling on the yellow piles still lying on the floor, he shoveled them into the bag again and shouldered it up to the bank. There the deposit of specie was duly made, the money put in the old chest and sealed,

and he learned that the pirates had been committed to stand their trial. And he and his father talked it over, and decided that the child might as well stay with McMurtagh, for the present at any rate.

But that "present" was long in passing; for the pirates were duly tried, and all but one of them found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, and duly executed on an island in the harbor. There were no sentimentalists about in those days; and their gibbets were erected in the sand of that harbor island, and their bodies swung for many days (as these same sentimentalists might now put it) near the sea they had loved so well; being a due encouragement to other pirates to leave Boston ships alone. Pity the town has not kept up those tactics with its railways!

All the common seamen were executed, that is, and Manuel Silva, the second in command, who had left the little girl with McMurtagh. The captain, it was proved, had been polite to his two lady captives: the men safely disposed of, he had placed the best cabin at their command, and had even gone so far out of his way as to head the ship toward Boston, on their behalf; promising to place them on board some fishing-smack, not too far out. Silva had not agreed to this, and it had led to something like a mutiny on the part of the crew. It was owing to this, doubtless, that they were captured. De Soto, it was known, was a married man; moreover, he was new in command, and not used to pirate ways.

However, this conduct was deemed courteous by the administration at Washington, and, feminine influence being always potent with Andrew Jackson, De Soto's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life; and shortly after, being taken to a quiet little country prison, he made interest with the jailer and escaped. It was reported that he shipped upon an African trader; and going down the harbor, past the figure of Manuel Silva elegantly outlined against the sky, he bowed sardonically to the swaying

schema of his ancient messmate. It excited some little comment on the African trader at the time; but the usual professional *esprit de corps* keeps sailors from asking too many questions about the intimate professional conduct of their messmates in earlier voyages.

But that is why De Soto made no draft upon the credit side of his account at the Old Colony Bank; and James Bowdoin's Sons continued to carry the deposit on their books "for the benefit of whom it may concern." And so McMurtagh, who had taken little Mercedes Silva home that day, continued to make a home for her there, his old mother and his father aiding and abetting him in the task; and he carried her young life, in addition to his other burdens, "for the benefit of whom it may concern."

"Whom it may concern" is too old a story, in such cases, ever to be thought of by the actors in them.

VI.

James McMurtagh was one of that vast majority of men who live, function, work, in their appointed way, and are never heard from, like a good digestion. This is the grand division which separates them from those who, be it for good, or evil, or weakness even, will be protagonists. Countless multitudes of such men as Jamie must there be, to hold the fabric together and make possible the daring spins of you, my lords Lovelace, and you, Launcelots and Tristrams, and Miss Vivien here; who weave your paradoxical cross-purposes of tinsel evil in the sober woof of good.

No one knew, or if he knew remembered, what was Jamie's age. When he was first taken in by the house, he described himself as a "lad;" but others had not so described him, or else had taken the word as the Scotch, not for English youth, but for male humanity, — wide enough to include a sober under-

clerk of doubtful age. Jamie's father had been a drayman, in the employ of the house, as we have said, until his middle was bisected by that three-inch tire weighted with six puncheons of Jamaica rum.

Jamie had been brought over from Scotland when veritably young, — some months or so; had then been finished in the new-fangled American free schools, and had come up in the counting-room, the day of the accident, equipped to feed his broken-backed father, with knowledge enough to be a bookkeeper, and little enough pride to be a messenger. Only, he had no spirit of adventure to fit him for a supercargo, — even that brushed too close upon the protagonist for him; and so he stayed upon his office stool. While other clerks went away, promoted, he ticked off his life in alternation from the counting-room to the bank; trustworthy on that well-taught street with any forms of other people's fortunes, only not to make his own, and even trustworthy, as we have seen it go unquestioned, with this little Spanish girl.

Jamie took her home to his parents, and for his sake they fell down and worshiped; with them she lived. The father had had too much rum upon him to care much for the things remaining in this life; after such excessive external application, who could blame him for using it internally more than most? The mother's marital affection, naturally, was moderated by long practice of mixing him hot tumblers with two lumps of sugar, and of seeing the thing administered more dear to her spouse than the ministering angel. But the mother worshiped Jamie, and Jamie worshiped the little girl; and the years went by.

It was pretty to see Jamie and his mother and the little girl walking to church of a Sunday; and funny to hear Jamie's excuses for it afterward.

"'T is the women bodies need it," said he to Mr. James Bowdoin, who rallied him thereupon.

"But surely, Jamie," said Mr. James, "you who have read Hume until you've half convinced us all to be free-thinkers, you'd have your daughter as well educated as yourself?"

"Hersel'," said Jamie, meaning *himself*, — "hersel' may go to ta deevil if he wull; ta little lassie sall be a lady." (Jamie's Scotch always grew more Gaelic as he got excited.) It was evident that he regarded religion as a sort of ornament of superior breeding, that Mercedes must have, though he could do without it. And Mr. James Bowdoin looked in Jamie's eye, and held his peace. In those days deference was rigidly exacted in the divers relations of life: a disrespectful word would have caused McMurtagh's quick dismissal, and the Bowdoin, father and son, would have been made miserable thereby.

"The lad must have his way with the little girl," said Mr. Bowdoin (now promoted to that title by his father's recent death).

"It seems so," said Mr. James Bowdoin (our Mr. James), who by this time had his own little girls to look after.

"Bring the poor child down to Nant next time you come to spend the day, and give her a chance to play with the children."

VII.

James McMurtagh, with "the old man" and "the mother," lived in a curious little house on Salem Street, at the North End. Probably they liked it because it might have been a little house in some provincial town at home. To its growing defects of neighborhood they were oblivious. It was a square two-story brick box: on the right of the entry, the parlor, never used before, but now set apart for Mercedes; behind, a larger square room, which was dining-room and kitchen combined, and where the McMurtaghs, father and son, were wont to sit in their shirt-sleeves, after

supper, and smoke their pipes; above were four tiny bedrooms.

Within the parlor, the little lady, as Jamie already called her, was given undisputed sway; and a strange transmutation there she made. The pink shells were collected from the mantel, and piled, with others she had got, to represent a grotto, in one corner of the room; the worked samplers were thought ugly, and banished upstairs. In another corner was a sort of bower, made of bright-colored pieces of stuff the child had begged from the neighbors, and called by her the "Witch's Cave;" here little Mercedes loved to sit and tell the fortunes of her friends. These were mostly Jamie's horny-handed friends; the women neighbors took no part in all these doings, and gave it out loudly that the child was being spoiled. She went, with other boys and girls, to a small dame-school on the other side of Bowdoin Square; for Jamie would not hear of a public school. Here she learned quickly to read, write, and do a little embroidering, and gained much knowledge of human nature.

One thing that they would not allow the child was her outlandish name: Mercy she was called, — Mercy McMurtagh. Perhaps we may venture still to call her Mercedes. The child's hair and eyes were getting darker, but it was easy to see she would be a *blonde d'Espagne*. Jamie secretly believed she had a strain of noble blood, though openly he would not have granted such a thing's existence. We, with our wider racial knowledge, might have recognized points that came from Gothic Spain, — the deep eyes of starlight blue, so near to black, and hair that was a brown with dust of gold. But her feet and hands were all of Andalusia. Jamie had hardly spoken to a woman in his life. — he used to think of himself as deformed. And now this little girl was all his own!

So for a year or two the child was happy. Then came that day, never to

be forgotten by her, of the visit to old Mr. Bowdoin at Nahant. They went down in a steamboat together: two little Bowdoin girls, younger than Mercedes, a boy, Harley, and a cousin, who was Dorothea Dowse. At first Mercedes did not think much of the Bowdoin children; they wore plain dresses, alike in color, while our heroine had on every ribbon that was hers. They went down under care of Jamie McMurtagh, dismissed at the wharf by Mr. James Bowdoin, who had a stick of candy for each. Business was doing even then; but old Mr. Bowdoin was not too busy to spend a summer's day at home with the children. His favorite son, James, had married to his mind; and money came so easy in those times!

Miss Dowse was fifteen, and she called her uncle's clerk Jamie; so she elevated her look when she came to our Mercedes. She wore gloves, and satin slippers with ribbons crossed at the ankle, and silk stockings. Mercedes had no silk stockings and no gloves. Miss Dowse had rejected the proffered stick of candy, and Mercedes sought a chance to give hers away, one end unsucked. There was this boy in the party, — Harleston Bowdoin, — so she made a favor of it, and gave it to him.

They were playing on the rail of the steamboat, and Jamie was sitting respectfully apart inside. The little Bowdoin girls were sucking at their candy contentedly; Mercedes was climbing with the Bowdoin boy upon the rail, and he called his cousin Dolly to join them.

"I can't; the sun would make my hands so brown if I took off my gloves," said that young lady. "Besides, it's so common, playing with the passengers."

There was a double sting in this; for Mercedes was not just "a passenger," but of their party. She walked into the cabin with what dignity she could maintain, and then burst out weeping angrily in Jamie's arms. That is, he sought to comfort her; but she pressed him aside

rudely. "Oh, Jamie," she sobbed (she was suffered to call him Jamie), "why did n't you give me gloves?"

Poor Jamie scratched his head. He had not thought of them; and that was all. He tried to caress the child, with a clumsy tenderness, but she stamped her little foot. Outside, they heard the voices of the other children. Miss Dowse was talking to Master Bowdoin of sights in the harbor; but — how early is a boy sensible to a child's prettiness! — he was asking after Mercedes. It was now Miss Dolly's turn to bite her lip. "She's in the cabin, crying, because she has no gloves."

Jamie felt Mercedes quiver; her sobs stopped, panting; in a moment she put her hand to her hair and went to the deck unconcernedly.

But no one ever made Mercedes cry again.

Poor Jamie went to a window where he could hear them talking. He took off his white straw hat, and rubbed his eyes with a red silk handkerchief; the tears were almost in them too. He had wild thoughts of trying to buy gloves at Nahant. He listened to hear if his child was merry again. She was laughing loudly, and pointing out the white column of Boston Light. "That is the way to sea!" she cried. "I came in that way from sea."

The other children had crept about her, interested. Even Miss Dowse had come over, and was standing with them.

"Did your father take you to sea?"

"I was at sea in my father's ship," said Mercedes proudly.

"Ah, I did n't know Jamie McMurtagh owned a ship," said Miss Dolly. Jamie leaned closer to the window.

"Jamie McMurtagh is not my father," said Mercedes. She said it almost scornfully; and McMurtagh slunk back into the cabin.

Perhaps it was the first time he had ever cried, himself. . . . He felt so sorry that he had not thought of gloves!

VIII.

When they came to the wharf, several carriages were waiting. Some were handsome equipages with silver-mounted harnesses (for nabobs then were in Nahant); others were the familiar New England carryalls. Mercedes looked for Mr. Bowdoin, hoping he had come to meet her in one of the former; but was disappointed, for that gentleman was seen running down the hill as if too late, his blue dress-coat tails streaming in the wind, his Panama hat in one hand, and a large brown paper bag, bursting with oranges, in the other. By accident or design, as he neared the wharf, the bag did burst, and all the oranges went rolling down the road.

"Pick 'em up, children, pick 'em up!" gasped Mr. Bowdoin. "Findings keepings, you know." And he broke into a chuckle as the two smaller girls precipitated themselves upon the rolling orange-spheres as if they were footballs, and Master Harley, in his anxiety to stop one that was rolling over the wharf, tripped upon the hawser, and was grabbed by a friendly sailor just as he himself was rolling after it into the sea.

"You don't seem to care for oranges, Miss Dolly," said Mr. Bowdoin, as Miss Dowse stood haughtily aloof; and he looked then at Mercedes, who was left quite alone, yet followed Miss Dowse's example of dignity; Jamie standing behind, not beside her, hat in hand.

"Ah, Ja— Mr. McMurtagh," said Mr. Bowdoin, doffing his own. "And so this is our Miss Mercy, again? Why don't you chase the oranges, my dear?"

Mercedes looked at the old gentleman a moment, then ran after the oranges.

Dolly still made excuses. "It is so hot, and I have clean gloves on."

Mr. Bowdoin cast a quick glance at the envied gloves, and then at Mercedes' brown hands. "Here, Dolly, chuck those gloves in the carriage there: they're not

allowed down here. McMurtagh, I'm glad to see your Mercy has more sense. Can't stay to luncheon? Well, remember me to Mr. James!"

Ah, the marvelous power of kindness that will give even an old merchant the perception of a woman, the tact of a diplomat! McMurtagh went back with a light heart, and Mercedes jumped with delight into the very finest of the carriages, and was given a seat ("as the greatest stranger") behind with Mr. Bowdoin, while the other three girls filled the seat in front, and Harley held the reins upon the box, a process Mr. Bowdoin affected not to see.

They drove through the little village in the train of other carriages; and Mercedes sat erect and answered artlessly to Mr. Bowdoin's questions. He asked her whether she was happy in her home, and she said she was. (In his kindness the simple-hearted old gentleman still knew no other way to make a woman tell the truth than by asking her questions!) Jamie was very good to her, she said, and grandpa most of all; grandma was cross sometimes. ("Jamie"! "grandpa"! Old Mr. Bowdoin made a mental note.) But she was very lonely: she had no children to play with.

Mr. Bowdoin's heart warmed at once. "You must come down here often, my dear!" he cried; thus again laying up a wiggling from his august spouse. But "Jamie"! "Why don't you call your kind friend father, since you call old McMurtagh grandpa?"

The child shook her head. "He has never asked me to," she said. "Besides, he is not my father. My father wore gold trimmings and a sword."

This sounded more like De Soto than Silva. "Do you remember him?"

"Not much, sir."

"What was his name?"

The child shook her head again. "I do not know, sir. He only called me Mercedes."

Mr. Bowdoin was fain to rummage

in his pocket, either for a handkerchief or for a lump of Salem "Gibraltars:" both came out together in a state of happy union. Mercedes took hers simply. Only Miss Dolly was too proud to eat candy in the carriage. The Salem Gibraltar is a hard and mouth-filling dainty; and by its administration little Ann and Jane, who had been chattering in front, were suddenly reduced to silence.

By this time they had come through to the outer cliff, and were driving on a turf road high above the sea. The old gentleman was watching the breakers far below, and Mercedes had a chance to look about her at the houses. They passed by a great hotel, and she saw many gayly dressed people on the piazza; she hoped they were going to stop there, but they drove on to a smallish house upon the very farthest point. It was not a pretentious place; but Mercedes was pleased with a fine stone terrace that was built into the very last reef of the sea, and with the pretty little lawn and the flowers.

As the children rushed into the hall, Ann and Jane struggling to keep on Mr. Bowdoin's shoulders, they were stopped by a maid, who told them Mrs. Bowdoin was taking a nap and must not be disturbed. So they were carried through to the back veranda, where Mr. Bowdoin dumped the little girls over the railing upon a steep grass slope, down which they rolled with shrieks of laughter that must have been most damaging to Mrs. Bowdoin's nerves. Dolly and Mercedes followed after; and the old gentleman settled himself on a roomy cane chair, his feet on the rail of the back piazza, a huge spy-glass at his side, and the Boston Daily Advertiser in his hand.

At the foot of the lawn was the cliff; and below, a lovely little pebble beach covered with the most wonderful shells. Never were such shells as abounded upon that beach! — tropical, exotic varieties, such as were found nowhere else. And

then — most ideal place of all for a child — there was a fascinating rocky island in the sea, connected by a neck of twenty yards of pebble covered hardly at high water; and on one side of this pebble isthmus was the full surf of the sea, and on the other the quiet ripple of the waters of the bay. But such an island! All their own to colonize and govern, and separated from home by just a breadth of danger.

All good children have some pirate blood; and I doubt if Mercedes enjoyed it more than Ann and Jane and even haughty Dolly did. And to the right was the wide Massachusetts Bay, and beyond it far blue mountains, hazy in the southern sun. Then there were bath-houses, and little swimming-suits ready for each, into which the other children quickly got, Mercedes following their example; and they waded on the quiet side; Mercedes rather timidly, the other children, who could swim a little, boldly. Old Mr. Bowdoin (who was looking on from above) shouted to them to know "if they had captured the island."

"Grapes grow on the island," said Ann and Jane.

Dolly was silent; Mercedes would have believed any fairy tale by now. And they started for it, Harley leading; but the tide was too high, and at the farther end of the little pebble isthmus the higher breakers actually came across and poured their foam into the clear stillness. Ann and Jane were afraid; even Dolly hesitated; as for Harley, he was stopped by discovering a beautiful new peg-top which had been cast up by the sea and was rolling around upon the outer beach.

"Discoverers must be brave!" shouted Mr. Bowdoin from above. And Mercedes shut her eyes and made a dash through the yard of deeper water as the breaker on the other side receded. She grasped the rock by the seaweed and pulled herself up to where it was hot

in the sun, and sat to look about her. There were numerous lovely little pink shells; and in the crevices above, some beautiful rock crystals, pink or white. Mercedes touched one, and found it came off easily. She put it to her lips.

"Why, it's rock candy!" she exclaimed.

There was an explosive chuckle from the old gentleman across the chasm; and the others swarmed across like Cabot and Pizarro after Columbus.

"Remember, children, she's queen of the island to-day, — she got there first!" shouted Mr. Bowdoin, and went back to his spy-glass and his armchair.

So that day Mercedes was queen; and her realm a real island, bounded by the real Atlantic, and Harley, at least, was her faithful subject. At the water's edge was great kelp, and barnacles, and jelly-fish, all pink and purple; and on the summit was a little grove of juniper and savin bushes, with some wild flowers; and on the cedar branches grew most beautiful bunches of hothouse grapes. To be sure, they were tied on by a string.

"'T is grandpa's put them there," said Dolly, of superior knowledge already in the world's ways.

"Sh! how mean to tell!" cried Harley.

"And he puts rare shells upon the beach, and tops!"

But Mercedes only thought how nice it was to have such a gentleman for grandfather; and when she got back to the little house on Salem Street she acted out all the play to an admiring audience. Jamie met her at the wharf and walked home with her. It was hot and stuffy in the city streets, but the flush of pleasure lasted well after she got home. And she told what soft linen they had had at dinner, and pink bowls to rinse their hands, and a man in a red waistcoat to wait upon them.

"Is n't she wonderful! Just like a lady born," said Jamie.

John Hughson, a neighbor, took his

pipe from his mouth and nodded open-mouth assent.

"And she talks a little Spanish, and can dance!"

"It's time such little tots were in bed," said Mrs. Hughson, a large Yankee person, mother to John.

"Just one dance first, Mercy; show the lady," said old Mrs. McMurtagh.

But Mercedes was offended at being called a little tot, and pouted her lip.

"Come here, dearie," said Jamie.

She went to him; and while he held her with his left hand awkwardly, he pulled a tiny pair of gloves from his pocket. Mercedes seized them quickly, and kissed him for it.

"Well, I never! Jamie, ye'll spoil the lassie," said his mother.

But Jamie heeded not. "Now, dearie, dance that little Spanish dance for me, and you can wear the gloves next Sunday."

But Mercedes looked up at Mrs. Hughson sullenly; then broke away from Jamie's arms and ran upstairs. And the laugh was at poor Jamie's expense.

IX.

Perhaps of all divisions of humanity the most fundamental would be that into the class which demands and the class which serves. The English-speaking race, despite all its desire to "better its condition," seems able to bear enlightenment as to all this world may give its fortunate ones, and yet continue contentedly to serve. Upon the Latin races such training acts like heady wine: loath to acquire new ideas, supine in intellectual inquiry, yet give them once the virus of knowledge and no distance blocks their immediate demand. Mercedes, who was thus given a high-school education and some few of the lonely luxuries of life, passed quickly beyond the circulating libraries in her demands for more. Given through her intellect the

knowledge, her nature was quick to grasp. For kingdoms may be overthrown, declarations of independence be declared, legislatures legislate equality, and still — up to this time, at least — the children of democracy be educated, in free common schools, upon much the same plan that had been adopted by some Hannah More in bygone centuries for the only class that then was educated, daughters of the gentry, young ladies who aspired to be countesses, and to do it gracefully. Mercedes learned with her writing and reading, which are but edged tools, little of the art of using them. She was taught some figuring, which she never used in life; some English history, of which she assimilated but the meaning of titles and coronets; some mental philosophy, which her common sense rejected as inanely inapposite to the life at hand; some moral philosophy, which her very soul spewed forth; a little embroidery, music, and dancing; and a competent knowledge of reading French.

When we consider what education and training her life required, the White Knight in Wonderland's collection of curiosities at his saddle-bow becomes by comparison a practical equipment.

For guides in the practical conduct of life, she had been told to read two novels, *Mansfield Park* and *Clarissa*. Then there were Mrs. Susannah Rawson's tales, *Miss Catherine Sedgwick's*, and *The Coquette*. She had further privately endeavored to read the *Nouvelle Héloïse* in French; but this bored her, and — one regrets to say — the unambitious though immoral heroine impressed her as an idiot. As a more up-to-date romance she had acquired from a corner bookstore a lavishly pictured novel in octavo, entitled *The Ballet Girl's Revenge*. She could not sew, nor wash, nor cook, nor keep house or even accounts. Not one faint notion had she of supporting herself. Domestic service she thought degrading; and she looked with a lofty

scorn upon shop-girls. There were some dreadful women in a house close by; if Mercedes was conscious of their existence, it was as of women who were failures in that they played the right cards badly. She held her own pretty head the higher. For she soon discarded the ballet girl's biography. By the time she was fourteen, had made another visit to Nahant, and had once been asked to a Christmas party at the Boston house, she saw that aristocratic life could offer better things. She had an intense appreciation of the advantages so imperfectly exploited by these rich Bowdoin's, her high acquaintance. And was it perhaps a justification of her way of education, after all, that little Harleston Bowdoin, like every male creature that she met, was fascinated, first by her face, then more by her manners, and most of all by what she said?

Miss Mercy was sent to the girls' high school, and brought up in all ways after the manner of New England. Her looks were not of New England, however; and her dresses would show an edge of trimming or a ribbon that had a Spanish color, despite all Jamie's mother's Presbyterian repression. Then, a few years after, the old drayman died; and a beautiful piano appeared in the McMurtaghs' modest lodging. Mr. James discovered that the expensive Signor Rotoli, who was instructor to his own daughters, went afterwards to give lessons to Miss Mercy. Father and son wagged their heads together at the wisdom of this step; and Mr. James was deputed a committee of one to suggest the subject to Jamie McMurtagh. Old Mr. Bowdoin had ideas of his own about educating young women above their station; but he was considerably more afraid of Jamie than was Mr. James.

The latter deemed it most politic to put the question on a basis of expense; but this was met by Jamie's allegation of a considerable saving in the family budget caused by old McMurtagh's decease and

consequent total abstinence. Mr. James was mildly incredulous that the old drayman could have drunk enough to pay for a grand piano, and Jamie grew rusty.

"Your father's stipend is leebecal, young man, and I trust ye've deescov-ered nothing wrong in my accounts."

Mr. James fled: had the familiar address been overheard by the old gentleman, Jamie's discharge had followed instantly.

McMurtagh mopped his reddened face, and tried to enjoy his victory; but the ill-natured thrust about the accuracy of the accounts embittered many a sleepless night of his in after-years.

X.

Jamie McMurtagh still continued his rather sidelong gait as he walked twice daily up State Street to the Old Colony Bank, bearing in a rusty leathern wallet, anything, from nothing to a hundred thousand dollars, the daily notes and discounts of James Bowdoin's Sons. James Bowdoin and his father used to watch him occasionally from the window. There were certain pensioners, mostly underserving, who knew old Mr. Bowdoin's hours better than he did himself. It was funny to see old McMurtagh elbow these aside as he sidelonged up the street. There was an old drunken longshoreman; and a wood-chopper who never chopped wood; and a retired choreman discharged for cause by Mr. Bowdoin's wife; and another shady party, suspected by Mr. James, not without cause, of keeping in his more prosperous moments a modest faro-bank, — all of whom were sure enough of their shilling could they catch old Mr. Bowdoin in the office alone. If they waylaid him in the street, it annoyed him a little, and he would give them only ninepence. It was currently believed by Mr. James and Jamie that there was a combination among these gentry not to give away the source

whence they derived this modest but assured income. Once there had been Homeric strife and outcry on the dusty wooden stairs; and Mr. James had rushed out only in time to see the longshoreman, in a moment of sober strength, ejecting with some violence a newcomer of appearance more needy than himself. It was suggested to Jamie by this that a similar but mutual exclusion might be effected, at least against the weaker couple of the primal four; but there was an honorable sense of property among these beggars, and they refused to fail in respect for each other's vested rights. But Jamie was most impatient of them, and would sometimes attempt to hold the counting-room by fraudulent devices, even after the old gentleman would get down town. It was after an attempt of this sort, ending in something like a row between Jamie and his master, that the two Bowdoins, father and son, stood now watching the clerk's progress up the street. A touch of sulkiness, left by his late down-putting, affected his gait, which was more crablike than usual.

"An invaluable fellow, after all," said Mr. Bowdoin: "a very Caleb."

"How Dickensy he is!" answered Mr. James, more familiar with the recent light literature, just appearing.

"A perfect bookkeeper! Not an error in twenty years!"

"Do you notice he's rather looking younger?"

"'T is that little child he's adopted," said the old gentleman. "The poor fellow's got something to love. All men need that — and even a few women," he chuckled. Mr. Bowdoin was addicted to portentous cynicism against the sex, which he wholly disbelieved in.

"The little child — yes," said Mr. James, more thoughtfully. "Do you know what he wants?"

"He wants?"

"She wants, I mean. Old Jamie came halting up to me yesterday, and

ventured to suggest his Mercy might be invited to the dancing-class Mrs. Bowdoin is having for the children."

"Whew!" said Mr. Bowdoin. "The old lady 'll never stand it."

"Never in the world," said Mr. James.

"Upon my word, I don't know why not, though!"

"I'm afraid she does, though!"

"I'll ask her, anyhow. And, James, if I don't get to the office to-morrow, I'll write you her answer."

"And have me tell poor Jamie," laughed Mr. James.

"Well," said Mr. Bowdoin hastily, "you can say it's my letter — I'm late at the bank" —

The old gentleman hurried off; but his prediction proved well founded. Whether Mrs. Bowdoin had noticed the effect of pretty Mercedes upon young Harley, her grandson, or whether the claims of the pirate's daughter to social equality with the descendants of Salem privateersmen were to be negated, she promptly replied that questions of social consideration rested with her alone. Mr. Bowdoin accepted the decision with no surprise; what pretty Miss Mercy said is unknown; but Jamie actually treated his employers for some weeks with an exaggerated deference in which there was almost a touch of sarcasm.

"Poor old Jamie!" said Mr. James to his father. "How he adores the child!"

McMurtagh was not five years older than himself, — he may have been forty at this period; but his little rosy face was prematurely wrinkled, and his gait was always so odd, and he had no young friends about town, nor seemed ever to have had any youth.

Meantime Miss Mercy went on with her piano. She was graduated from the high school the next year, and then had nothing else to do. The same year, Master Harley went to college. And there occurred a thing which gave rise to

much secret consultation among the Bowdoin.

For every morning, upon the appearance of Mr. James, or more usually upon the later advent of Mr. Bowdoin, old Jamie would get off his high stool, where for many minutes he had made no entries upon the books (indeed, the entries already were growing fewer every year), and come with visible determination into the main office. There, upon being asked by Mr. Bowdoin what he wanted, he would portentously clear his throat; then, on being asked a second time, he would suddenly fall to poking the fire, and finally respond with some business question, an obvious and laborious invention of the moment.

"It's either Mercy or his accounts," said Mr. James to his father.

"His accounts — are sure to be all right," said the old gentleman. "Try him on the little lady."

So the next day, to Jamie, Mr. James, just as his mouth was open about the last shipment from Bordeaux: —

"Well, what is it, Jamie? Something about Miss Mercedes?"

"It's na about the lassie, but I'm thinkin' young Master Harleston is aye coming to tha hoose abune his needs," said Jamie, taken off his guard, in broadest Scotch. And he mopped his face; the conflict between love and loyalty had been exhausting.

"Harley Bowdoin? Dear me!" cried Mr. James. "How far has it gone?"

"It canna go too far for the gude o' the young man," said Jamie testily. "But I was bound to tell ye; and I ha' done so."

"Does he go to your house, — Salem Street?"

Jamie nodded. "He's aye there tha Fridays."

"Dancing-class nights," muttered Mr. James. Then he remembered that Abby, his wife, had spoken of their nephew's absence. He was studying so hard, it had been said. "Thank you, Jamie."

I'll see to it. Thank you very much, Jamie."

Jamie turned to go.

"Has Miss Mercy — has Miss McMurtagh encouraged him?"

Jamie turned back angrily. "She'll forbid the lad tha hoose, an ye say so."

Mr. James seized his hat and fled precipitately, leaving Jamie glowering at the grate. On his way up the street he met his father, and took him into the old Ship tavern to have a glass of flip; and then he told the story.

Mr. Bowdoin took his hat off to rub his forehead with his old bandanna, thereby setting fluttering a pair of twenty-thousand-dollar notes he had just discounted. "Dear me! I'll tell Harley not to go there any more. Poor old Jamie!"

"Better ship the rascal to Bordeaux," said Mr. James, picking up the notes.

"And have him lose his course in college?"

"What good did that do us? We were rusticated most of the time, as he has just been" —

"Speak for yourself, young man!" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

"Have n't I a copy of the verses you addressed to Miss Sally White when you were rusticated under Parson White at Clapboard-trees?"

An allusion to Miss White always tickled the old gentleman; and father and son parted in high good humor. Only, Mr. James thought wise to inform Mrs. Harleston Bowdoin of what had happened. And some days after, Mr. James, coming to the office, found fair Miss Mercedes in full possession. The old gentleman was visibly embarrassed. The lady was quite at her ease.

"I've been telling this young lady she must not take to breaking hearts so soon," he explained. "Have n't I, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Mercedes demurely.

"And he does n't know his own mind

— and he has n't been to see her for — how long was it, Mercy?"

"A week, sir."

"For a week. And she'll not see him again — not until" —

"Not at all, if it's displeasing to you, sir."

"Displeasing to me? Dear me! you're a nice girl, I'm sure. Was n't it fair and square in the child to come down here? I wonder you were n't afraid!"

"I'm not afraid of anything, Mr. Bowdoin!"

"Dear me! not afraid of anything!" Mr. Bowdoin chuckled. "Now I'm afraid of Mrs. Harleston Bowdoin! Do you mean to say you'd walk into — into a bank all alone?"

"Yes, sir, if I had business there."

"Business! here's business for you!" and the old gentleman, still chuckling, scratched off a check. "Here, take this up to the Old Colony Bank, — you know, where your father goes every day, — and if you'll dare go in and present it for the money, it is yours! You've got some music or fal-lals to buy, I'll be bound. Does old Jamie give you an allowance? He ought to make a big allowance for your eyes! Now get off, my dear, before he sees you here." And Mercedes escaped, with one quick glance at Mr. James, who sank into a chair and looked at his father quizzically.

"Upon my word," said the old gentleman, rubbing his spectacles nervously, "she's a nice, well-mannered girl. I don't know why it would n't do."

"I guess Mrs. Harleston does," laughed Mr. James.

"We were all journeymen or countrymen a hundred years ago."

But when Mr. Harleston's mamma heard of these revolutionary sentiments, she put her foot down. And Master Harley (who had conveniently been dropped a year from Harvard) was sent to learn French bookkeeping in the simpler civilization of Bordeaux.

XI.

There were friends about Miss Mercy none too sorry to witness the discomfiture of this lofty aspirant. Poor Jamie, I fear, got some cross looks for his share in the matter; and tears, which were harder still to bear. John Hughson, who was a prosperous young teamster, began to come in again, and take his pipe of an evening with Jamie. He no longer sat in his shirt-sleeves, and was in other ways much improved. Mercedes was gracious to him evenings; indeed, it was her nature to be gracious to all men. She had a way of looking straight at them with kind eyes, her lips slightly parted, her smile just showing the edges of both upper and under teeth; so that you knew not whether it was sweeter to look at her eyes or her lips, and were lost in the effort to decide. So one day Hughson felt emboldened to ask if he might bear her company to church on Sunday. And Miss Sadie, — as now they called her, for she objected to the name of Mercy, and nothing but Sadie could her friends make out of Mercedes, — Sadie, to please McMurtagh, consented.

But when the Sunday came, poor Hughson, who looked well enough in week-day clothes, became, to her quick eye, impossible in black.

"You see, Sadie, I am bright and early, to be your beau."

There is a fine directness about courtship in Hughson's class, — it puts the dots upon the *i*'s; but Sadie must have preferred them dotless, for she said, "My name is not Sadie."

"Mercy."

"Nor Mercy."

"Mer— Mercedes, then."

"Nor Mercedes alone."

"Well, Miss McMurtagh, though I've known you from a child."

A shrug of Mercedes' pretty shoulders implied that this might be the last

passport to her acquaintance as a woman. "Mr. McMurtagh is not my father. My name is Silva."

"Oho! all the Italian fruit-dealers are named Silva!"

"If you're rude, I'll not go to church with you," said Miss Silva demurely.

Hughson was clumsily repentant. But the young lady would not go to the King's Chapel (where she had lately affected an interest; it was the Bowdoin's church), but led him to still older Christ Church, at the northern end of the town. Here, in those ante-Episcopalian days, were scarce a dozen worshipers; and you might have a square, docklike pew all to yourself, turn your back upon the minister, and gaze upon the painted angels blowing gilded trumpets in the gallery.

It must be confessed that Hughson had little conversation; and as they walked back, through Hanover Street, among crowds of young women, none so neatly dressed as she, and men less respectable than honest Hughson, Mercedes was conscious of a void within her life. In the afternoon she shut herself in her room and had a crying spell; at least so Jamie feared, as he tiptoed by her door, in apprehension of her sobs. Her piano had grown silent of late. What use was a piano among such as Hughson? So Jamie and the rising teamster sat in the kitchen and discussed the situation over pipes.

"The poor child ought to have some company," said Jamie.

Hughson felt this a reflection upon him, and answered but with harder puffs. "What she wants," said he at last, "is society. A good nice dancing-party, now?"

Jamie shook his head. "We've no acquaintance among gay people."

"Gay people?" Hughson elevated his brow. The phrase, with him, was synonymous with impropriety. "No; but there's my training-company ball, now; it's given in Union Street hall; gentlemen a dollar, ladies fifty cents. Each

gentleman can bring two ladies. Why not let me take her there?"

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, John," said Jamie. He felt a pang that he too could not take Mercedes to balls.

"It's not like one o' them Tremont Street balls, you know," said Hughson proudly. Secretly he thought it a very fine affair. The governor was to be there, and his aides-de-camp, in gold lace.

Mercedes went to the ball when the night came, but only stayed an hour. She knew very few of the other girls. Her dress was a yellow muslin, modestly open at the throat, and she could see them eying it. None of the other women wore low-necked gowns, but they wore more pretentious dresses, with more of ornament, and Mercedes felt they did not even know in how much better taste was she. But John Hughson was in a most impossible blue swallow-tail with brass buttons, — the sort of thing, indeed, that Webster had worn a few years before, only Hughson was not fitted for it. She suspected he had hired it for the evening, in the hope of pleasing her, for she saw that he had to bear some chaff about it from his friends. One of the colonels of the staff, with plumed hat and a sword, came and was introduced to her. In a sense she made a conquest of him, for he tried clumsily to pay his court to her, but not seriously. Nothing that yet had happened in her little life had enraged Miss Mercedes as did this. She inly vowed that some day she would remember the man, to cut him. And so she had Hughson take her home.

Poor Hughson felt that his evening had been a failure, and rashly ventured on some chances of rebuff from her as the two walked home, chances of which Miss Mercedes was cruel enough to avail herself to the full. The honest fellow was puzzled by it, for even he knew that Mercedes' only desire in going to the ball was to be admired, and admiration she had had. John was too simple to make fine discriminations in male de-

ference, but he judged more rightly the feminine opinion of her looks and manners than did Miss Mercedes herself. They had thought her too fine for them — as she had wished.

After all her democratic education, social consideration was the one ambition that had formed in pretty Mercedes' mind. Her desire for this was as real in the form it took with men as in the form it took with other women; as clear the outcome of the books and reading given her as of the training given any upper servant in a London suburb, patterned on a lady mistress. Mercedes had no affections; she was as careless of religion as a Yankee boy; this desire alone she had, of self-esteem above her fellow-creatures, especially those of her own sex and age. Her education had not gone to the point of giving her higher enjoyment, — poetry, art, happiness of thought. Even her piano-playing was but an adornment. She never played for her own pleasure; and what was the use of practicing now?

This New World life has got reduced to about three motives, like the three primary colors; one is rather surprised that so few can blend in so many shades of people. Money-getting, love of self, love, — is not that quite all? Yet poor Jamie and Mercedes, who was nearest to him, did not happen in the same division. Hughson, perhaps, made even the third. Yet a woman who holds herself too fine for her world will get recognition, commonly, from it. To honest Hughson, lying unwontedly awake, and thinking of the evening's chances and mischances, now in a hot fit, now in a cold fit, of something like to love, such a creature as Mercedes, as she lightly hung upon his arm that evening, had never yet appeared. She was an angel, a being apart, a fairy, — any crude simile that occurs to honest plodding men of such young girls. John took the *distracted* look for dreamy thought; her irresponsiveness for ethereal purity; her moodiness for superiority of soul. She imposed herself on

him now, as she had done before on Jamie, as deserving a higher life than he could give her. This is what a man terms being in love, and then would wish, *quand même*, to drag his own life into hers!

One day, some weeks after this, Mr. James Bowdoin, on coming down to the little office on the wharf rather later than usual, went up the stairs, more than ever choky with that spicy dust that was the mummy-like odor of departed trade, and divined that the cause thereof was in the counting-room itself, whence issued sounds of much bumping and falling, as if a dozen children were playing leap-frog on the floor. Jamie McMurtagh was seated on the stool in the outer den that was called the bookkeeper's, biting his pen, with even a sourer face than usual.

"Good-morning, Jamie," said he cheerily.

"Good-morning, Mr. James." Jamie always greeted glumly, but there was a touch of tragedy in him this morning that was more than manner. James Bowdoin looked at him sharply.

"Can I — has anything?" — He was interrupted by a series of tremendous poundings that issued from the counting-room within. The entrance door was closed. Young Mr. Bowdoin cocked his thumb at it. "How many children has the governor got in there to-day?"

"One, sir," grunted Jamie.

"One child? Great heavens, who makes all that noise?"

"Mr. Bowdoin do the most of it, sir," said Jamie solemnly. "I have been waiting, sir, to see him mysel' since" — Jamie looked gravely at his watch — "since the half after twal'. But he does not suffer being interrupted."

James Bowdoin threw himself on a chair and laughed. "Who is it?"

"It'll be your Miss Abby, I'm thinkin'."

"The imp! I stopped her week's money for losing her hat this morning,

and she's got ahead of me and come down to get it of the governor."

There was a sudden and mysterious silence in the inner room. James Bowdoin looked at Jamie, and noted again his expression. "What's the matter, Jamie? Have you anything to tell me?"

"It's for Mr. Bowdoin's private ear, Mr. James," said Jamie testily.

"Oh, ah! in that case I'll go in and see." James threw the door open. Old Mr. Bowdoin was standing, still puffing, in front of the fire, evidently quite breathless. In the corner by the window, too rapt to notice her father's entrance, sat Miss Abby, intently gazing into a round glass crystal that, with a carved ebony frame, formed one of the Oriental ornaments of the counting-room.

"I trust we are not disturbing important business, sir?" said Mr. James the younger dryly.

"Sh, sh! Abby, my dear, don't take your eyes out of it for twenty minutes, and you'll see the soldiers." And the old gentleman winked at James and Jamie, and became still purpler with laughter that was struggling to be heard.

"As for that child of mine" —

"Psst! h'sh!" and Mr. Bowdoin snapped his fingers in desperation at his uncomprehending son. "Never mind them, dear!" he cried to the child. "Only look steady; don't take your eyes out of it for twenty minutes, and you're sure to see the armies fighting! The most marvelous idea, and all my own," he said, as he slammed the door behind him. "Crystal-gazing, for keeping children quiet, — nothing beats it!"

"I thought, sir, you were both in need of it. But Jamie here has something to say to you."

"What is it — Jamie? No more trouble about that ship *Maine Lady*? D—n the British collier tramps! and she as fine a clipper as ever left Bath Bay. Well, send her back in ballast; chessmen and India shawls, I suppose, as usual" —

"It's about Mercedes, sir."

"Oh, ah!" Mr. Bowdoin's brow grew grave.

"She will not marry John Hughson, sir."

"Now, Jamie, how the devil am I to make her?"

XII.

John Hughson took his rejection rather sullenly; and Mercedes was more than ever alone in the old house. She never had had intimate companions among the young women of the neighborhood, and now they put the stigma of exclusion upon her. They envied her rejection of a serious suitor such as John. It was rumored the latter was taking to liquor, and she was blamed for it. Women often like to have others say yes to the first man who comes, and not leave old love affairs to cumber the ground. And girls, however loving to their friends, have but a cold sympathy for their sex in general.

One person profited by it, and that was old Jamie. He urged Mercedes nearly every day to alter her decision; and she seemed to like him for it. Always, now, one saw her walking with him; he became her ally against a disapproving world.

The next thing that happened was, Jamie's mother fell very ill. He had to sit with her of nights; and she would look at him fondly (she was too old and weak to speak much), as if he had been any handsome heir. Mercedes would sit with them sometimes, and then go into her parlor, where she would try to play a little, and then, as they supposed, would read. But books, before these realities of life, failed her. What she really did I hardly know. She wrote one letter to young Harleston Bowdoin, and he answered it; and then a second, which was still unanswered.

One night "the mother" spoke to Jamie of the girl: "'T is a comely lass.

I suppose you 're proud you were adopting her?"

Old Jamie's face was always red as a winter apple; but his eyes blushed. "Anybody 'd 'a' done that, mither, — such a lady as she is!"

"What 'll ye be doin' of her after I'm gone? The pirate father 'll come a-claimin' of her."

Jamie looked as if the pirate captain then might meet his match.

"Jamie, my son — have ye never thought o' marryin' her your own sel'? I 'd like to see you with a wife before I go."

There was no doubt that Jamie was blushing now.

"Do ye no love the lass enough?"

"I" — Jamie stopped himself. "I am too old, mither, and — and too queer."

"Too old! too queer! There's not a better son than my Jamie in all the town. I 'd like to see a better, braver boy make claim! And if you seem old, it's through tending of your old forbears. Whatever would the lassie want, indeed!"

"Good heavens! I've never asked her, mither," said Jamie.

The old woman looked fondly at her boy. "Ask her, then, Jamie; ask her, and give her the chance. She's a daft creature, but bonny; and you love her, I see."

Jamie pinched up his rosy features and squirmed upon his chair. "Can I do anything for ye, mither? Then I think I 'll go out and take a bit o' pipe in the streets with John Hughson."

"John Hughson, indeed!" snorted the old woman, and set her face to the wall.

But Jamie did not go near John Hughson. He rambled alone about the city streets; and it was late at night before he came back. Late as it was, there was a light behind Mercedes' window-shade, and he walked across the street and watched it, until a policeman, coming by, stopped and asked him who he

was. — But the virus took possession of him and spread.

The Bowdoin, father and son, noted that their old clerk's dress was sprucer. He was more than ever seen with Miss Mercedes; and she seemed to like him better than before. Women who are to all men fascinating must have a subtle instinct for perceiving it, a half-conscious liking for it. Else why do not they stop it sooner?

But Jamie had never admitted it to himself. Perhaps because he loved her better than himself. He judged his own pretensions solely from her interest. Marriages were fewer did all men so.

Still a year went by, and no other man seemed near Mercedes. Then the old mother died. To Mercedes life seemed always going into mourning for elderly people. They went on living, she and Jamie, as before. He had got to be so completely accepted as her adoptive father that to no one, not even the Bowdoin, had the situation raised a question; to Mercedes least of all. With such natures as hers there also goes instinctive knowledge of how far male natures, most widely different, may be trusted. But Jamie had thought it over many times.

Until one morning, James Bowdoin and his father, coming to the counting-room, found Jamie with a face of circumstance. He had on his newest clothes; his boots were polished; and his hair, already somewhat gray, was carefully brushed.

"What is it, Jamie? Have you come for a vacation?" said Mr. Bowdoin.

"Vacation!" sniffed Jamie. Once, many years before, he had been given a week off, and had gone to Nantasket; but his principal diversion had been to take the morning steamboat thence to the city, and gaze into the office windows from the wharf.

"It is something about pretty Miss Sadie, I'll be bound."

"You are always right, sir," said

Jamie quietly. His eyes were very bright; he was almost young-looking; and his manner had a certain dignity. "And I beg you, sir, for leave to ask your judgment."

Mr. Bowdoin motioned Jamie to a chair. And it marked his curious sense that he was treating as man to man that for the first and only time within that office Jamie took it.

"Mercedes." Jamie lingered lovingly over the name. "I have tried my best, sir. I have made her — nay, she was one — like a lady. You would not let her marry Master Harley."

"I never" — the old gentleman interrupted. Jamie waved his hand.

"They would not, I mean, sir. She will not marry John Hughson. You are a gentleman, sir, and could tell me if I — would be taking an unfair advantage — if I asked her — to marry — me. I am sure — I love her enough."

Jamie dropped his voice quickly on the last words, so that they were inaudible to Mr. James Bowdoin, who had suddenly laughed.

Old Mr. Bowdoin turned angrily upon his son.

But Jamie's face had turned to white. He rose respectfully. "Don't say anything, sir. I have had my answer."

"Forgive me, Mr. McMurtagh," said James Bowdoin the younger. "I'm sure she could not have a kinder husband. But" —

"Don't explain, Mr. James."

"But — after all, why not ask her?"

"Nay, nay," said Jamie, "I'll not ask the child. I would not have her make a mistake, as I see it would be."

"But, Jamie," said Mr. James kindly, "what will you do? She can hardly go on living in your home."

"Not in my home? Where else has the child a home?"

There are certain male natures that fight, crying. An enemy who looks straight at you, with tears in his eyes, is not to be contended with. And Jamie

stood there, blushing fiery red, with flashing eyes, and tears streaming down his cheeks.

"James Bowdoin, you 're a d—d fool!" sputtered his irate sire. "You talk as your wife might talk. This is an affair of men. Jamie," he added very gently, "you are quite right. My boy 's an ass." He put his hand on Jamie's shoulder. "You 'll find some fine young fellow to marry her yet, and she 'll bring you — grandchildren."

"I may — I need hardly ask you to forget this?" said Jamie timidly, and making hastily for the door.

"Of course; and she shall stay in her old home where she was bred from a child, and, d—n 'em, my grandchildren shall go to see her there" — But the door had closed.

"James Bowdoin, if my son, with his d—d snicker, were one half so good a gentleman as that old clerk, I 'd trust him with — with an earl's daughter,"

said the old gentleman inconsequently, and violently rubbing a tingling nose.

"I think you 're right, governor," said James Bowdoin. "Did you notice how spruced up and young the poor fellow was? I wish to goodness I had n't laughed, though. He might have married the girl. Why not? How old is he?"

"Why not? Ask her. He may be forty, more or less."

"What a strange thing to have come into the old fellow's life! And we thought it would give him something to care for! I never fancied he loved her that way."

"I don't believe now he loves her so much *that* way — as — as he loves her," said old Mr. Bowdoin, as if vaguely. "She is n't worth him."

"She 's really quite beautiful. I never saw a Spanish girl before with hair of gold."

"Pirate gold," said old Mr. Bowdoin.

F. J. Stimson.

RECOMPENSE.

To Beauty and to Truth I heaped
My sacrificial fires.
I fed them hot with selfish thoughts
And many proud desires.

I stripped my days of dear delights
To cast them in the flame,
Till life seemed naked as a rock,
And pleasure but a name.

And still I sorrowed patiently,
And waited day and night,
Expecting Truth from very far,
And Beauty from her height.

Then laughter ran among the stars;
And suddenly I felt
That at my threshold stood the shrine
Where Truth and Beauty dwelt.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE POST-OFFICE.

THE order amending the civil service rules that was signed by the President on November 8, 1895, opens the way to the most important extension of the merit system that has yet been made; for it is an extension that has a many-sided significance. Without the need of legislation it will bring a large number of postmasters of smaller towns within the classified service by making their offices parts of larger or central offices where-with they will be consolidated. This change, as shown by the experiments already made, will give the postal service greater efficiency. Quite as important as the increase of efficiency is the change that will be wrought gradually and quietly by the elimination of these consolidated offices from the spoils of politics. Since the application of the merit system to the departmental service at Washington, whereby this service was lifted out of scandal and made respectable, the spoils system has had its greatest stronghold in the minor post-offices; and just as the shameful condition of the departmental service twenty-five years ago now seems to most persons incredible, so, if this new order be carried out, as complete a change will be accomplished in most of the fourth-class post-offices. We shall forget that after every presidential election the struggle for these offices used to send more men to Washington and take more of the time and the attention of members of Congress than any great measure — except possibly the tariff — with which Congress has had to do during this generation. There never has been in our life anything more grotesque or demoralizing than the struggle for minor postal appointments.

The text of the order is this: "And whenever, by order of the Postmaster-General, any post-office shall be consolidated with and made a part of another

post-office where free delivery is established, all the employees of the office thus consolidated whose names appear upon the roster of said office approved by the Post-Office Department, and including the postmaster thereof, shall, from the date of said order, be employees of said free delivery office, and the person holding on the date of said order the position of postmaster at the office thus consolidated with said free delivery office may be assigned to any position therein and given any appropriate designation under the classification act which the Postmaster-General may direct."

The Postmaster-General has absolute power given by law to abolish post-offices, to consolidate post-offices, or to make offices stations of other offices. By order of the President, of January 5, 1893, all free delivery offices were brought under the civil service rules. Since that date, whenever an office has become a free delivery office, or whenever an office has been consolidated with or made a part of a free delivery office, the employees, except the postmaster himself, have been brought into the classified service, and their successors, with certain very few exceptions, can now be appointed only after competitive examinations. By this last order of the President, therefore, every employee of every office consolidated with a free delivery office comes within the civil service rules, and the postmasters themselves of consolidated offices become clerks-in-charge and must be appointed as other clerks are.

This plan contemplates the selection of certain larger offices as nuclei and the consolidation of surrounding offices with these, the subsidiary offices reporting directly to the central office, and not to the department at Washington, as hitherto. In fact, twenty-eight offices

in the cities and towns around Boston have already been consolidated with the Boston office, and this consolidation has been in operation for some time with most satisfactory results. The experience gained there and at Chicago and at Philadelphia, where a like system has been introduced, has satisfied the Post-Office Department that it is susceptible of much wider application. It is not the intention to change the names of offices thus consolidated or made stations of other offices. People who now address letters to Cambridge or to Brookline, Massachusetts, do not know that those offices are parts of the Boston post-office, and that these large places near Boston have not postmasters, but only superintendents-in-charge. If this has been so successfully accomplished about Boston, why may not most of the post-offices of Massachusetts be made parts of three or four central offices, thus cheapening the administration, improving the service, and removing it from the evils of political pressure? It will be necessary, of course, to move with caution at the start, but the extension can be continued with increasing momentum. One great difficulty to be encountered arises from the fact that some postmasters, even at important offices, are not men of administrative ability and of the business qualifications that such service requires. The Post-Office Department will naturally be forced to begin by selecting central offices where the postmasters have proven their capacity to assume increased responsibility.

Some of the fourth-class offices, remote from large centres, or where the location of the office in a certain building owned by the postmaster is the main consideration, cannot yet be brought within the classified service, but some such method of appointment as is contemplated in the bills submitted to the last Congress, and in favor of a tenure during good behavior, will be adopted, it is hoped, so that the entire postal sys-

tem of the country may be put upon a sensible business basis. Bills were introduced in the last Congress providing for modes of appointment which should free postmasters from the spoils system. The bill introduced by Mr. Lodge in the Senate and by Mr. Everett in the House was intended to regulate only the appointment of fourth-class postmasters, and contained excellent provisions which, with some modifications curtailing the powers given to post-office inspectors, would work a needed reform. The bill introduced by Mr. DeForest in the House contained all the provisions of the previous bill with regard to fourth-class postmasters, with an additional important provision abolishing the four-year tenure of all postmasters, and providing that they should hold office during good behavior: "*Provided, however, that the President may at any time remove or suspend a postmaster of the first, second, or third class for cause, communicated in writing to the Senate at the next subsequent session of Congress after such removal, and that the Postmaster-General may at any time remove or suspend a postmaster of the fourth class for cause, communicated in letter of removal.*"

The number of appointments that will at once be brought within the classified service by this new order depends upon the rapidity with which the consolidations can be made. But it is interesting and encouraging to note how large the classified list has now come to be.

During the year ended June 30, 1895, by order of the President 8806 places were added to the classified service, and 2812 places were withdrawn from the excepted class and made competitive. Since that date, 828 additional places have been added to the list, making a total of 12,446 inclusions since June 30, 1894. The whole number of places now subject to competitive examination is more than 55,000. If it be too early yet to say that we are almost within

sight of the reformation of the whole federal service from the spoils system, except those higher offices which have to do with policies of administration, it is not too much to say that if this last order of the President be carried to its full application with courage and reasonable promptness, and if the movement for the application of the merit system to the consular service also be carried forward, then we are surely within sight of the complete reform. The new order is of the greater importance because the Postmaster-General, Mr. Wilson, is a civil service reformer of courage and conviction, who will extend the provisions of this rule as far as good and economic administration will admit.

In no department has the adoption of the civil service rules brought better practical results than in the postal service. The application of the rules to the free delivery offices and to the railway postal service has been productive of such marked improvement that no additional arguments are needed as to the advantages to be gained, both as a measure of economy in postal administration and in the improvement of public life, by removing post-offices entirely from politics and placing them on a business basis. In the railway mail service, the mistakes made in the distribution of mail matter prior to the placing of that branch under the civil service rules were so greatly in excess of those made since as to be worthy of special mention. The year before the extension of the rules, there was one error to every 3694 correct distributions of mail. The order went into effect May 1, 1889. For the

year ended June 30, 1895, the records show that there was only one error for every 8884 correct distributions of mail. With no other department of the government do the people come into such close and constant contact, and no other department so uniformly increases in volume with the growth of population and the increase of activity. During the past thirty years, the number of post-offices in the United States has increased from 20,000 to over 70,000, while the amount of mail matter handled has increased in a much larger proportion. The expenditures of the department are nearly \$90,000,000 a year, and it employs more than 100,000 persons. Of the first-class post-offices there are 149, the salaries of which range from \$3000 upwards; the second class includes 665 offices, with salaries from \$2000 to \$3000; the third class includes 2690 offices, with salaries from \$1000 to \$2000; and the fourth class includes 66,560 offices, with salaries less than \$1000.

The method of consolidating post-offices has a significance of another kind. The Post-Office Department thus ignores municipal boundaries, not indeed in its service, but as political units; and there could be no better or more logical way devised utterly to dispel from the popular mind the grotesque notion that could have been born only of the spoils system, — that the proper sending or bringing of one's letters has any logical connection with anybody's opinion of a high tariff or a low tariff, or of the coinage of the precious metals, or of the proper attitude of our government to foreign nations.

John R. Procter.

A CONGRESS OUT OF DATE.

THE people of the United States pride themselves upon their direct and businesslike methods of managing their own affairs. They manifest these national characteristics in the conduct of their state governments; but in the union of the States for the regulation of federal matters they maintain from generation to generation a most inconvenient, irresponsible, and incoherent system of administration.

On the 2d of December, 1895, opened the first session of the Fifty-Fourth Congress. The members of the House of Representatives who took the oath of office at that time were elected to their positions on the 4th of November, 1894, thirteen months, lacking only two days, before they occupied their seats. On the 4th of December, 1896, the same Congress, in the natural course of things, will meet for its second and last session. No matter how large the volume of business that urgently demands attention may then be, this session must expire on the 4th of March, 1897, only three months later. One of these months is the shortest of the twelve, and two weeks of this session will be given to a holiday recess.

Here are twin absurdities. The people choose Representatives to execute their will in national legislation. According to tradition, custom, and law, these Representatives do not take the first step toward discharging the duties thus laid upon them by the electors until a year and a month later. They then find that fully six months are required for the work of a session. But when they assemble for the second time, in the usual course, the Constitution prevents their having more than three months, and this brief period is shortened by a fortnight's recess. Under the most favorable circumstances so uneconomical a system must work vast harm. A year is lost in

beginning the operations of every new Congress. The more important the issue that decided the election of its members, and the more widespread the consequences of its possible action, the greater the harm done by this delay in the enactment of the laws that the Representatives were chosen to frame.

The election of Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic House in November, 1892, with the knowledge that the Senate would become Democratic in the following March, assured the country that radical changes would be made in the tariff, but left the business world in doubt as to what those changes would be. This uncertainty greatly aggravated the unfavorable financial conditions due to other causes. Even with the gain from the appointment of the ways and means committee at the extraordinary session convened in August, 1893, the revision of the tariff was delayed nearly a year longer than a rational system of legislation would have required.

A public servant who seeks reelection to an office which he has filled for one term is supposed to stand upon the record which he has made during this term. One of the many absurdities of our congressional system is found in the fact that a Representative who seeks reelection has, under ordinary conditions, sat for only one of the two sessions, and that the second session will not begin until after the seat has been filled by the voters for the next term. Indeed, under the custom of long campaigns in many States, the canvass for the nomination of a Representative in the next Congress begins not long after the opening of the first session of the existing Congress; and all the nominations are sometimes made before the end of this first session. A verdict upon the complete record of a Representative is thus rendered impossible.

Another consequence of this system is a lack of responsibility to the people during the second term of a Congress on the part of those Representatives who have not been reelected, especially such of them as belong to the party which is dominant in the existing Congress, if a "tidal wave" has swept that party into the minority in the next Congress. The Republicans, for example, controlled the Fifty-First Congress, and had 176 Representatives when the election occurred in November, 1890. When the second session of this Congress opened, in December, only 52 of these 176 had been reelected. The people had already passed upon their record, and the 124 who had been rejected had nothing to gain or to lose by their fidelity or treachery to their obligations as public servants during the remaining three months of their official existence. No fear of popular censure, therefore, could restrain them from favoring any reckless or extravagant scheme; while the Democratic minority might regard such folly with composure because the responsibility for it would attach to an already discredited party.

A more serious result is the possibility that a party which has just been overwhelmingly beaten at the polls, and which logically should have no further control over legislation, may exercise the power which, by an unjustifiable anachronism, it still possesses for three months, to impose upon the people a law against which they have protested. The country actually had a narrow escape from the perpetration of such an outrage only five years ago this winter. While the tariff was undoubtedly the controlling issue in the congressional elections of 1890, the Republicans sustaining and the Democrats opposing the then recently passed McKinley act, another feature of the Republican policy was submitted to the judgment of the people. There had passed the House at the first session, and was to come before the Senate at the second session, the so-called Force Bill, in-

volving a large extension of the power of the federal government over elections in the States, with a view to its especial exercise in the South. During the canvass the Republicans defended this policy, and the Democrats opposed it; and the issue indisputably helped the Democrats to carry the elections. Under normal conditions, this popular verdict should have disposed of the matter so far as passing the pending bill was concerned. The people had pronounced against it, and that should have been the end of it, unless the time should afterwards come when the party which favored the policy could elect a Congress pledged to carry it out. But the President, in his message of December, 1890, urged the Senate to pass the bill, and the leaders of the Republican majority in that body made desperate attempts to follow this advice, which failed only because the Southern Democrats were at last able to make an effective alliance for mutual benefit with some Republicans from the silver States, by which the bill was shelved. Nor was this an isolated case. Attempts have repeatedly been made by a party which had been defeated in the congressional elections to pass a law that would be rejected outright by the Representatives whom the people had just chosen. Sixteen years before the winter of 1890-91, a Republican Congress met for its second session a month after the country had elected a large Democratic majority to the next House. General Butler, who had himself been beaten for reelection, set out to carry through a radical measure regarding the South, which was also called a force bill; and he would have succeeded if a more liberal element in the Republican party had not made a strenuous opposition, which delayed its inevitable passage by the lower branch so long that the small Democratic minority in the Senate was able to prevent a vote upon it before the expiration of the session.

A similar misuse of power for partisan

purposes, and against the clear expression of the popular will at the polls, is possible in the case of the executive, through the system which keeps the President as well as Congress in office until the 4th of March, four months after the people have chosen the next President and House of Representatives. Only the patriotism of President Harrison prevented an abuse of the appointing power three years ago which would have been as inexcusable as the enactment of the Force Bill. In November, 1892, the people indicated by an overwhelming majority their desire that Mr. Cleveland, and not Mr. Harrison, should be their President. This implied that a Democratic executive should make the appointments to high offices during the next four years, with the expectation that he would fill any vacancies which might occur on the bench with members of his own party, as the Republicans had a great preponderance of the judges of every court. A few weeks after the election Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court died. He had been appointed by Mr. Cleveland during his first administration, and was the first Southern Democrat who for thirty-five years had been elevated to the highest bench. Every consideration of fairness dictated the choice of another Democrat from the South as his successor. But the appointing power was still held by a Republican President, and the power of confirmation by a Republican Senate. Mr. Harrison was thus legally able to fill this vacancy with a Republican, who would be in no sense a representative of the section which had so strong a claim to the position. But Mr. Harrison did not take partisan advantage of such a situation, and he showed his breadth and fairness by appointing another Southern Democrat.

The worst feature of the existing system is the fact that we have only such a display of fairness, upon which we can never count, as a protection of the people from partisan abuses and national

misfortunes at the hands of discredited executives and legislators, kept in possession of power after a vote of lack of confidence has been recorded at the polls.

The first essential of representative government is that it shall represent. Our system of inaugurating Presidents and convening Congresses makes the federal government constantly unrepresentative, and leaves us to be saved from gross partisan outrages only by good luck or by some unexpected display of patriotism. The greatest absurdity of all is the fact that the forty-five States of the Union (for we might as well begin to count Utah now) maintain in their federal relations a system which not one of them would endure in the government of its own affairs. About half of the States elected governors and legislatures on the same day, in the autumn of 1894, when they voted for members of Congress. In every case the state executives and law-makers thus chosen in November were inducted into office early in the following January. In no State of the Union would it be possible for a legislature which had been rejected at the polls to go on making laws for another session, or for a Republican governor to appoint a member of his party to a life office after the people had voted to replace him with a Democratic executive.

How does it happen that people who conduct their state business sensibly in every commonwealth muddle the administration of their national affairs so badly? The anomaly is due to the haphazard manner in which the machinery of the federal government got started, and to the tremendous power of tradition and habit. The provisions regarding the election of a governor and legislature, and the time when they shall assume office, are everywhere the result of a careful consideration of the public convenience and interest, and are embodied in the constitutions of the States in the most explicit terms. But the time which shall elapse between the election of a new

President and Congress for seventy millions of people and their accession to power, and the period during which they shall retain power after the choice of their successors, are the result, not of deliberate design, but of a combination of circumstances that occurred at the end of the Revolutionary struggle. The Constitution provided that the President "shall hold his office during the term of four years," but it specified no date upon which the first President's four years should begin. The Constitution provided that the House of Representatives should be "composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States," and the upper branch of two Senators from each State, "chosen by the legislature thereof for six years;" but the times, places, and manner of holding elections for both houses were left to be "prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof," save that Congress might by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the place of choosing Senators. No time was set when the terms of the first Senators and Representatives should begin. No limit was fixed as to the period which should elapse between the election of a House of Representatives and its assembling. The one reference to any month is found in the provision that "the Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day."

It was by chance that the terms of the first President, Senators, and Representatives began on the 4th of March instead of the 1st of January or the first Monday in December; not because the framers of the Constitution thought the opening of spring the best time for inauguration day. The date was actually fixed by the old Congress of the Confederation just before its expiration. Ratifications of the Constitution came so slowly that over nine months after its signature on the 17th of September,

1787, had elapsed before New Hampshire, in the summer of 1788, furnished the ninth, which sufficed for its establishment. The conditions now existed under which the Continental Congress had been authorized by the Constitutional Convention to make arrangements for the choice of the President, and to "fix the time and place for commencing proceedings." If the Congress had acted promptly, the 1st of January, 1789, might have been taken as the time, and in that case the terms of all later Presidents, Senators, and Representatives would have begun at the opening of a year. But two full months were wasted in a dreary wrangle as to the place for the seat of government; and when a decision upon New York was finally reached, it seemed necessary to select a later date, and the first Wednesday of March was chosen instead of the corresponding day in January.

The accident which made George Washington's first term as President begin on the 4th of March, 1789, has required the inauguration of every one of his successors on the same day of the year, in order that he might "hold his office during the term of four years." The tendency toward uniformity of elections has operated to cause the choice of all the Representatives in a new Congress (save the few from Maine, Vermont, and Oregon) one month before the second session of the existing Congress, and thirteen months before the new Congress will meet.

The framers of the federal Constitution never contemplated such an incoherent system of representation as that under which their descendants are now living. No student of governmental methods can see any rational argument for the maintenance of the system. Neither political party has anything to gain or lose by perpetuating it. Everybody would be glad to see a radical reform instituted. Such a reform, moreover, is practicable.

The Tuesday after the first Monday in November is evidently to remain the day for the choice of presidential electors and Representatives in Congress. The greater convenience of this season for voting has become so manifest that during the past quarter of a century many States which formerly chose their officials at other times in the year have changed to November.

What is needed is, not a change of election day, but the application of some method by which the President and the Representatives in Congress chosen early in November may come into office early in the following January, at the same time as the governors and the legislators chosen on the same day. Then the will of the people can be executed as promptly and surely in federal as in state legislation; the voters, when called upon to choose a new House, can pass upon the complete record of their Congressmen during the two sessions; a defeated party will have neither temptation nor opportunity to pass laws which have just been demonstrated to be obnoxious to the people; and a President whose claims for a second term have been rejected will not be able, with the help of a Senate in which a change of party may have been decreed, to fill life offices with representatives of political principles against which the country has pronounced.

An amendment to the federal Constitution will be necessary to bring about the required changes. In order that the terms of a certain President and Congress may begin early in January, the terms of their predecessors in the executive and legislative departments, which would regularly run until the 4th of the following March, must be shortened by two months. No such alteration in the workings of the government machinery can be made offhand. The President who will be elected in November, 1896, must hold his office for four years from the 4th of March, 1897. But the Constitution may be so amended as to provide

that the President who will be elected in November, 1900, and inaugurated March 4, 1901, shall retire on the 1st of January, 1905; and that thereafter the four-year term shall run from the beginning of the year instead of from the first week in March. At the same time, provision should be made that the House of Representatives elected in 1902 should have its official existence curtailed to the same extent, and that the last two months should be subtracted from the term of Senators who would regularly sit until March 4, 1905. The Fifty-Ninth Congress might then assemble for its first session at the inauguration of the President on the 1st of January, 1905 (or the first Wednesday of January, if an invariable day of the week be preferred). The Fifty-Eighth Congress could hold its two sessions during the twenty-two months of its existence by meeting the first time on the 4th of March, 1903, and the second time on the 1st of January, 1904.

The desired change is thus seen to be entirely feasible. To carry it out would involve only the adoption by the forty-five States of precisely the same policy that was followed by one of the forty-five regarding its governor and legislature twenty years ago. Connecticut formerly elected state officers and members of both branches of the Assembly annually in April, to serve one year from the following May. The people concluded to adopt the biennial system of elections, and to change the time of choosing and installing officials to November and January respectively. On the 4th of October, 1875, therefore, they adopted an amendment to their constitution, providing that "the persons who shall be severally elected to the state offices and General Assembly on the first Monday of April, 1876, shall hold such offices only until the Wednesday after the first Monday of January, 1877;" that future elections should be held in November, beginning with that month

in 1876 ; that the officials then chosen should come into office in January, 1877 ; and that the terms of officials should thereafter run from January instead of from May.

All that is required to bring about such a change in the federal Constitution is organized work to overcome the *vis inertiae*, to push the required amendment through both branches of Congress, and to secure its ratification by the necessary number of States. No opposition is to be feared, beyond possibly some faint protest from people who consider the 4th of March a better season than the 1st of January for the ceremonial display which has become incident (though not essential) to a presidential inauguration ; and the well-remembered bleakness of more than one inaugural March day during the last twenty-five years deprives this argument of weight. What is to be apprehended is the indifference of Senators, Representatives, and state legislators to a movement which will have no partisan force behind it, and which will lack evidence of popular support unless some organization shall educate public sentiment to perceive the advantages of the change and demand it, and shall then bring this sentiment to bear upon,

first Congress, and afterwards the legislatures of the various States.

Why should not the National Civil Service Reform League take up this work, and push it through its various subordinate associations ? Certainly, the accomplishment of the needed change would work a great reform in the civil service by making both the executive and the legislative branches of the federal government far more responsive to the popular will, and far less liable to indulgence in partisan outrages. The rapid progress now making in the application of the merit system to the various branches of the civil service, municipal and state as well as federal, will enable the members of these associations to devote some of their time in future to other matters. The organization of such bodies of public-spirited men in all parts of the country seems to provide just the means required for effecting a change which can be achieved through a great deal of unselfish work, but in no other way. If the National Civil Service Reform League should take up this matter now, it might see the new system in running order within ten years, and it would establish a lasting claim upon the gratitude of the American people.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE AS A CENTRE.

IN a recent political contest, one of the symbols of party principles was a little red schoolhouse. A symbol is capable of a narrow, exclusive application, or of a comprehensive, suggestive one. If we give this one over to party and use it for inflammatory purposes, it may get burned up in the fire it kindles ; but as a sign of national order and progress it may fairly be accepted by men of every race and tongue and creed. The common schoolhouse is in reality the

most obvious centre of national unity, and, with the growing custom of making it carry the American flag, it is likely to stand for a long time to come as the most conspicuous mark of a common American life.

It is an illustration of the formal remoteness of the American citizen from the central administration that the only officer of the government with whom he has much to do is the postmaster, who serves in the interest of keeping the peo-

ple in communication with one another. It is equally significant of the extent to which the people at large have absorbed one great governmental function that the local officer who comes closest to the life of all is the schoolmaster.

We are so accustomed to give history a political interpretation that very obvious and marked distinctions in national life get lost sight of or are underestimated. For example, so much attention has been paid to the genius of republican institutions as contrasted with that of monarchical that students of American history rarely remark on the contribution made to our national order by the existence of a great voluntary system of ecclesiasticism; for the significance is not so much in the separation of church from state as in the vitality shown by the church itself as a component part of national life. In like manner, we are so used to the flexible educational system of the country that we do not always consider how profoundly this system affects the men and women of the land in their responsibility for the well-being of the nation. While we have been discussing, with a certain irritation at the apparent futility of the discussion, the right of woman to the ballot, and taking some alarm at the logical consequence of giving the ballot to woman, to be found in having offices held by women, we have without question made the number of women who hold office under state laws vastly greater than the number of men; for if teaching is not a state office, the State has no office in its gift.

It is worth while to pause at this point to consider the effect of a more general recognition of the truth I have averred in the fact that a school-teacher is an officer of the State. In the extension of the civil service reform principle and its establishment as a fundamental doctrine, we are slowly erecting a class upon natural selection to take the place of a class upon an artificial and aristocratic basis. That is to say, when the minor offices of

nation, State, and city are to be secured by special training and open competition on the part of young men and women, and held by them during good behavior, we shall see such occupation acting as a determining force in the choice of a career. But although the members of the civil service will be connected formally with the administration of the government, federal, state, or municipal, it is most likely that what may be called the state-consciousness of these members will be faint as compared with the sense of a livelihood gained by their occupation; for their work will, for the most part, be purely executive, and only as it becomes in any sense directive and shaping will it result in a consciousness of an identification with government. Now, this erection of a stable civil service is the creation of administration working along well-defined lines; it is in a measure part of an elaborate mechanism. But the vocation of teaching is far more free and spontaneous. It represents self-determination of a higher sort. It has to do with personality in its fuller expression, and the consciousness which goes with it is capable of profounder relations. Given, therefore, the conception of teaching as an office of the State, and you at once ally the teacher with directive, shaping forces, and state-consciousness becomes capable of high development. We are in the midst of political movements which demand greater emphasis to be laid on the State; the State is to own and run railroads, to organize labor, and to do a great many things which our Anglo-American instincts and experience make us slow to grant; but these movements intimate a livelier sense of the solidarity of society, and all the while, without much spoken emphasis, in the actual evolution of the State, the function of teaching in the common schools is becoming a real part of the administration of state affairs. Just as steadily as the office becomes stable and draws to itself the best blood, this relation of the office to the

State will be dignified. In our separate commonwealths we are using, and growing yearly more familiar in the using, a great governmental power based upon the principle of local self-government, and we are exercising this power through the personal action of common-school teachers. Strengthen and improve teacher and position, and the whole tone of government is raised.

So absolutely is this function of government divorced from our national administration that the Bureau of Education at Washington was for several years barely recognized by Congress; it was looked upon with indifference, if not with suspicion; its powers were very closely circumscribed, and its office now is scarcely more than that of a medium for collecting and distributing information. The explanation is to be found not simply in the jealousy of a central power, but in the fact that through long usage the people have accustomed themselves to the direct exercise of the control of public education. Hamlet, village, town, city, county, and State, religious and educational organizations, private endowments, — through all these manifold agencies the people have kept their hand on this mighty engine, and the health of the country lies in the continuance of this great policy. So closely woven is the whole educational system of the country with the life of the people that the health of the one is the health of the other, the moral decay of the one the moral decay of the other.

So electric, also, is the communication of part with part that a successful movement in one locality passes swiftly into wider reaches. A few years ago, two resolute men in an insignificant Eastern town, one a member of the board of education, the other superintendent of schools, set to work upon a somewhat lifeless system, and imparted to it such energy through their own personality and their common-sense principles that it was not long before men and women

were hurrying from all parts of the country to see what was going on. The "Quincy method" became a familiar term, and not only gave an impetus to a great Illinois normal institute, but affected educational thought everywhere. The same thing must happen again and again. The more perfect a system the more it is liable to decay from within, and new necessities constantly arise for some man or woman of creative energy to breathe into it the breath of life.

Meanwhile, along with this exercise of local self-government there has grown up a system of voluntary association, and some of the most definite attempts at systematic reform have issued from organizations like Teachers' Associations, which are purely voluntary, and rely for the enforcement of their doctrine upon an educated public opinion. The organizing faculty is brought to higher development in the American mind, I suspect, than in any other members of the human race. The multitudinous forms of voluntary association in politics, religion, and business have resulted in an ease of organization which precludes the need of much solicitude on this score. In educational matters this organizing faculty has been constantly at work perfecting systems, and, though its energy has often been misspent on external things, there has been a tendency toward a solidarity which has been most interesting, because, at first sight a departure from democratic modes, it really intimates a greater intelligence on the part of the people. I refer to the rapid growth of the policy by which superintendents are appointed to take charge of the entire system of schools in counties, cities, and towns. This policy has been so developed that in Massachusetts, where the county system does not prevail, groups of towns lying within a convenient neighborhood form voluntary organizations for the maintenance of superintendents.

The importance of this introduction of the superintendent into the common-

school system can scarcely be overestimated. At first it was opposed, and it continues to be opposed in some quarters because it seems to withdraw the schools from immediate contact with the people as represented by their elected school committee. But the step has been taken for two general reasons: as society grows more complex, a purely democratic management of affairs yields to republican methods, and administration tends to centralization in delegated authority; more significantly, education is coming to be recognized as a special science, calling for training on the part of those who shall direct it, and the more intelligent members of a community have an increasing reluctance to assume a kind of responsibility for which they know themselves not to be qualified. It looks now as if the system would long prevail by which a school committee chosen by city or town will hold very much the relation toward superintendent and teachers now held by a board of trustees toward a president and faculty of a college, namely, a pretty direct supervision of the material concerns, and scarcely more than a confirmatory regulation of the interior administration and the schedule of studies. It is doubtful if any order of state inspectors is likely for some time to come to have more than advisory powers.

Within the school system itself the presence of the superintendent is the sign of a most important advance. It means nothing less than the creation of a profession of teaching combined with administration. It is in a measure an enormous multiplication of posts analogous to that of the college president. The superintendent's office holds out to the whole teaching guild a prize to be won, and the spirit already shown in the ranks of superintendents themselves indicates how keen an ambition for distinction is at work. The office represents a certain stability and permanence, so that a man may enter deliberately upon the career of a teacher with the knowledge that

he stands a chance of occupying a post where his fullest academic and experimental acquirements may have full play. Whatever serves to establish the profession of teaching tends to ennoble it. Heretofore, the only prize set before a teacher in the lower or secondary schools was a headmastership, or possibly a chair in some college. But the office of superintendent, with its more distinct administrative function, will appeal to many men with greater force, and the entire order of teachers will be inspirited by the discrimination of this office.

Yet it is clear that, important as this reinforcement of the teaching profession is, much more is needed before the schools will have that place in American civilization which we believe they must have in view of the fact that they are the most emphatic exponents of that civilization. The absence of distinct contributory force in the profession is noticeable to any careful observer. The number of men and women who enter it for life is comparatively small. Many who remain in it indefinitely do so, not from choice, but from necessity; and no profession which does not carry with it the resolution, careful equipment, enthusiasm, and devotion of the greater part of its members can hope to be a constant force in the community. In a future number of this magazine an attempt will be made to analyze the causes of this instability. It is enough here to point out a few of the obvious explanations. By far the largest number of teachers below the college grade are women, and marriage is of right a very disturbing element. The social and minor political agencies at work interfere with freedom of action and permanence of position; the absence of a well-ordered system of promotion is a discouragement; most of all, the inadequate pecuniary reward of service deters the most spirited and active-minded from making it more than a stepping-stone to some other occupation or profession.

It is very possible that of late years a new distraction has entered to lessen the invitation of the school to intellectual men and women. The multiplication of town libraries has given rise to a new vocation, and one likely to offer to young women especially a more agreeable field than the schoolhouse affords. There is, moreover, at work here a subtle influence which lies very deep, — near the bottom, indeed, of the whole subject. The rank of any profession is determined by the money value of the average position, or by the traditional dignity it holds in the community, or by the prizes it offers, or by a combination of these. Now, a certain honor attaches to books as such which is communicated to those who have to do with them, and, independently of the character of the persons compared, we strongly suspect that in most communities a little more distinction is conferred upon the librarian than upon the school-teacher of the same grade, as measured by salary.

Be this as it may, the library furnishes an instructive parallel of comparison with the schoolhouse. As a comparative novelty, and coming into the life of the people full formed, it takes at once a position superior in some respects to the schoolhouse. It is in many instances an outright gift of some person who can carry out conceptions formed intelligently and upon high models. It is admitted at once that the house of books should be convenient, spacious if possible, and rightly beautiful. Its appointments are those of refinement, and it is treated with respect by those who make use of it. The village is proud of it, and the city which has been educated to the point of building a library is very likely to make it monumental in character, and to expend a wealth of architectural beauty and decoration upon it. Part of this feeling arises, no doubt, from the fact that the library is the resort of all, old and young, even if the young predominate, while the schoolhouse is a tempo-

rary refuge of that portion of the community which is supposed to be indifferent to its surroundings because so soon to leave them altogether.

The schoolhouse is more directly the product of the community itself. It is not often the gift of one citizen, and its character is somewhat expressive of the estimate in which the school is held by the community. It is rarely marked by any grace or beauty, and is on the whole a little inferior in appearance to other public buildings. But wherever, through the activity of public-spirited citizens or by special gift, it rises to anything like distinction, the pride of the people is evident, and a new conception of the dignity of the school is created. If the policy which prevails in the construction of libraries were practiced with schoolhouses, the effect upon the community and upon the occupants of the schoolhouses would be very marked. It is one of those cases where it is hard to distinguish between cause and effect. We may say, given a higher valuation to common-school education, and the people will pay higher salaries and build more beautiful schoolhouses; but it is scarcely less logical to say, induce the people to pay higher salaries and to take pride in their schoolhouses, and they will set a more worthy valuation on education.

At all events, the two movements of the mind are likely to go on pretty nearly together; and I suggest, as a practical course to be pursued by those persons in any town or village who are earnestly interested in the improvement of education there, that they give their energy to making the schoolhouse the most beautiful public building in the place. It should be spacious, and it should be well set. A garden, a common, about a schoolhouse would at once give it distinction. In a recent number of this magazine¹ some excellent observations

¹ See C. Howard Walker's paper in *The Atlantic* for December, 1894.

were made upon the architectural enrichment of schoolhouses; the considerations were perhaps more appropriately for city buildings, but the principles involved are more readily applicable in towns and villages where greater space may be given for the proper placing of a building. In like manner, though the town may have its library and its museum, it is of great consequence that books, pictures, casts, and mural decoration should render the interiors of school buildings something more than shelters for teachers and pupils. When it is considered that schools have deliberately or by compulsion of circumstance taken upon themselves many of the functions of domestic life, it becomes all the more important that every child should get in the schoolroom the best that any well-ordered house can give; there is a communistic duty of leveling which the school can perform better than any other institution. We look for the day when the schoolhouse shall have not only choice editions of good books on its shelves, reproductions of the best art on its walls, and a well-chosen neighborhood museum, but a conservatory, not for botanical uses, but for the pleasure to the eye, as it is in the homes of the rich; and if there is only one fountain in the village, it should be in the schoolhouse court or garden.

We are met, however, with the very natural objection that the schoolhouse, though concentrating the attention of the public, especially of the part that has children, can be only in a very limited sense the centre of the town life; that, as intimated, the library affords a positive distraction from this notion. Under present conditions, this is, no doubt, the case; and if we left the subject here, we should be forcing the note and attempting to make an artificial centre. Yet there is involved in the notion of the common school the germ, I believe, of a larger plant. It is only in a partial way that the high school supplements and carries forward the work of the com-

mon school. It is even open to question whether, upon leaving the lower grade, we are not entering a territory best occupied by voluntary organizations or endowed establishments; whether, in fact, we are not to see such a solidarity of secondary schools, colleges, and universities as will send back the people at large to a more exclusive regard for that fundamental part of the system which they can best control because they are nearest to it and most in relation to it. What I conceive as possible is such a liberalizing of the notion of education as will familiarize those who are constantly connected with the common schools with the conception of an expansion of the idea as a permanent element in town and village life, where the common school is a most distinct factor.

As we have laid emphasis upon the structure and appointment of the schoolhouse itself, so here we apply the same principle. I would have at least one schoolhouse in the town provided with a commodious hall. It has been the custom to connect these halls with libraries, or to make them a feature of the town office-building. If, however, the schoolhouse of the future, architecturally admirable and fair within, contained also a gathering-place for the people desirous of availing themselves of farther educational facilities, the transition from school to lecture or exhibition would be made with greater ease. The notion of university extension, though imported, has taken some root, but it is at present a little too dissociated from the notion of common-school education. The real junction between the higher institutions of learning and the schools of the people will come about when the schools themselves have become more distinctly an expression of the village or town life. In our cities, evening schools are performing something of this function of expanding common-school education, but rather as a repair of defects than as an enlargement of work already done. There is large op-

portunity for the organization of education upon common-school lines above and beyond the time now given to the common school. The question, How shall we preserve the spirit of learning which is or should be induced in the common school so as to make it operative beyond schooldays? is one of the great problems to be solved to-day. There are signs of experiments, especially in the West, which promise important developments. The reading circles, both of teachers and pupils, the many literary clubs which

demand study as well as discussion, the extension of the library idea into school use, all these are signs of a true awakening. It is for the wise and thoughtful in every community to guide these forces into great channels, and we are convinced that the common-school system, so flexible, so capable of enrichment, offers the natural, available medium for unlimited development. It holds the key to the situation in any problem we may encounter when considering the momentous subject of American civilization.

Horace E. Scudder.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT OF THE MIDDLE OF THE CENTURY.¹

WHAT was first called "Christian Socialism" in England, — a very different thing, I need hardly say, from that which now calls itself so in Germany or Austria, — although the name was not adopted till 1850, dates in fact, as a self-conscious effort, from what Mr. Maurice once called "that awful year 1848," which he said he should "always look upon as one of the great epochs in history."² Socialism — we should always take care not to narrow that word to the creed of this or that group of the day, which may arrogate to itself a special right to it — then burst out of obscurity as a power capable of upsetting thrones. The idea of working together instead of working against one another, of possessing together instead of possessing exclusively for one's self, had taken hold of the workers themselves more or less in all the capitals and great towns of Europe, but more especially in that capital which

then, much more than now, led the popular thought of the Continent, — Paris. Be it observed that the Socialism of those days was not the atheistic Socialism of the later German schools. All the Socialist leaders of the Continent were French, and, however far they might be from Christianity, not one of them professed or inculcated atheism. The earliest among them, a child of the first French revolution, Fourier, inveighed against atheism and materialism; and if, with the strangest irreverence, he ranked God as one of three first principles with Nature and Mathematics, he recognized Him as Creator, as the source of unity and distributive justice, as the universal Providence, and held that our social evils acted as a limit on his justice and goodness. St. Simon's last work was entitled *A Treatise on the New Christianity*, and professed to show the means of carrying out the law of

¹ The following pages embody an address delivered to a clerical meeting in London, October, 1895.

² Speech at a meeting of Working Men's Colleges at Manchester, 5 January, 1859, printed in the *Working Men's College Magazine*,

vol. i. p. 29, Supplement for February, 1859. Curiously enough, Mr. Maurice, as pointed out in a letter signed "Jonathan Dryasdust," and printed on pp. 72, 73 of the same volume, quite inverted on this occasion the sequence of events at the beginning of the movement.

God. Proudhon began his eccentric career by a prize essay on the Celebration of Sunday. Cabet, a pure Communist, of very inferior intellectual calibre to the men I have mentioned, called the work in which he set forth his social views True Christianity. Louis Blanc urged men to have "a brave enough trust in God's justice to struggle against the permanence of evil and its lying immortality." In one of his most remarkable works, that on Christianity and its Democratic Origin, Pierre Leroux wrote that "if Christianity be wholly a gross error of the human mind, the best thing to do is to doubt everything, and declare forever the human spirit incapable of establishing any moral truth on a solid basis." The most practical of all the French Socialist leaders, Buchez, was at once an ardent democrat and a convinced Roman Catholic. Even in England, if Robert Owen, in his celebrated address at the London Tavern, August 21, 1817, declared that "in all the religions which have been hitherto forced on the minds of men, deep, dangerous, and lamentable principles of disunion, division, and separation" had been "fast entwined with all their fundamental dogmas," yet so far was he from opposing Christianity as such that a few minutes before he had declared that "individualized man¹ and all that is truly valuable in Christianity are so separated as to be utterly incapable of union through all eternity. Let those," he said, "who are interested for the universal adoption of Christianity endeavor to understand this." Working altogether in the shade, the mystic Greaves, the "Sacred Socialist," taught that "all human laws not in accordance with divine laws are founded on error."

When I put all these utterances of

mid-century Socialism together, I feel, far more deeply even than I did in 1848 that, with whatever false and even immoral teaching they were mixed, they represented a passionate cry for a uniting Christ. To that cry the churches, without one single exception, were deaf. Instead of seeking to understand the movement, to distinguish in it between what was genuine, living, hopeful, and what was false, excessive, dangerous, they looked on bewildered, or joined with its opponents to hoot and crush the whole thing down. Only here and there a minister of religion heard that cry. On the Continent, I can really recall but one name at the time I speak of, that of Philippe Boucher, a minister of the French Calvinist Church, but he had no helpers.² The first clergyman to hear the cry in England was Frederick Denison Maurice, then professor of English literature and modern history and of theology at King's College, and chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. One of the most valuable amongst his published volumes, that on *The Lord's Prayer*, contained sermons preached between February 13 and April 9, 1848, and consequently covers the outbreak of the French revolution of February in that year. In the sermon of March 5, on the words "Thy will be done, as in heaven so in earth," the following passages may be noted: "How can one ever make it a charge against any people that they hope for a brotherhood upon earth? . . . Every hope points upwards; if it cannot find an object, it is in search of one; you cannot crush it without robbing your fellow-creature of a witness for God and an instrument of purification. . . . Christianity as a mere system of doctrines or practices will never make men brothers.

¹ That is, man separated from his fellows, reduced to a mere individual.

² I do not reckon Lamennais, who was already inhibited from preaching. It was not till years afterwards that Bishop Ketteler of Mainz began to express a guarded sympathy

with the movement in his work *The Labor Question and Christianity* (*Die Arbeiterfrage und das Christenthum*), 1864; carefully avoiding, however, if I recollect aright, even to mention Socialism by name.

By Christianity we must understand the reconciliation of mankind to God in Christ, we must understand the power and privilege of saying 'Our Father — Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.' . . . This prayer . . . does not treat the projects of men for universal societies, unbounded pantisocracies, as too large. It overreaches them all with these words, 'as in heaven.'” The whole spirit of Christian Socialism is in such passages, though the term was not used, as I have said, till two years later.

It would be affectation for me to seek to conceal the share which I may have had in leading Mr. Maurice to the expression of such views. Seven years later, in dedicating to me his volume on *Learning and Working*, he spoke of a letter which he had received from me early in the year 1848, when I had seen Paris immediately after the expulsion of the Orleans family, as having “had a very powerful effect” upon his thoughts at the time, and having “given a direction to them ever since.” I had dear ones in Paris when the revolution took place; I had reached the city by the first train that entered it on the railway that I had chosen; I had spent much of my stay in the streets, which offered the most marvelous spectacle I have ever witnessed. The gagging of public opinion by the Louis-Philippist régime having suddenly ceased, the whole city seemed bubbling out into speech. A man brought a stool or a chair, got up on it, and began to speak on any conceivable subject. If two men spoke a little loudly together in the street, a group formed round them in two minutes. Well-nigh all Paris was from morning till night one Athenian *agora*; or, say, what the northeast corner of Hyde Park is to-day in London of a Sunday afternoon, except that what is now the routine of open-air speaking was then an eagerly sought novelty.

¹ Priests were sometimes asked to bless, and did bless, the planting of “trees of liberty.”

And the keynote of all was that this was not a political but a social revolution, and the largest groups always indicated a speaker on some social subject. There was no hostility to religion and none to its outward manifestations, as there had been at the revolution of 1830, when I had been living in Paris: priests, instead of putting on civil dresses, passed in their clerical costumes unmolested through the streets; Sisters of Charity met with nothing but affectionate sympathy. I never saw a priest or a minister of any denomination address the crowd.¹ The conviction was forced upon me that Socialism must be Christianized, but that only a truly social Christianity could do the work. Such was the purport of the letter in question.

The state of things in England was different. The popular movement here was still mainly political, not social. Chartism was the chief disturbing force. And although there had latterly been a disposition among the Chartists to take up social questions, it must never be forgotten that the “six points” of the “People’s Charter” — universal suffrage, annual parliaments, vote by ballot, equal electoral districts, payment of members, and no property qualification — dealt with no single subject which would now be called a social one. Still, the abortive Chartist meeting of the 10th April, 1848, was unquestionably the direct result of the French social revolution of February.

I have told elsewhere (*Economic Review* for October, 1893) — and the story is also told more or less in the *Life* of Maurice and that of Kingsley (not quite correctly in the latter) — how the accident of my not having cared to claim a special constable’s truncheon brought me into contact and friendship with Charles Kingsley; how a placard by the latter addressed to the “Workmen of Eng-
But I never witnessed this to me unmeaning ceremony.

land" was posted all over London; how the issue was decided on of a weekly periodical, *Politics for the People*, of which Mr. Maurice and I were joint editors. Properly speaking, that journal represents the beginning of the Christian Socialist movement in its application to political subjects; but we took the word "politics" in its broadest sense, since we claimed that not only "the rights of a man in the eyes of the law, and his functions, if any, in the business of government," but "the rate of his wages, and the interest he gets for his money, and the state of his dwelling, and the cut of his coat, and the print he stops to look at, and the tune he hums, and the books he reads, and the talk he has with his neighbors, and the love he bears to his wife and children and friends, and the blessing he asks of his God, — ay, and still more, the love which he does *not* bear to others, and the blessing he does *not* ask of his God, — are all political matters." The paper lasted three months only. But its results were not unimportant. Round a nucleus, at the centre of which was Mr. Maurice, consisting at first of Kingsley, his friend Charles Mansfield, and myself, it brought a band of young or middle-aged men from the educated classes, anxious to help their fellows, who began soon to meet one evening a week at Mr. Maurice's house. The extinction of *Politics for the People* only led to another kind of work, the setting-up of a free evening school, — at first only for men, but into which boys, too, soon forced their way, — in a yard off Great Ormond Street (nearly opposite what is now the Working Men's College), with a very rough population, which (in conjunction with a girls' school under a mistress paid by us) it ended by civilizing. A few months later, a series of weekly meetings commenced for reading the Bible under Mr. Maurice's guidance, a deeply interesting account of which, by one of the most valuable members of our little group,

Charles Mansfield, will be found in Mr. Maurice's *Life*. These were continued for several years, and I shall always say were the very heart of the movement while they lasted. Many of us, I may observe, were in the habit of attending the Sunday afternoon services at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, when the chaplain preached.

Moreover, in the very month of July, 1848, which was the last of *Politics for the People's* brief life, there had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* the first part of *Yeast*; and though the ill health of its author brought the work to an untimely conclusion in December of that year, it had given unmistakable proof that we had in our little band a novelist of real genius, one who looked straight at the evils of the day and could speak plainly upon them. And we had another amongst us who, although none of us guessed it, was destined before many years were over to write a work of wide-spreading influence, under the guise of a mere novel for boys, the future author of *Tom Brown's School-Days*, who had joined us just when we were planning our free school in Little Ormond Yard. For a time, and indeed for years afterwards, we knew in "Tom Hughes" — as his honor Judge Hughes, Q. C., is still for all his old friends — only the most active of fellow-workers, the most genial of companions.

But we were still only feeling our way. To say nothing of our clerical fellow-workers, two or three of us laymen had taken part in parochial work, and had come into contact with working men. But not a single one of us knew any working man to whom he could go as a friend. Yet meanwhile, unconsciously to ourselves, we had opened up a way to what was needed. *Politics for the People* had had a few — a very few — working men readers, and two or three working men correspondents. They were attracted by the tone of the paper, and yet distrusted it. When it failed, they recognized

that it had been a genuine attempt to reach their class. One of these men was a tailor in Fetter Lane, a Scotchman, brought up in the narrowest Calvinism, but from whom all faith had dropped away, and who had become a lecturer upon Strauss, then the leading infidel teacher. A dear friend of mine, a Scripture reader with whom I had become connected in parochial work, directed my attention to this man, and, he having prepared the way, I called upon him. It was Walter Cooper, who for some years did excellent work with us, but, alas, eventually went to the bad altogether. Whilst perfectly courteous, he was very outspoken. Yet he admitted himself to have been struck by a new tone in Politics for the People, and was anxious to know more about the men connected with it. I persuaded him to go to hear Mr. Maurice. He went, and was at first perfectly bewildered, but went again and again, till he understood, and then became a regular attendant. I introduced him to Mr. Maurice, and to several other of our friends. He brought one or two of his own to Lincoln's Inn Chapel. He suggested that Mr. Maurice should meet the working men. This led to a series of conferences beginning in April, 1849, which brought Mr. Maurice and his friends into direct contact with all that was most thoughtful and most earnest in the London working class, together with a good deal that was merely frothy and unreal. It was clear after a few months that the questions which lay nearest to the hearts of these London working men were no longer political, but social ones. And a powerful stimulus in this direction was being afforded by the publication in the *Morning Chronicle*¹ of three series of letters on Labor and the Poor, by its own commissioners, which commenced while the conferences were going on, and were soon found to contain the most awful revelations as to the con-

dition of the working class, both in London and in the provinces.

That autumn I went over to Paris. It was the golden time of the *associations ouvrières*, — societies for productive coöperation. I say "golden time" in a moral sense, for if they were no longer persecuted by the government, as they had been after the insurrection of June, 1848 (although I was assured that, with scarcely any exceptions,² the men of not one of the associations had descended into the streets), still they were viewed with disfavor by the ruling *bourgeoisie*. But never before or since have I seen anything to equal the zeal, the self-devotion, the truly brotherly spirit which pervaded these coöperative workshops. It seemed to me that they offered the best material solution for the immediate difficulties of the labor question in England as well as in France. I told what I had seen to my friends, and they were all of opinion that funds should, if possible, be raised for setting up an association of working men in London on a basis similar to that adopted in Paris. The tailoring trade, Walter Cooper assured us, was ripe for the experiment. It was agreed to begin with this, he to be manager of the association. At the same time, Mr. Maurice took up again an idea which he had already entertained when Politics for the People was started, that of a series of tracts, which came out as Tracts on Christian Socialism. And if Little Ormond Yard school had given us T. Hughes for a fellow-worker, the setting up of a coöperative association brought us in time another most valuable recruit, Edward Vansittart Neale.

I have dwelt on these early days of the movement in order, if possible, to bring out its spirit. One often hears it said that the old Christian Socialism aimed only at setting up little associations of working men who should carry on trade

¹ Not the same journal as the present London Daily Chronicle.

² Chiefly among the associated cooks.

on their own account and share the profits. Nothing of the kind. From its earliest years the movement was political; it was educational; it was religious; I might add, it was sanitarian, for (not to speak of some excellent sanitary articles in *Politics for the People*, — for example, on the baking trade, by Dr. Guy, who, however, did not follow us later on) in the autumn of 1849 we carried on a little sanitarian crusade against a particular plague spot in Bermondsey, and projected a Health League with shilling subscriptions, but of this plan Mr. Maurice would not hear. At the very time when we were setting up our first little association, the volume of *Fraser's Magazine* for 1850 opened with an article (by myself) based upon the *Morning Chronicle* letters on Labor and the Poor, and under that title (reprinted in 1852 in a series of Tracts by Christian Socialists). In this will be found a good deal that many people think to be novelties of the present day. I have heard the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes speak at a meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber of the demand for a "living wage" as a new thing. I can only say that it was the claim of the working class before 1850, and that the article in question put forth the demand — granted within the last few years to a certain extent — that government contracts should be given only to "some fair-dealing man who shall pay his work people living wages" (the singular "wage" was not then an accepted term). If the article recommended (though in other language) coöperation both in production and in consumption, it warned its readers against putting their trust in any single panacea; recommended within certain limits emigration, the revision of the customs tariff, the finding of new employments for women, reforms in the prison and workhouse systems; suggested (what has since been carried out) government clothing workshops; above all, urged the Church to "put forth all

her strength to grapple with the hundred-headed evil;" declared that "the care of the sick, the reformation of the prisoner, the government of the adult pauper, the training of the pauper child, . . . required both a special and religious vocation in the individual, and the support and comfort of an organized fellowship," so that "we must have orders of nurses, orders of prison attendants, orders of workhouse masters, workhouse matrons, workhouse teachers, perhaps parish surgeons." But the article also proclaimed that the remedy for social evils lay, not "in any system or theory, not in any party cry or economical machinery, but in a thorough change of spirit. 'Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me,' must be the cry of this whole nation. We must feel that we are members of one society, having common profit and common loss; members of one church, many members under one Head; members, to use that most wonderful saying of the Apostle, members one of another." I do not mean to say that all the views thus expressed were shared by all my fellow-workers; some of them I may hold now only in a modified form. But they fairly show what subjects were being discussed amongst us, and prove, I think, that we were not mere men of a hobby, and had not any the slightest notion that coöperative productive associations were to be a cure for all social evils. But we did think them, and I do think them now, the best remedy — however difficult of application — as yet devised against the evils of the competitive system in trade, the anti-Christian system of "every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost."

Against that system a ringing blow was struck by Kingsley's *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, which was founded mainly, like the article in *Fraser*, on the revelations of the *Morning Chronicle*. This came out almost simultaneously with the opening of the *Working Tailors' Associa-*

tion, selling largely from the first. It was not one of the actual Tracts on Christian Socialism, but was afterwards reprinted as the second of the Tracts by Christian Socialists. And already since early in 1849 (February) Kingsley had been at work on another novel, at first called *The Autobiography of a Cockney Poet*, but eventually published in August, 1850, as *Alton Locke*, and the success of which gave the publishers of Fraser's Magazine courage, in the following year, to reissue *Yeast* as a volume.

To the Tracts on Christian Socialism the title was given by Mr. Maurice himself, as being, he wrote, "the only title which will define our object, and will commit us at once to the conflict we must engage in sooner or later with the un-Social Christians and the un-Christian Socialists." The first of these Tracts, by himself, the *Dialogue between Somebody* (a person of respectability) and *Nobody* (the writer), contains that broad exposition of Socialism which can never be too often quoted against any who would force that great word into the narrow limits of their own creed or their own hate: "The watchword of the Socialist is Co-operation; the watchword of the anti-Socialist is Competition. Any one who recognizes the principle of coöperation as a stronger and truer principle than that of competition has a right to the honor or the disgrace of being called a Socialist." How little we thought of confining our Socialism to profit-sharing associations is shown by the fact that, out of the eight Tracts on Christian Socialism, one (the third) is entitled *What Christian Socialism has to do with the Question which is now agitating the Church* (referring to a late Privy Council decision on the subject of baptism); another is a *Dialogue between A and B, two Clergymen, on the Doctrine of Circumstances as it affects Priests and People*; and a third is *A Clergyman's Answer to the Question "On what grounds can you associate with men*

generally?" whilst the subsequent series of Tracts by Christian Socialists began with one on *English History* (all four being by Mr. Maurice).

Early in 1850, the starting of the first association of working tailors, with funds advanced by ourselves, having brought in applications from workmen in various other trades, the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations (a name afterwards changed, owing to legislation which I shall presently advert to, into that of Association for Promoting Industrial and Provident Societies) was established. It was divided into two branches: the Promoters, represented by a council, the second of whose functions was "to diffuse the principles of co-operation, as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry;" and the Associates, that is the members of the associations connected with the society, represented by a Central Board. In November, 1850, the *Christian Socialist*, a weekly paper, was started, and carried on till the end of 1851, to be succeeded for six months by the *Journal of Association*.¹

Into the story of the early associations I need not enter. They all failed. The first established one, that of the tailors, lasted longest, about nine years, and was then broken up through the dishonesty of the manager, that same Walter Cooper whom I have mentioned as our first working man ally, — a failure all the more painful as he had become somewhat prominently connected with the church, and vicar's churchwarden of All Saints, Margaret Street. Looking back, I am not in the least surprised at such failures. We had tried (and were, I still consider, right in trying) coöperation on its more difficult side, that of production (not that coöperation in consumption and distribution was entirely neglected, for two or three coöperative stores

¹ There is an existing Christian Socialist journal, but it has no connection with the *Christian Socialist* of 1850-51.

were established, and Vansittart Neale set up a Central Agency, which lasted many years, and prefigured the splendid Coöperative Wholesale societies of our day). We tried the experiment with men utterly new to the thing, and for the most part what the French would call the *déclassés* of the labor world, men of small or no resources and generally little skill. The trade-unions — themselves having no legal recognition — looked for the most part askance on coöperation. Moreover, when we started work, it was virtually impossible to obtain a legal constitution for our associations, unless under the then ruinous form of a company, and that only with unlimited liability. Hence much of our effort had to be devoted to the obtaining such a change of the law as would render coöperation legally practicable. We were able, fortunately, to lay the case of the working men fully before a House of Commons Committee on the Savings and Investments of the Middle and Working Classes, to interest several M. P.'s in the matter, and eventually to obtain the passing of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, 1852, drawn by us, the first of a sequence which still continues. That act, however, still withheld limited liability from coöperative societies; nor was this granted till 1862, seven years after it had been given to companies. And without a limitation of liability, English working men will not associate together in any number.

Again, the Christian Socialist movement brought its promoters into connection with trade-unions, — of all forms of association the one still dearest to the bulk of the skilled workers of the United Kingdom. For, if the greater number of trade-unions, especially the smaller and less educated ones, looked askance upon coöperation, as I have said, we were sought after by that one which contains the very *élite* of the working class, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers; and to nothing in my life do I look back

with more satisfaction than to the endeavors I made — in conjunction with Vansittart Neale, T. Hughes, the present Marquis of Ripon, and other friends — towards obtaining a fair hearing for them during the great lockout of engineers in 1852. From the friendly relations then formed between members of the educated classes and the pick of the working class — relations which were extended and confirmed through the establishment of the Working Men's College — may be traced, I believe, by direct filiation, one of the latest and most promising social experiments of our day, the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, established in June last; and one of the two chairmen of sections of this union was the secretary of the very society (the Amalgamated Society of Engineers) which it was the object of the lockout of 1852 to crush out of existence.

But even in reference to coöperation itself Christian Socialism did not die out. Before ceasing to direct the movement, our association provided for itself a substitute, calling together, in July, 1852, a Coöperative Conference, of delegates from coöperative bodies throughout the country, by which an executive committee was appointed, and similar conferences were called from year to year. To this body our association, in November, 1854, virtually resigned the direction of the movement. Those conferences, confined latterly to the societies of Lancashire and Yorkshire, were, I believe, continued without break till 1860, when the first Coöperative Congress was called in London, parent of an unbroken annual series which still continues. On the list of its convening committee, in 1860, appear the names of Charles Kingsley, T. Hughes, E. Vansittart Neale, my own, and those of three other members of our old body, besides those of various working men with whom we had been brought into contact; T. Hughes presided on the opening day. Later on, in 1879, it was two old Christian Socialists, T. Hughes

and Vansittart Neale, who were charged by the Coöperative Union, the outcome of these congresses, with the drawing up of a Manual for Coöperators. Scholarships at Oriel College have been founded by the coöperative body in their two names, and for many years Vansittart Neale held office with unwearied zeal and patience as the secretary of the Coöperative Union. Finally, at the holding, in August last, of an International Coöperative Congress, one of the old Christian Socialists remained to be asked to take the chair on one of the days of meeting, and another to hold it in his place. The breath of the older Christian Socialism is on English coöperation to this day.

Moreover, when our association abdicated, so far as coöperation was concerned, in favor of the committee appointed by the Coöperative Conference, it did not go out of existence; its energies were simply transferred in the main, with help from outside, to another field, which it had already opened up. For a twelvemonth we had held classes in various subjects in our Hall of Association, chiefly, but not exclusively, for working associates and their families, and Mr. Maurice's Bible class had been transferred to the hall, and was held on Sunday evenings instead of Saturdays. These classes were now expanded into the Working Men's College, of which Mr. Maurice became the principal. This still subsists and flourishes after forty-one years of existence, and is looked upon with singular affection by its students. From it, again, have grown other institutions, the most interesting of which is the South London Art Gallery and Library, established by a most remarkable man, the first student Fellow of the Working Men's College, W. Rossiter. The college, moreover, brought to us as teachers men who, without sharing our views in religious matters, it may be, were in turn brought thereby into contact with the working class, and learned to understand it and sympathize with it;

several of them have shown themselves its true friends. I speak of such men as Frederic Harrison and Sir Godfrey Lushington. Certainly, to the minority report of the late Lord Lichfield, F. Harrison, and T. Hughes, as members of the Trade-Union Commission appointed in 1867, is mainly due the Trade-Union Act of 1871 and all subsequent legislation on the subject.

I may seem to have been dwelling too much on what I may call external results; but the Christian Socialist movement was, above all things, a leaven, leavening the whole of English society. It is impossible to measure the effects of Kingsley's novels and poetry on the generation which grew up under their influence; and by their side came to place themselves Hughes's two novels, *Tom Brown* (first published in 1857) and *Tom Brown at Oxford*, the teaching of which, I believe, has gone deeper still. I can only say that, nowadays, I find boys fresh from school, girls from the governess's room, with minds at once better instructed and more open on social subjects than were those of their fathers and mothers thirty or forty years ago.

The name of our master, Maurice, may seem, in these recollections, to have dropped out of sight. A man whose sensitiveness was all but morbid, for many years he kept out of any active connection with the various movements directly springing from the Christian Socialist one; not from want of sympathy, which never failed on his part, but from fear of compromising them by his name and aid. But never in his teaching did he depart by one hair's breadth from the principles which he had sought to lay down. I find the whole spirit of Christian Socialism in the last pages of his last work, the *Lectures on Social Morality*: "We want for the establishment and rectification of our Social Morality not to dream ourselves into some imaginary past or some imaginary future, but to use that which we have, to

believe our own professions, to live as if all we utter when we seem to be most in earnest were not a lie. Then we may find that the principle and habit of self-sacrifice which is expressed in the most comprehensive human worship supplies the underground for national Equity, Freedom, Courage, for the courtesies of common intercourse, the homely virtues and graces which can be brought under no rules, but which constitute the chief charm of life, and tend most to abate its miseries. Then every tremendous struggle with ourselves, whether we shall degrade our fellow-creatures, men or women, or live to raise them, — struggles to which God is not indifferent, if we are, — may issue in a real belief that we are members one of another, and that every injury to one is an injury to the whole body. Then it will be found that refinement and grace are the property of no class, that they may be the inheritance of those who are as poor as Christ and his apostles were, because they are human. So will there be discovered beneath all the politics of the earth, sustaining the order of each country, upholding the charity of each household, a city which

has foundations, whose builder and maker is God. It must be for all kindreds and races; therefore, with the Sectarianism which rends Humanity asunder, with the Imperialism which would substitute for Universal Fellowship a Universal Death, must it wage implacable war. Against these we pray as often as we ask that God's will may be done on Earth as it is in Heaven."

In concluding, I may observe that I have not dwelt on those attacks that in the early years of which I have spoken, met us from all sides, and in the case of Mr. Maurice rose to bitter persecution. All parties in Church and State treated us alike as dangerous madmen. For some years, at least, I do not think there was any one of us who did not suffer more or less in his profession or prospects for having dared to call himself a Christian Socialist; and a few there were who, having put their hand to the plough, looked back. For myself, whilst thanking God for having granted me to take part in the Christian Socialist efforts of the mid-century, I can only feel ashamed that I did not do more and do better.

J. M. Ludlow.

SETTLERS IN THE CITY WILDERNESS.

IN a railroad train in Pennsylvania, one of the native Germans of the State was recently heard asking his companion if they were "on zis side of Norristown or ze oder side." An equal vagueness, so far as any accurate comparative study of the one half and "the other half" of the population of cities is concerned, has existed until almost the present time. It is evident enough that there has always been a hither and a yonder side of the point of division, but it is no less clear that the industrial conditions of city life have never before emphasized the divi-

sion as it is emphasized to-day. The fruits of this study of differences have come to what is known as "the reading public" mainly through the medium of fiction and the treatment of fact which pictures and the magazines render easily digestible. It would be interesting to know just how much of the popularity of tales like Gallegher, Chimmie Fadden, and Julian Ralph's *People We Pass* lies in the skill of the writers, and how much in a public curiosity concerning the type of humanity with which they deal. That they are widely, and on the

score of their cleverness not unreasonably liked, and that they are eminently of our own decade, there is not a shadow of doubt.

The public ear has also been reached by scattered words from and about the "settlements" of cultivated men and women in the poorest portions of great cities. Happily, the time is past when everybody need be told just what these enterprises are; yet the number of well-informed persons who contrive to maintain ignorance concerning them is often, at this late day, a matter of wonder to those who have followed their work. These wonderers should remember, however, that most of their own knowledge comes from reports, pamphlets, and the few books foreordained, as it were, to fall especially into their hands. The book which is to make the knowledge of the subject universal is still to be written, but from the volume before us¹ a very adequate conception of the work done by the American settlement which has probably had the widest opportunities and activities is to be gained.

Hull-House, in its definition of itself, differs from the other settlements in that the word "social" takes the place of the more familiar "college" or "university." It has the distinction, also, of counting among its residents both women and men. Women are in the majority, the total usually numbering about twenty. It is not to be supposed that all of these devote their entire time to the service of the House; but the Appendix at the end of the volume, giving an outline of the work that has grown up since two residents began it six years ago, is proof enough that many heads and hands are kept constantly busy. The House is situated at the heart of one of the most crowded, poor, and vicious city districts of the world. Into the daily life of this

community it has brought a train of civilizing influences too many even to name in completeness here. In forms adapted to the understanding of the people, it has given them books, music, and pictures, with every help to their fuller apprehension; it has brought about better sanitary conditions; it has entered with sympathy into the puzzling labor questions of its neighbors, showing the workers in the sewing trade, men and women, how their wretched state could be improved by organization, providing a meeting-place for young unions, giving sober counsel in times of strike, and even arbitrating successfully between employers and employed. Most important of all, it may be, in far-reaching results, it has taken to itself the children of the neighborhood, teaching them that there are other things to love than the streets, nourishing their starved imaginations, and filling their minds, by example quite as effectively as by precept, with images of a higher life than that into which the accident of birth has thrust them. The very beginnings of the settlement work were made in England only ten years ago, and until the children whom it has touched shall have grown to manhood and womanhood, and carried some leaven of the settlement influence into the lives of their cities, it is too early to count the full measure of its success. To illustrate the single point of stimulus to the imagination, — a point, as some will say, of lesser moment, — an incident may well be cited: "One club [of children] has had a consecutive course of legends and tales of chivalry. There is no doubt that the more imaginative children learn to look upon the House as a gateway into a magic land, and get a genuine taste of the delights of literature. One boy, after a winter of Charlemagne stories, flung himself, half cry-

¹ *Hull-House Maps and Papers. A Presentation of Nationalities and Wages in a Congested District of Chicago; Together with Comments and Essays on Problems growing out of the*

Social Conditions. By Residents of Hull-House, a Social Settlement, at 335 South Halstead St., Chicago, Ill. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1895.

ing, from the house, and said that 'there was no good in coming any more now that Prince Roland was dead.' "

The few pages describing the work of the House, however, were evidently intended by the compilers of the book to attract much less attention than the maps, the comments on them, and the separate papers of which the volume is made up. In every instance the writers have been residents of the House, and the papers represent the serious sociological study of the settlement, — a part of the work which the more noticeable social and humanizing elements are sometimes likely to obscure.

The two maps accompanying the book represent in a very vivid manner the nationalities and the wages of the people occupying the third of a square mile east of Hull-House. They were prepared in 1893 in connection with the work of Mrs. Florence Kelley, a resident of the House, acting at the time under government appointment as a Special Agent Expert, in *A Special Investigation of the Slums of Great Cities*, ordered by Congress and performed by the Department of Labor. The entire time of four men for more than four months was spent in a door-to-door inquiry into the condition of the district. At Hull-House the result of their labors was put into the graphic form which the maps modeled upon Mr. Charles Booth's famous map of East London have taken. The details of what they reveal must be seen upon the maps themselves. Concerning the divisions of the eighteen nationalities herded into this third of a mile, it is worth while to transcribe the following: "The Italians, the Russian and Polish Jews, and the Bohemians lead in numbers and importance. The Irish control the polls; while the Germans, although they make up more than a third of Chicago's population, are not very numerous in this neighborhood; and the Scandinavians, who fill north-west Chicago, are a mere handful. Sev-

eral Chinese in basement laundries, a dozen Arabians, about as many Greeks, a few Syrians, and seven Turks engaged in various occupations at the World's Fair give a cosmopolitan flavor to the region, but are comparatively inconsiderable in interest." As the abodes of members of each of these races are shown by separate colors or combinations of colors, the map of nationalities is more like a patchwork quilt than the sober checker-board which usually outlines a city's streets. The wage-map is a trifle less variegated; for, dealing with families, its colors represent only six grades of income, ranging from "\$5 a week and less" to "over \$20." The largest class in the district appears to be that receiving between \$5 and \$10. It is too much to expect absolute accuracy in maps such as these, especially when it is remembered that the population is constantly shifting. This exactness, indeed, is disclaimed; yet the maps render possible an easy apprehension of the nature and condition of the community in which Hull-House is doing its work. And for the higher spirit and purpose of the maps, the writer of the comments upon them speaks a word of wide application to all work for the poor: "Insistent probing into the lives of the poor would come with bad grace even from government officials, were the statistics obtained so inconsiderable as to afford no working basis for further improvement. The determination to turn on the search-light of inquiry must be steady and persistent to obtain definite results, and all spasmodic and sensational throbs of curious interest are ineffectual as well as unjustifiable. The painful nature of minute investigation and the personal impertinence of many of the questions asked would be undurable, were it not for the conviction that the public conscience, when roused, must demand better surroundings for the most inert and long-suffering citizens of the commonwealth. Merely to state

symptoms, and go no farther, would be idle; but to state symptoms in order to ascertain the nature of the disease, and apply, it may be, its cure, is not only scientific, but in the highest sense humanitarian."

Having thus by the maps and the comments upon them shown with what sorts of people the House must deal, the book proceeds with papers on various topics affecting their interests. In their trade relations the sweating system presents the most distressing problems, and the report upon it by Mrs. Florence Kelley, State Inspector of Factories and Workshops for Illinois, gives a picture of the misery it entails, all the more tragic for the manifest, grim truthfulness of it all. Nor is the appeal for reform made to the more favored classes on humanitarian grounds alone. Perhaps it is as well that a motive of selfishness may enter into their endeavors for a change. "It is a fact," observes Mrs. Kelley, "of which the public has remained curiously ignorant, that the worst forms of danger to the wearers of garments are found in heavier proportion in the manufacture of expensive custom-made clothing than in the ready-made clothing trade. . . . A striking example may serve to illustrate the point. I have myself found on Bunker Street a brick tenement-house filled with Bohemian and Jewish tenants engaged in the tailoring trade and in peddling. In the ground floor, front flat, which was exceedingly clean, I found a tailor at work, one Sunday afternoon, upon a broad-cloth dress-coat belonging to an evening suit of the finest quality, such as sell for from \$70 to \$100. On a bed about five feet from the table at which the tailor was working, his son lay dying of typhoid fever. The boy died on the following day; and the coat, when finished, was returned to the merchant tailor, and delivered to the customer without fumigation or other precaution." It should be added that the words "exceedingly clean"

could not possibly be used in other instances which Mrs. Kelley relates. A paper on the Wage-Earning Children of Chicago, by Mrs. Kelley and an assistant inspector, gives an equally pitiful picture of a sad condition, and, like the preceding paper, makes intelligent suggestions for its betterment.

Three other articles, written, if there is anything in a name, respectively by a Jew, a Bohemian, and an Italian, have for their topics The Chicago Ghetto, The Bohemian People in Chicago, and Remarks upon the Italian Colony in Chicago. Not the least interesting portion of the paper on the Jews describes the work of the chosen people on its own behalf. The thoroughness of Hebrew charitable work has long been recognized, but the fact of its extension along all the lines of Gentile humanitarian endeavor must come to many readers with something of surprise. The foundation of the Maxwell Street settlement, where two young college-bred Hebrews have come to live in the midst of the Ghetto, is one of the more recent undertakings. The subjects of study in the classes which the settlement provides range from "George Eliot" to "bookkeeping;" and, among the independent literary clubs of the district, record is made of a society for the study of Hebrew literature, which listens to lectures in pure Hebrew, — not the Jüdisch jargon of the Jewish playhouses, — and keeps its minutes in the same undefiled tongue.

Americans, however, have grown somewhat familiar with the persistent individuality of Jewish life, whatever its surroundings may be, but they cannot all have realized that, in Chicago, they may boast of possessing the third largest city of Bohemians in the world, with a population from sixty to seventy thousand in number. If John Boyle O'Reilly were living to sing that there is no land like Bohemia, he would be forced to admit that there is a city, with a lake-front for its seacoast, very like it. The social,

religious, political, and trade life of the Bohemians is shown in its various distinctive aspects. The writer demonstrates their ability to rise out of insignificance into power by telling of their having served at various times in all the following posts of local distinction: alderman, county commissioner, school board, public library board, corporation counsel, assessor, and state legislature. It is certainly worthy of mention, also, that since 1874 the public library has had a Bohemian department, now numbering four thousand volumes.

The Italians of Chicago are, apparently, much like their countrymen of other cities, — for the most part voluntary exiles from their native land, working and waiting for return only until they have earned American dollars enough to supply their modest needs at home. The paper describing them is none the less a valuable contribution to sociological knowledge, and, like the other two studies of race characteristics, and indeed all the printed results of settlement work, gains a special significance from having been done "from the inside." The quality of sympathy which is thus attained shows itself again in the excellently written paper on The Cook County Charities, by Julia C. Lathrop, member of the Illinois State Board of Charities. One feels, in reading it, that the writer knows her people not only as "cases" and "wards of the State," but also as persons.

It remains to speak of the two concluding papers, Art and Labor, by Miss Ellen Gates Starr, and The Settlement as a Factor in the Labor Movement, by Miss Jane Addams, the head of Hull-House. As distinguished from the very practical bearing of the other essays in the book, these may be said to speak for the higher and larger aims of the settlement, its ideals. A thorough disciple of Ruskin, Miss Starr sees in the bringing of some spirit of joy into the lives of our workmen the only essential hope for raising their work above the dull, me-

chanic round which makes it what it is. A passage at the end of her paper speaks more than any relation of results for the feeling which informs the most enlightened work for poor and rich alike, and its length does not withhold us from quoting it: —

"The boy of our great cities, rich or poor (we are so far democratic), has this common inheritance. He sees from his earliest years the mart; not the *mercato vecchio* of Florence, where the angel faces of Della Robbia looked down above the greengrocer's wares in the open booth, from out wreaths of fruit and flowers that vied with those below, but our *mercato nuovo*. He sees there walls high and monotonous; windows all alike (which he who built had no pleasure in); piles of merchandise, not devised with curious interest and pleasant exercise of inventive faculty, but with stolid, mechanical indifference; garish wares, and faces too harassed and hurried to give back greeting. These belong to rich and poor alike. But here the lots diverge. The poor lad goes, not to his sheep, like Giotto, nor to keeping his feet warm, like Luca, in a basket of shavings, while he works cheerily at his art and saves fire: he goes home to the dreary tenement, not fireless, but with closed windows to keep its heat within, dingy plaster, steam of washing and odors of cooking, near discordant voices, loneliness of a crowded life without companionship or high ideals; and for view of hills and sky, the theatre bills on the walls across the street, and factory chimneys.

"The son of the rich man goes home to his father's house. Through plate glass and lace curtains he looks across at his neighbor's father's house, with its lace curtains, — perhaps a little less costly, perhaps a little more. Up and down the street, he compares the upholstery, the equipages, the number and formality of the servants belonging to the establishments which represent his social life.

He has flowers in a greenhouse ; he has fine clothes ; he has books ; he has pictures. Does he lead an artistic life ? Can we look to him for the great art of the future ? Alas ! 'The life of the poor is too painful, the life of the rich too vulgar !' Rather, is not the life of each both painful and vulgar to a degree which seems almost beyond hope ? 'The haggard despair of cotton-factory, coal-mine operatives in these days is painful to behold ; but not so painful, hideous to the inner sense, as that brutish, God-forgetting, Profit-and-Loss Philosophy and Life-Theory which we hear jangled on all sides of us, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all-but all men.' Happily, at least for art, there remains that 'all-but' modicum, — the tenaciously impractical and unbusinesslike, the incorrigibly unconvinced as to the supreme importance of 'selling cotton cheaper.' Else 'vacuum and the serene blue' would indeed 'be much handsomer' than this our civilization. For the children of the 'degraded poor,' and the degraded rich as well, in our present mode of life, there is no artistic hope outside of miracle."

It is to the new freed life, which shall give fresh strength not only to man's body, but also to his spirit, that Miss Starr looks for hope. If to some minds her words seem visionary, it may not be because those minds apprehend the whole truth. What Miss Starr has seen from the point of view of art, Miss Addams regards in its relations to the trades of the people about her ; and in her paper on the settlement's attitude towards the labor movement she puts the aim of trade-unionism on the highest possible plane, and shows how all may become gainers by the best applications of its principles.

The common remark that the greatest good of such work as that of Hull-House is through reaction upon the workers is shorn of half its effect by considering achievements and standards like those which the present volume sets forth. It is impossible to think of the contact between the lives which have produced the results here shown and the lives of the least favored citizens of Chicago without bringing up an image of actual, very positive good attained. The many sides on which the neighborhood life is touched, the sanity, the reasonableness, the human nearness of the work, the countless evidences of response and confidence from the people whom it reaches, — all these things have established the work already, wherever it is known, as unquestionably a good thing to do.

Such uprisings of the elements of disorder as the Chicago strike of 1893 may not unnaturally prompt the question, What is the use of such a little thing as a settlement, what is the use of any effort in the face of a counter-influence, of a power so vastly greater, against the social order ? It has never been claimed that the settlements could provide the final solution of any problem. It has only been hoped that, by gaining knowledge at first hand, they might enable men to see more clearly, to bring about a better understanding between each class and every other. This, it is believed with steadily growing confidence, they are doing ; and if the work of Hull-House may be taken as typical of what is best and most active in "the movement," the feeling of confidence and hope can only be strengthened by the knowledge that since 1889 twenty similar settlements have been established in America.

TWO RECENT THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

SEVERAL books published the past autumn afford gratifying evidence that theological scholarship and thinking are by no means either extinct or stationary among the descendants of the New England Puritans. If in any respect the sons fall behind the fathers, it is assuredly not in enthusiastic endeavor to reach fuller truth and clearer insight. Nor is it in the breadth of culture, the poetic imagination, and the literary charm that invest their pages. Indeed, in the two volumes of which we shall speak more particularly, many a reader, eager to reach solid foundations, would perhaps be content with fewer graces of style and less many-sided culture, if the loss were offset, at crucial points, by a clearer analysis and more old-fashioned definiteness of expression.

Dr. Gordon's work on *The Christ of To-Day*¹ consists of four chapters. The first is introductory. The fourth, on *The Place of Christ in the Pulpit of To-Day*, is primarily addressed to Christian preachers, but is of scarcely less interest and concern to congregations. At a time when so many ministers sink the preacher in the engineer of innumerable petty machineries, while of those who lay themselves out to preach not a few are ever on the watch for ear-tickling novelties, or at best produce moral discourses that have little that is distinctively Christian in them, it is refreshing to meet with an insistence on the worth and dignity of the pulpit as a means of bringing the minds of men into contact with the mind of Christ as the revealer of God. There is nothing in the chapter to limit the preacher's range of thought and speech, but it demands that the whole field and every part of it shall be

viewed in its relation to the thought and spirit of Christ. The heart of the book, however, lies in its second and third chapters. The former, entitled *Christ in the Faith of To-Day*, is in part a registration of the relative advances observable in current thought about Christ, and in part a vigorous and not unreasoned assertion of the insufficiency of the prevalent purely ethical conception of him, in so far as it does not include the recognition of his unique relation to God. "All intelligent thinking," writes Dr. Gordon, "must recognize in the Deity an eternal basis for the nature, the advent, the career and ideal of mankind. . . . Thinkers are everywhere converging upon the conclusion that in God there is the Eternal Pattern of our race. And what is this Eternal Pattern or Prototype but the Son of Man of the Synoptic Gospels, the Only Begotten of the Fourth Gospel, the Mediator of the Pauline epistles?" etc. This is the central thought of the book, the all-sided significance of which, with reference to the prominent critical, theological, social, and philosophical theories of the day, is set forth in the third chapter. No one who knows the history of intellectual life in New England will be surprised to learn that the main part of the work might be characterized as a highly appreciative appraisal of what Unitarianism and modern scientific thinking have contributed toward a correct Christology, and wherein the result falls disastrously short of the truth. The perception of defectiveness leads, of course, to an effort to supply what is wanting; and it is the reasoning, or some of it, used in that effort that is likely to give pause to many readers, whether Unitarians or others. "The fundamental defect in current thought about Christ," adds Dr. Gordon, "is an overdone principle of identity.

¹ *The Christ of To-Day*. By GEORGE A. GORDON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

To-day, otherness in Christ to humanity counts for nothing." This declaration is clear enough, and its substance will be readily accepted by all adherents of the Nicene theology. But how demonstrate its truth to those who deny that the alleged defect is a defect? This task the author undertakes, in the first place, by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum*. "The denial of the possible supreme divinity of Jesus means the absolute destruction of all individuality." "If a particular man is completely understood through the concept man; if we have nothing more to say of an Aristotle, a Shakespeare, a Cromwell, or a Beethoven than that he is comprehended under the general notion of mankind, . . . we destroy the beautiful individualism of nature, we take no account of human genius," etc. But suppose the opponent replies, My concept man is not a description of what any individual man or class of men actually is or must be, but an ideal construction of human nature generally, derived from the widest possible study of what men can be and do. It includes diversity of development as well as fundamental identity of original constitution. So far is it from obliterating individuality, or from furnishing exhaustive knowledge of the individual, that it may be essentially modified in consequence of the completer understanding of an individual. How then does the view of Christ as no more than an ideal man destroy "the beautiful individualism of nature"? Besides, if there be any real difference between God and man, how can the "denial of the possible supreme divinity of Jesus" affect the concept man? The divine in Jesus must manifest itself either as unmistakably transcending the human, or in terms of the human, and consequently indistinguishable from the human. The need of the author's argument does not allow the assumption of the former alternative; the latter deprives it of all cogency. Nay, it turns it against itself; for so far as Jesus the

man, or the personality who manifests himself wholly as man, is superexcellent among men, he once for all vindicates for individuality its right to a place in the concept man. Another argument of Dr. Gordon, which does not seem quite as conclusive as might be desired, is, that the kinship between God and man, in which "faith exults in our time," is left without adequate support unless the presence of the Eternal and Absolute in Christ be recognized, and the fact be held fast that "his nature is rooted in the Deity, and is part of the nature of God." There can indeed be no question that belief in the consubstantiation (to use our author's word) of man with God has received immeasurable accessions of vividness, strength, and certainty from the life and work of Christ; but does it altogether stand or fall with the conception of his unique relation to God? Is it not already implied in the "image" of God in which, according to Genesis, man is created, and still more effectively, though perhaps less formally, in the thoughts of the Hebrew prophets concerning the relations between God and Israel? The truth seems to be that the very idea of the Incarnation, or rather its emergence in human thought, demands the previous vigorous existence of this belief.

Other criticisms might be made; but they pertain to points of no direct bearing on the purpose of the book. It is altogether more agreeable to bid it God-speed with a hearty acknowledgment of its real and great value. Its timely aim, its broad and sympathetic spirit, its contagious enthusiasm, and above all its manly loyalty to Christ should not fail to commend it to the several classes to whom the author inscribes it, — theological students, young ministers, and "the new generation of Christian laymen." No one will read it without benefit. It has a power far beyond any piece of flawlessly reasoned apologetics. It is a grand outburst of the Christian conscious-

ness, — a joyous utterance of Christian experience and spiritual intuition, immovably sure that the Christ whom it trusts is the maker and king of the universe.

The other book to be noted is Dr. Denison's *Christ's Idea of the Supernatural*.¹ Closely akin in spirit to that of Dr. Gordon, it has a wider scope and a more distinctly scientific purpose. Its title is not explicit enough to suggest either its method or its range. It is not a dry exposition of how Christ defined or might have defined the supernatural, but a most attractive study of what might be termed Christ's philosophy of the supernatural and its relations to the natural. Its primary aim is, not to convince the skeptic, but to solve the difficulties that beset thinking men, whether professed believers or agnostics, by inducting them into the thought of Christ. The best thing a reviewer, cramped for space, can do, is to say, Read it, and when you have read it study it. The author gives you neither preface nor index. The one is needed to place you at his point of view, the other to collect his scattered utterances on the same or related topics. The neglect is unpardonable, or would be in any except an English-speaking writer; but do not punish him by neglect of his book to your own loss and injury. You will find that his work — for it is not a mere book — is instinct with life. It breathes freshness and vigor from its first to its last page. The novel cast of its phraseology, however troublesome at first, will yield a clear meaning on acquaintance. You may not, after thorough study, believe all you read, — the present writer ventures to hope you will not; but one thing is certain: whether agnostic, liberal, or orthodox at the beginning, you will be a deeply interested student, intent on the great inspiring reality (or, if

you will, ideal) of a divine human universe, before you finish. It is a book of a thousand, — the product of living as well as thinking; and destined, one dares to hope, to be for many a guide out of the world of apparently discordant dualisms into the serene peace and harmony of a real unity.

Christianity, says Dr. Denison in substance, — the popular Christianity of the churches, — presents itself to modern thought with a certain air of unreasonableness. It demands belief in its revelations without furnishing demonstrative evidence of their truth. It presents the realm of spiritual things as a "supernatural" world, lying wholly outside of the category of natural forces, and therefore beyond the range of human experience. Consequently, a reasonable — perhaps it would be better to say a reasoned — faith in Christianity would require an ever recurrent miraculous attestation of its divine origin. And even then Christianity could have no real relationship with human life. It would come to men as something alien to themselves, accepted only because accredited by incontestable authority. It could never so seize the believer's mind as well as heart as to become the vital principle of his whole being. Such is the difficulty that bars the way to free and hearty belief for the well-informed, reasoning man of the day. But the Christianity that presents this obstacle cannot be the Christianity of Christ himself. It must have failed to understand his intellectual position. For had his logic been so open to assault, his quick-witted opponents would easily have vanquished him without going to the trouble of putting him to death. The starting-point of the popular error lies in the conception of the supernatural as something wholly unrelated to the natural, excluding it and excluded by it, whereas in Christ's thought the two are correlated parts, or rather forms, of the one universe. There is no such thing as the supernatural, in

¹ *Christ's Idea of the Supernatural*. By JOHN H. DENISON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

the ordinary obstacle-making sense of the word. The true supernatural is the spiritual. But this first mistake drew after it a second: popular Christianity obscured and relegated into the background that which in Christ's teaching formed the very central idea, — "the unity between the natural and spiritual worlds."

It is not practicable to follow the author step by step through the course of his work. Nor would the result be intelligible. It will be more serviceable to note the most important principles to which his study of Christ's teaching conducts him. The key that solves the problem of the universe, and that contains in germ the whole of Christianity, is "Christ's idea that man is the son of God." He is a partaker of the divine, in a high, real sense, yet so as to maintain in full force the sharp distinction between God the father, the self-existent fount of supernatural life, and man the child, an embryo supernatural, whose spiritual life and development depend on constant maintenance of right relations with the life of God. This unity between God and man throws light on the relation of the physical and material to the supernatural or spiritual. For as man, the child, is not spirit only, but also psyche, soul, or sensuous life, through which he is on every side correlated with matter and immanent in it, so there must be in the father, God, a corresponding organ of correlation with matter. (Spirit and psyche, it should be observed, are not to be conceived as two, but as the higher and lower sides or foci of the one being. In their functional relations they may be compared with soul and body, but they are forever inseparable. The destruction of the one would be that of the other. Spirit is the basic life force; psyche, the organ through which the spirit acts. The psyche is eternally connected with matter.) The psyche in God is the Logos, by which originally he formed, and ever since pervades, the

material universe. The dualism of spirit and matter is thus resolved into unity. Matter itself is penetrable by spiritual force. The divine, whether in God or in man, uses it for its own creative purposes. In short, God and man are the two centres of the universe; and as they are one, the worlds in which they move and rule, the higher or spiritual and the lower or natural, must also constitute a unity.

The cosmic process, the biography of the universe, carries the same conclusion, and others far beyond it. The whole universe is pervaded by forces, and all these forces are under law, which unifies them. The fundamental law is what our author calls the law of organic coördination. To begin with what we call nature: all its forces are correlated with one another. There is a kind of potential reciprocity between each and every other, which, however, is realized only through the action of some living organism, that coördinates them, harnesses them together for effective exertion. Thus, the soil below, the sunlit air above, and the chemical elements diffused through both, all contain potential reciprocities; but it is only the coming in of a kernel of grain, a vital organism, that coördinates them, harnesses them together, and sets them to work for a common end. This correlation of forces extends throughout the universe. It obtains not only between matter and matter, but also between matter and spirit. It takes in God himself. We have not two systems of law, one of the natural, and another of the spiritual or supernatural world, but only one. Whether we say that natural law extends into the spiritual world, or (what the author prefers, as probably better) that spiritual law takes in the natural world, the result is unity throughout the universe. Another great law of the cosmic process is that of development. There is constant evolution of higher out of lower forms; and by the marvelous law of co-

ordination every living organism secures, or can secure, for itself at every stage of its development the environment then best adapted to it. The final law of all cosmic movements is the development of spiritual life. For man this means the full realization of his divine sonship.

The advent of Christ was the entrance into the world of "the supreme organ of unity, the divine At-one-ment. In him God and man were coördinated. The oneness which had before been potential in him became organic." Not that before Christ men had been without consciousness of connection with God. Nature itself is revelatory; and the world was never without elect souls who could in part interpret its revelations to their fellows. The Hebrews in particular had their organic revelators from Abraham, through the law and the prophets, down to John the Baptist. But these were mediators of lower stages of development, with correspondingly inferior reciprocities of their own. Jesus, though he came in the humble guise of a Galilean peasant, embodied the life of God. The author, so far as we can see, does not account for him; but however accounted for, he is the perfect and complete organ of the Logos. Let us state here parenthetically that more than one reading of Dr. Denison's book has failed to produce a single passage in which he clearly asserts or implies the incarnation of the Logos in Jesus. For him, the historical Christ is not the Logos, but the organ of the Logos, and thereby, of course, the organ of God. "The question," he says on page 56, "whether Jesus had another and a higher form of unity with God [than that of "life and reciprocity"] is an entirely different affair, nor do I propose to take it up in this place." We cannot find that he takes it up in any other place. Nor do we see how, as consequent evolutionist, he could have occasion for taking it up, although silence on it comports badly with his strict adhesion to Scripture. The Logos, be it

remembered, is the psychic, creative, communicative side or nature of God. With this Jesus comes to coördinate men. Being full of the divine life himself, he seeks to impart the same to others. He is the vine, rooted in the life of God, and those who cling to him shall share that life as the branches share the life of the trunk. This is the great coördination which he seeks to accomplish. And the means he uses is the word of God, with which, as organ of the Logos, he is surcharged, and which he compares with seed. This word is not speech alone, but includes also whatever else manifests the spirit and radiates its force. For though the word originate in the spirit, it is uttered by the psyche, and partakes of the psychic affinity with matter.

Here we stop abruptly. Not the ideas of the book, but our space has come to an end. Only let us add that, from our author's conception of the psychic element in spirit and its affinity with matter, taken in connection with his idea of the universe as a unity, his opinions as to miracles, the resurrection of the dead, and kindred topics may be inferred. They all shed the form of prodigies. All fall within the lines of what we ordinarily call the natural, but it is the natural perfected by complete coördination with the spiritual.

Dr. Denison professes to give the thought of Christ translated into modern speech. Of the vast difficulties that beset this undertaking he is well aware. More than once he endeavors — and, to our mind, not very successfully — to meet the objection that he is reading modern thought into Christ's words. The athletic feats of which his exegesis is sometimes capable may be seen from the specimen on page 66, where John vi. 53 is thus paraphrased: "As the earth, by organic contact, devours the seed, and so gets the vitality out of it, thus must these [wolf-like] men devour my flesh and blood that they may find the vitality of God's spirit." Nevertheless, we are strongly

inclined to believe that he has seized the root-thoughts of Christ, and placed them in a light so strong and truth-like that no genuine grammatico-historical exegesis can avoid giving him most serious consideration. But whatever be the final verdict on that point, the book, considered simply as the outcome of its author's

own thinking, challenges admiration, and something deeper than admiration. It lifts us far above the trivialities of every form of sectarianism and ecclesiasticism into the serene heights of eternal verities. And even if it do not give us final truth, it surely indicates the road by which we must reach it.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The *Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories*, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (Harpers.) Miss Woolson was so much at home in Italy that she could write stories with the scenes laid there and not give one the sense that she was using Italian properties. As in other cases, her interest was in her characters, and a fine perception of delicate shades was kept warm and human by a generous humor. The art of these stories is so good, the breeding so high, that one would fain believe they have a greater enduring power than many more in the fashion of the hour. The same comment may be made on Miss Woolson's companion volume, *Dorothy, and Other Italian Stories*. (Harpers.) — *An Imaginative Man*, by Robert S. Hichens. (Appletons.) Henry Denison, pessimist, cynic, and egotist, is a self-constituted detective to discover the true character of the men and women he meets. Viewing them as enigmas, he is chronically bored by finding them all too easily solved, and the pretty, affectionate wife, whom he married because she baffled him for a time, proves so commonplace that a child could understand her. The pair go to Egypt, where Denison falls in love with the Sphinx, who alone remains a mystery, and finally, we infer, dashes his brains out against her, his morbid mental condition having developed into downright madness. Another study of an abnormal nature, and a peculiarly repellent one, is that of a boy of twenty, dying of consumption, and possessed by a feverish desire to see "life;" and, by accompanying him in this noble quest, the writer is enabled to give a vivid and audacious picture of night-life, in every

sense, in the vilest quarter of Cairo. The growth of Denison's mania, with its diseased self-consciousness, is forcibly drawn, and everywhere the book shows cleverness, but we do not think that Mr. Hichens has as yet found his real position as a novelist. At all events, we prefer to regard this tale as an experiment, and to believe the author capable of truer and more wholesome work. — *A Modern Man*, by Ella Maemahon. Iris Series. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) Why the unheroic hero of this tale should be called a modern man, except for the sake of a telling title, it is difficult to discover, as men capable of loving two (or more) women simultaneously are certainly not peculiar to the passing day. However, the question is of no great moment, as the gentleman's history, though easily readable, is of very ordinary quality, the measure of cleverness which the writer possesses having a tendency to degenerate into smartness or flippancy. Her women are better done than the man; the heroine, though a mere sketch, having a distinct and not unpleasing individuality. — Two late additions to the *Keynotes Series* (John Lane, London; Roberts, Boston) are, *The Mountain Lovers*, by Fiona Macleod, and *A Woman Who Did Not*, by Victoria Crosse. Miss Macleod's highly imaginative romance bears little or no kinship to the popular Scottish novels of the day. It is a purely Celtic idyl, tragic enough in some of its aspects, not lacking in genuine poetic sentiment, and showing throughout the feeling of the true Nature-lover. *A Woman Who Did Not* belongs to the ordinary class of what may be called Yellow-Book fiction. It is, of course, the

history of a woman, who, having an unsatisfactory husband, nobly refuses to accept the love of a man for whom she has conceived an ardent attachment; why, it is difficult to say, for the hero is always an unmitigated cad, and at times a brute. We find the atmosphere of the tale none the less malodorous because it is that to which numerous writers of the hour, mostly women, are strenuously endeavoring to accustom us. — *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame. (Stone & Kimball.) It is seldom that we have the happy fortune to find sketches of child-life at once so delightful and so true as those which make up this most readable book. It is a fragmentary chronicle of the lives of five parentless children, clever, healthy, and natural, who are physically well cared for by commonplace, uncomprehending relatives, the proper amount of mental pabulum being dispensed by an equally conventional governess. Thus the little folk exist for the most part in a world of their own, themselves their only confidants, — a world full of excitements and marvels of which their elders never dream. The author, we can hardly help saying the autobiographer, faithfully reproduces the child attitude of mind, and his work throughout shows the kindest insight and the keenest humorous perception. We can recommend the volume as a pleasant and efficacious alternative after a course of "modern" fiction. — *Joan Haste*, by H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.) Mr. Haggard's limitations become very apparent when he attempts to depict more or less every-day English folk dwelling in their own land. His remarkable inventive power — more truly inventive than imaginative — does not flag, but it is sadly hampered by working in civilized and familiar ways. It need not be said that the tale is always readable, but it is essentially melodramatic, and its unreality will probably be felt by even the least critical reader, who will be much more concerned with the involutions of Joan's sad history than with the hapless young woman herself. — *The Wish*, by Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Lily Henkel. (Appletons.) *The Wish*, one of Sudermann's shorter and earlier tales, is an undoubtedly powerful and also pitiless psychological study of a hidden sin, — an involuntary wish in a moment of strong excitement, bitterly repented of on the instant,

having no least result in deed, and finally expiated by the suicide of the criminal or victim. The interesting introduction by Elizabeth Lee is partly biographical, partly critical; the former element being drawn from information furnished by the author himself. — *The Village Watch-Tower*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Though there are half a dozen stories in this volume, the author is justified in making the first give a title to the collection, for there is a unity of scene and character about the group which makes the rest read almost like continuations of the first. They are, in truth, scenes from *Our Village*, presented with a delicacy of characterization, a playfulness, a humane feeling, and a dramatic instinct which set the book apart from the ordinary group of short stories. — *Neighbors of Ours*, *Slum Stories of London*, by Henry W. Nevins. (Holt.) The narrator of these tales is an East End lad, with the excessive sharpness and severe limitations of his class. The sketches are very well done. The writer has insight and humor, and convinces us at once that he has much more than a superficial knowledge of the life he describes, while he seldom makes the mistake of confounding his own point of view with that of his hero. — *Kafir Stories*, by William Charles Scully. (Holt.) Mr. Scully has the true story-teller's gift; his faults are mainly those of inexperience. His sketches have vitality and force, and sometimes evince a good deal of descriptive power; perhaps the most striking of them being *The Quest of the Copper*, a tale of savage tyranny and warfare, and also of savage heroism and loyalty. Of course, things horrible and revolting must have a part in such narratives, but the author does not generally dwell on them unduly, though such a sketch as *Ghamba* makes us fear that a possible danger to him may lie in that direction. — *A Ringby Lass, and Other Stories*, by Mary Beaumont. Iris Series. (Macmillan.) The title-story, which fills half the book, is conventional enough in its love-interest, but displays cleverness in some Yorkshire character sketches. All the tales have the effect of immature work, and, so considered, show promise. — *The Honor of the Flag*, by W. Clark Russell. The Autonym Library. (Putnams.) The eight brief sea-stories in this little volume are all rather conventional, both in their tragedy

and comedy, and, comparing the author with himself, seem to be for the most part merely perfunctory bits of work. — Mr. William F. Apthorp has translated a half dozen of Zola's shorter tales, and the group is published in a pretty, Frenchy volume. (Copeland & Day, Boston.) The stories show Zola's vigorous hold of human life under what may be called sordid conditions: in one only, *The Attack on the Mill*, is there any stirring of the blood over high and honorable action; in the others, one is either spattered or about to be spattered with mud. Mr. Apthorp has translated his author with spirit, and does not hesitate to use slang when the idea is slangy. — *When Love is Done*, by Ethel Davis. (Estes & Lauriat.) A novel which will not appeal very strongly to the hardened reader of fiction. It has, however, very attractive qualities for a reader who objects to highly seasoned food. The heroine is admirably drawn, and there are faint *nuances* which are true to life and delicately perceived. The construction of the book is not of the best. The reader has the odd sensation of attacking what may be called a fiction essay; the writer has her story and characters well in her mind, and writes about them as if she were making a study of somebody's else novel, and reproducing the effects along with an explanation of the causes. It is a thoughtful book, if not very dramatic, and contains many shrewd reflections, but it is above all a very nice study in the character of a not easily understood girl. — *Some of the Tenement Tales of New York*, by Mr. J. W. Sullivan (Holt), make very vivid pictures of tenement life, told with an effort, not quite successful, at proper reserve. Mr. Sullivan seems to have tried to refrain from making a morbidly violent appeal to the reader's sympathies, but perhaps it is too much to expect any writer just now wholly to escape the professional poverty-studying tone that fills the air. His aim, however, has been artistic, and not philanthropic, and some of the adventures of his tenement heroes are narrated with considerable skill. — Mrs. Austin's *Standish* has been reissued in two volumes, with photogravures from admirable designs by Frank T. Merrill. It is a pleasure to see a story written after minute study of Old Colony history illustrated by an artist who has steeped himself in the same at-

mosphere. (Houghton.) — *A Chosen Few*, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) A delightful group of the author's characteristic stories, though doubtless each reader will miss one of his favorites. As an introduction to a fuller acquaintance with Stockton this pretty volume serves an excellent purpose. — Two other volumes now brought out in the charming Cameo Edition are Robert Grant's *The Reflections of a Married Man*, and *The Opinions of a Philosopher*, each with an etched frontispiece by W. H. Hyde. (Scribners.) — A one-volume edition of Crawford's *Katharine Lauderdale* has been published, uniform in style with the author's earlier works. (Macmillan.) — *The Delectable Duchy*, by "Q," and *Crockett's The Stickit Minister*, form the seventh and eighth volumes of Macmillan's *Novelists' Library*. — *No Proof*, by Lawrence L. Lynch. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

Books for the Young. *The Nimble Dollar; with Other Stories*, by C. M. Thompson. (Houghton.) These stories are frankly for boys to read, but they are so capitally told, and have so strong a constructive power, that we cannot think of a mature reader who would not read straight through the one he began. It is refreshing to find stories which are so devoid of subtlety on the one hand, and of commonplace on the other. — *The Horse Fair*, by James Baldwin. (Century Co.) In the usual convenient dream, the youthful hero of this tale is, under convoy of Cheiron, carried to the park of Morgan le Fay, where are exhibited the famous horses of myth and story, together with a few historic steeds. This of course gives an opportunity for the introduction of much entertaining lore regarding these renowned chargers, which is generally set forth in a spirited and readable fashion. — *Cricket*, by Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. (Estes & Lauriat.) A very brisk book recording the antics of a headlong, winning little girl. The two or three pages with which the book opens are a trifle misleading; they suggest a somewhat conventional juvenile; but the moment Miss Timlow falls upon the sketch of her child Cricket, she forgets the conventions of book-making, and writes with an abandon which is truly delightful. The naturalness of the scenes and of the speech used by the children, though now and then narrowly escaping the charge of slang, is healthy and

free ; an air of genuine domestic refinement pervades the book, and what little moral there is does not obtrude itself. We feel sure that when her boys and girls grow up they will be manly and well-mannered. — *The Young Pretenders*, by Edith Henrietta Fowler. (Longmans.) A tale that has nothing to do with Prince Charlie, but is only the history of a small boy and girl whose parents are in India. The children, thus left to servants and kinsfolk not always sympathetic, live mostly in an atmosphere of make-believe, which sometimes, to their bewilderment, mysteriously results in what the higher powers call naughtiness. The children are a lifelike little pair, and their haps and mishaps will interest many grown-up readers ; for, though the volume is evidently intended to be a child's book, it is distinctly a story of children rather than for them. Viewed in this light, it lacks neither insight nor humor, and is commendably free from sentimentality. — *The Kanter Girls*, by Mary L. B. Branch. With Pictures by Helen Maitland Armstrong. (Scribners.) A tolerably entertaining fairy tale of the old-fashioned sort, which continues a fairy tale to the very end, the more effective because its heroines are quite natural little girls, who meet with coolness and confidence the startling adventures which diversify their every-day life ; the most pleasing, perhaps, being their acquaintance with a dryad of their own age and their vain attempt to domesticate her. — *The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls*, by Florence K. Upton. Words by Bertha Upton. (Longmans.) As the title indicates, this oblong juvenile is a picture-book with accompaniment of verses. The verses are somewhat machine-made ; the pictures are in colors, and are amusing copies of wooden-jointed dolls. The jest is a merry one to grown folk, but we are not quite so sure that there is not a bit of carelessness in thus turning the poor objects of children's imagination into ridicule. — *The Child's Garden of Song*, selected and arranged by William L. Tomlins. With Designs by Ella Ricketts. (McClurg.) A really admirable work of its kind. The music, good in quality and never beyond a child's range, will assuredly interest little singers, be readily learned, and not easily forgotten. The songs themselves are usually pleasing and childlike, and sometimes prettily fanciful as well, while the illumi-

nated pictorial borders will prove very attractive to young eyes. It does not need the sensible views expressed by the compiler in his preface to prove that he knows thoroughly what children can and should sing.

Literature. *Anima Poetæ*, Selections from the Unpublished Note-Books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (Houghton.) This volume will superficially connect itself with the renowned *Table-Talk*. Chronologically it precedes that collection, but in essence the two are quite distinct. *Anima Poetæ* presents Coleridge in his conversation with himself rather than with the world, so that one is admitted to more intimate companionship. The detached thoughts remind one of Joubert's *Pensées*, only the thought is richer and deeper, and of Amiel's *Journal*, without the morbidness and sadness of that book. It has also a literary value as giving one of the hidden links of transition between the old England of Locke and Addison, of Johnson and Pope, and the modern England of Tennyson and Carlyle and Browning. It is a book which needs re-reading and browsing over if one would get its full meaning. — *The Temple Shakespeare* (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York) now includes *King Lear* and *Othello*, clearly printed from the Cambridge text, with concise introduction, glossary, and notes ; the former having an etched frontispiece of Shakespeare's cliff, the latter the Felton portrait. — Not unlike the *Temple Shakespeare* in form is a new Tennyson (Macmillan), of which two little volumes have reached us, *Juvenilia*, and *The Lady of Shalott and Other Poems*. There is no critical apparatus and no frontispiece ; the volumes have fewer pages, but the text is clear and agreeable. — *The Lyrical Poems of Sir Philip Sidney*, edited by Ernest Rhys, is one of the pretty series of *Lyric Poets*. There is an appreciative introduction, and the sonnets, poems from the *Arcadia*, and other verses are set forth in a tempting form. The conceits are not far away from pure fancy, and it is a pleasure to think that some will be found to read this gallant gentleman's lyrics for the first time. (Dent, London ; Macmillan, New York.) — *The Fortunate Mistress*, or, *A History of the Life of Mademoiselle de Belean*, known by the Name of the *Lady Roxana*, by Daniel Defoe. Two more volumes of the uniform

edition of Defoe's *Romances and Narratives*. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) It requires a great deal of adjustment of one's focus to the eighteenth century to see in the narrative anything more than a scandalous tale. It looks as if Defoe, by too close a love of realism, came to the same end as other realists, and could not distinguish dirt from matter out of place. — Sir Andrew Wylie of that ilk forms the third and fourth volumes of the attractive new edition of Galt's novels. (Roberts.) In this tale the author is sometimes at his best, and occasionally if not at his worst, exceedingly near it. When he is depicting the Scottish life of his younger days, he is, as always, one of the most admirably natural of artists, and we hardly need Mr. Crockett's assurances to convince us of the absolute veracity of his work; but romantic incidents, complexities of plot, and sketches of London society are not at all in his way; in these things he, with small success, endeavored to conform to passing fashions of his time. — A new edition of Holmes's *Over the Teacups* has been produced, uniform with the choice Birthday Edition of the Breakfast-Table Series. One may now take his literary meals morning and night off a very delicate service. (Houghton.) — Two more volumes have been issued in Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac in Miss Wormeley's always admirable translations, the seven tales contained in them forming part of the *Scenes from Private Life*, and for the most part ranking among the author's minor works. One volume gives us *A Start in Life*, *Vendetta*, *Study of a Woman*, and *The Message*; the other, *The Marriage Contract*, *A Double Life*, and *The Peace of a Home*. — The latest and handsomest reprint of Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, a tale which after more than sixty years of life still possesses an almost youthful vitality, is Messrs. Putnam's Malta Edition in one large volume, liberally illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum. — A *Descriptive List of Books for the Young*, compiled by W. M. Griswold. (The Compiler, Cambridge, Mass.) Mr. Griswold again makes one of his convenient lists; and as he generally excludes insignificant and commonplace books, his selective — we really cannot write "selective" — principle enables him to keep his list within bounds and to make it genuinely useful, especially as he classifies the books

under history, geography, exploration, fiction, and the like. The unreformed reader must permit Mr. Griswold, however, to bite his letters off in a very consistent, very irritating fashion. Fortunately, the books he records are not printed in the spelling of what we hope is the invisible future. — Mr. Frederic Harrison's *The Choice of Books* is reissued in Macmillan's Miniature (paper) Series.

History and Biography. The publication of a new edition of Grant's *Personal Memoirs* is a distinct cause for congratulation, since the two volumes are not only presented in a readable and handy form, but Colonel Grant has annotated his father's work with marginal notes, which serve sometimes as indices, sometimes as compact biographical and historical references. The book has been read widely; it will now be studied more conveniently, and it is not likely that any change of fashion will diminish the interest attaching to so simple and vigorous a piece of narrative writing. Portraits, maps, and a full index complete the furnishing of this classic work. (Century Co.) — Oxford and her Colleges, a View from the Radcliffe Library, by Goldwin Smith, D. C. L. (Macmillan.) A history in outline of the University of Oxford and her colleges, an example of admirable and effective condensation, much being clearly and readably told in a brief space; for the narrative is compressed, not desiccated. It need not be said that the little book is written from abundant knowledge, and the author's hope that it may interest American visitors will probably be amply justified. The illustrations, reproduced from photographs, are usually very good, considering the small size to which they are necessarily reduced. — *Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire*, by Anna L. Bicknell. (Century Co.) Some of the best known accounts of court life during the Second Empire have been collections of gossip, more or less idle, revamped and embellished newspaper cuttings, and the like, put together by writers without personal knowledge of the men and events described; in short, they have been notable specimens of a debased kind of journalism. Miss Bicknell's volume, as the work of an intelligent and clear-sighted gentlewoman recalling her own experiences, is of quite another class, and the fact that the writer is English makes her conclusions

more impartial than would be likely to be the case with a French looker-on, either friendly or the reverse. She writes in an easy, unpretentious style, and always with good taste, and her book is interesting throughout, though in the closing chapters it suffers somewhat from the loss of the personal element. Especially is the sketch of the Empress, her strength and weakness, her virtues and foibles, graphic and life-like. The impatience of this impulsive and willful lady under the restraints and exactions of her position would give new force, if it were needed, to the truism repeated by the author, that royalty is a profession that must be learned like any other. The volume is well illustrated, and pictorially, in one respect at least, vividly brings back its epoch, — in its many reproductions of the crude and generally unlovely *carte-de-visite* photograph of the sixties. — The provision for first-hand study of history among young people continues. Here, for example, is a series of American History Leaflets, Colonial and Constitutional, edited by Professors Hart and Channing, of Harvard. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) A recent number contains The Stamp Act of 1765. The series of Old South Leaflets, also, published by the Directors of the Old South work at the Old South Meeting-House in Boston, besides a group of papers relating to English Puritanism and the Commonwealth, seven in all, gives President Monroe's message which is the text of the Monroe Doctrine. There can be no question of the stimulus which such publications afford teachers and intelligent pupils; yet one may not overlook the need of explicit, careful instruction of a dogmatic kind. It will not do to make young people arrogate to themselves the right to independent views.

Nature and Travel. Landscape Gardening in Japan, by Josiah Conder. With numerous illustrations. Supplement to Landscape Gardening in Japan, by Josiah Conder. With collotypes by K. Ogawa. (Imported by Scribners.) These beautiful volumes will attract and repay the attention not only of persons especially interested in landscape gardening, but of all who take delight in things Japanese, — and who does not? The art of designing a garden is just as solemn and mysterious as that of arranging a vase of flowers, and is even more complicated. These gardens, while

not at all formal (regularity in this as in other things being abhorred by the Japanese), are often extremely artificial, and a study of the art is necessary to a full appreciation of their beauty and meaning. No garden of any pretensions is complete without a lake containing islands, a river, hills, cascades, rocks, and trees, besides a well, stone lanterns, bridges, arbors, and stepping-stones; and as few of these things, and often none of them, are found on the spot, they are perforce made to order according to certain rules of art. The arrangement is in a style appropriate to the size and to the natural advantages, if any exist. Views famous for their beauty or of historic interest are often reproduced in full size or in miniature, and sometimes a purely abstract sentiment is suggested. Where water is unavailable, lakes and streams are made without it, cracked stones representing running water, and sand forming the surface of the lakes. The canons of the art are all based on æsthetic principles, but they are so enveloped in mystery and sanctity that, in the minds of the common people at least, their ethical importance is uppermost. The volumes are printed in Japan, and are excellent specimens of typography. The collotypes are sixty well-executed reproductions from photographs of the most famous and beautiful Japanese gardens. — North American Shore Birds, a History of the Snipes, Sandpipers, Plovers, and their Allies, by Daniel Giraud Elliot. (Francis P. Harper, New York.) Ornithologists, sportsmen, and observers will all rejoice that Mr. Elliot has turned aside from the preparation of his magnificent monographs long enough to write and publish these interesting biographies. Mr. Elliot is an ex-president of the American Ornithologists' Union, and though one of the older naturalists of this country he retains a very lively and practical interest in his chosen science, as is well shown by the present volume. Seventy-five species and subspecies are treated, and (with two unimportant exceptions) each is accompanied by an excellent portrait from the pencil of Mr. Edwin Sheppard. The book was written chiefly for sportsmen and bird-lovers, and the technicalities of the subject are reduced as far as practicable. A critical reading will bring few errors to light, but an occasional slip may be noticed, as when the author, apparently forgetful of the sev-

eral species which spend the summer in the United States, says that the sanderling "can almost always be found along the margin of the water during the season when any of the waders are present within our limits." Again, a straight bill can hardly be a good generic character in *Tringa*, as given on page 232, since on the next page two subdivisions of this genus are very properly said to have the bill considerably curved. We regret, too, that Mr. Elliot accepts July woodcock-shooting as a fact without a word against that unsportsmanlike sport. — *Frail Children of the Air, Excursions into the World of Butterflies*, by Samuel Hubbard Seudder. (Houghton.) These essays, selected from Dr. Seudder's monumental work, *The Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada*, are reprinted for the purpose of reaching a larger audience, and have been revised by the author when necessary. Every one interested in the popularization of natural science is glad to see books of this kind printed, — books written by specialists, who can speak with authority, and written in a manner to be "understood of the people." The essays bear such titles as *Butterflies in Disguise*, *Butterflies as Botanists*, *The White Mountains of New Hampshire as a Home for Butterflies*, *Butterfly Sounds*, *Nests and Other Structures made by Caterpillars*, *Psychological Peculiarities among our Butterflies*, *The Ways of Butterflies*. There are nine good plates. — *Notes in Japan*, by Alfred Parsons. With Illustrations by the Author. (Harpers.) Mr. Parsons was only an observer in Japan, and he pretends to nothing more. He made no extended study of its people or its art, and the modest title of his book prepares us for the modest and pleasantly told narrative of what he did and what he saw there. His eye for the quiet and peaceful aspects of nature's beauty enables him to show us in the illustrations a phase of Japan's picturesqueness which has hitherto been unfamiliar. His descriptions are those of the artist, too, and we are not surprised to note the interest he takes in the wild flowers of the country. What he says of the colors to be seen in Japanese landscape makes us wish for a sight of the original paintings from which the book is illustrated. — *Quaint Korea*, by Louise Jordan Miln (Imported by Scribners), is not as entertaining as the author's *When We Were Strolling Players in the*

East; but though the style is often too "scrappy," the reader will find parts of this book very interesting. The best chapters are those on Korean Women and Korean Art. Mrs. Miln handles the social question fearlessly and sensibly, though, if certain other writers are to be trusted, she wrongs the *geisha* girl in associating her with the *yoshiwara*. Like Mr. Landor, she finds the women of Korea not only comely, but beautiful. The national art, as in great measure the source of Japanese art, and the national religion, or rather irreligion, are treated of at some length. The last two chapters, on the late war, are written in a flippant and decidedly newspaper style, and are entirely out of place. As a traveler Mrs. Miln has the good sense to take things as she finds them. — *Cruising among the Caribbees, Summer Days in Winter Months*, by Charles Augustus Stoddard. (Scribners.) Dr. Stoddard is an experienced traveler, and he goes at his pleasure in a thoroughly systematic fashion. Unlike Mrs. Miln, he believes in studying beforehand rather than "going it blind" in a spirit of adventure. He thinks that adventures enough are bound to come in any long journey, especially if it be off the beaten track. The fact that the present journey was on a not entirely untraveled road will probably account for its lack of exciting incident; but though the reader is not thrilled with the account of any very startling haps or mishaps, we think he will agree with the author that a great deal of pleasure and profit may be obtained from a tour planned in Dr. Stoddard's way. After all, the question must, of course, be settled by every traveler according to his own tastes and temperament. Dr. Stoddard naturally makes the most of the historical associations along his route, and he gives us a deal of information about the scenery and the people to be met with from St. Thomas to Trinidad and back again. The book is illustrated from photographs.

Religion. The University Hymn Book, for Use in the Chapel of Harvard University. (Published by the University, Cambridge.) This collection is based upon the common needs of young men worshipping together, and agreeing to ignore points of difference in doctrinal belief. The result is the choice of many strong, noble hymns, and the absence of those fervid expressions of devo-

tion which made some of Charles Wesley's hymns almost passionate love-songs. We cannot help a mild regret that young men should miss this emotional outlet, yet the general effect is certainly one of dignity and of freedom from much subjective sentiment. There is, naturally enough, a tolerably strong representation of those half-stately, half-distant hymns which expressed the decorum and the measured reasonable praise of the local hymn-writers of the early part of the century; and indeed, the literary quality of the book is a noticeable element; there are several good religious poems. The editors have shown scrupulous care in respecting the rights of authors to their own form of words, and the music is in many instances a restoration of the original form. Altogether the book is one which serves well the purpose for which it was designed, and it ought to commend itself to many colleges. — We have before spoken of the admirable series of handbooks for guilds and Bible classes prepared by various eminent clergymen of the Church of Scotland, under the editorship of the Very Rev. Professor Charteris, D. D., of Edinburgh, and the Rev. J. A. McClymont, D. D., of Aberdeen. A late addition to these manuals is *Our Lord's Teaching*, by the Rev. James Robertson, D. D. (Black, London; A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.)

Politics. Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions, by Charles Borgeaud. Translated by C. D. Hagen, with an Introduction by J. M. Vincent. (Macmillan.) In three hundred and fifty-three pages Dr. Borgeaud undertakes to enumerate, classify, and analyze different methods of constitution making and altering, besides devoting some space to historical explanation and discussion of recent German theories in regard to the nature of constitutional law. The result of this is a compactness which, entirely proper in a prize essay, renders the book rather meagre for a reference work, and too dry for general reading. The most valuable parts are the author's analyses of French and especially Swiss constitutional development in the present century. The translation, not always elegant or even smooth, is generally clear.

Psychology. Apparitions and Thought-Transference, an Examination of the Evidence for Telepathy, by Frank Podmore.

(Imported by Scribners.) However skeptical Horatio may be, he can hardly read this book without being impressed anew with the inadequacy of his philosophy even in coping with purely earthly things. Heaven and hell are not in question here, and Mr. Podmore is no believer in ghosts. "Phantasms of the living" are another matter, however, and it must be confessed that the evidence presented in favor of these phenomena is very strong, though the author admits in his preface that it is "as yet hardly adequate to establish telepathy as a fact in nature, and leaves much to be desired for the elucidation of the laws under which it operates." This statement goes to show the careful conservatism with which students are approaching this subject, and the treatment throughout the volume is such as to give the reader confidence in the author's scientific spirit and methods.

Ethnology. The Government Printing Office has only recently issued the two valuable reports of the Bureau of Ethnology for 1890 and 1891, the first containing an exhaustive study of the cosmogony, the songs and myths of the Sia, pueblo Indians in the Rio Grande country, by Colonel James Stevenson, whose work was finished by his widow; the ethnology of the Ungava District in the Hudson Bay Territory, by Mr. Lucien M. Turner; and a study of the Siouan cults, by the Rev. J. O. Dorsey. The second report contains the voluminous record of the Bureau of its Mound Explorations. The explorers made excavations in more than two thousand mounds, extending over the territory from Florida to North Dakota. This report is, and doubtless will remain, the great storehouse of first-hand information on the subject. — A subsequent volume from the Government Printing Office contains the Dakota grammar, text (of myths and the like) and ethnography, by the late Stephen R. Riggs, edited by James O. Dorsey. — Dr. Walter James Hoffman, one of the investigators in the service of the Bureau, has put into popular form the results of his investigations into the pictography of the North American Indians, together with the results, briefly explained, of similar studies in other lands, thus making an elementary volume of the Anthropological Series, on *The Beginnings of Writing*. (Appleton.) — Similar in aim, but done with somewhat greater detail, is Dr.

Daniel G. Brinton's *Primer of Mayan Hieroglyphics* for the series of the University of Pennsylvania in *Philology, Literature, and Archaeology*. (Ginn.) These books bear witness to the very rapidly increasing popular interest in a science about which a few years ago there was no public curiosity, and they give evidence of the good influence of the ethnological museums and of the Chicago Fair. — *The Origin of Inventions, a Study of Industry among Primitive Peoples*, by Otis T. Mason, with Illustrations (imported by Scribners), is an interesting summary of the observations of travelers and ethnologists on primitive industries of all kinds, including the making and using of tools and weapons, the production of fire, stone-working, pottery, hunting, fishing, the domestication of animals, house-building, the cultivation and use of plants, the textile industry, methods of transportation, etc. Dr. Mason, as curator of the Department of Ethnology in the United States National Museum, has had the very best opportunities for prosecuting his studies, and his book must be to a certain extent an authoritative one. He gives the word "invention" a comprehensive definition, and he holds that inventors — men of genius or "knack" — have always existed in all races and tribes, pointing out the fallacy of a common belief that all savages are merely imitators, and have borrowed their ideas from their natural surroundings. Evolution is the keynote of the book, and the author shows that the primitive inventions now used by savage and barbaric peoples are practically identical with those possessed by prehistoric man, so that by studying the habits of Eskimos and Polynesians we may learn something of the manner of life of our own progenitors.

Science. A *Theory of Development and Heredity*, by Henry B. Orr. (Macmillan.) In this latest contribution to the discussion of the origin of variations and the transmission of acquired characters, the

author attempts to show that evolution is to a great extent effected directly through the influence of environment, though he takes pains to deny any wish to discredit natural selection as an important auxiliary agent. Besides discussing the more familiar theory as to the direct action of environment on the tissues themselves — as in the case of light in the formation of pigments — he offers a good deal of evidence to prove that the nervous system is often the medium for a more indirect action. The fact that some acquired characters are transmitted while others are not is explained by the statement that only those changes which produce a marked impression or a severe shock on that system are sufficient to affect the germ-cells to such an extent as to influence the development of the offspring. — *A Hand-Book on Tuberculosis among Cattle, with Considerations of the Relation of the Disease to the Life and Health of the Human Family and of the Facts concerning the Use of Tuberculin as a Diagnostic Test*, compiled by Henry L. Shumway. (Roberts.) This book was prepared for the information of the public rather than the medical profession, and it presents in readable shape a startling array of testimony as to the danger of infection from the milk and flesh of tuberculous cattle, and shows the importance of vigorous measures in dealing with the disease. Incidentally it also shows how success in one direction may grow out of failure in another, Koch's Lymph, or, as it is now called, tuberculin, proving of inestimable value in accelerating and therefore revealing the disease which it was originally intended to cure. — *The Elements of Navigation*. A short and complete explanation of the standard methods of finding the position of a ship at sea and the course to be steered, designed for the instruction of Beginners, by W. J. Henderson (Harpers), seems to be all its title implies, and is of a size suited to the pocket.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

State Sum-
mer-Evening
Open-Air
Schools.

IN time of peace prepare for war ; in winter make ready for summer ; and so in this wintry weather we may begin to speculate over our next summer pleasures and duties. What objection is there to roping off, on summer evenings, one or two spaces in the parks or open squares of our great cities, as is sometimes done for music in Hyde Park, London, and giving a stereopticon entertainment, instructive in character, and sometimes, perhaps, illustrated with music ?

Just as the stereopticon and its modifications allow of presenting text, diagrams, pictures, etc., on a scale so large that they can be perfectly seen at distances far beyond the reach of the human voice in speech, so the combined voices of ordinary singers can be heard at distances far beyond the reach of the human voice in distinct speech. Thus, not only concerted vocal music, but passages written for solos can, by ordinary voices singing in unison, be rendered, so that the melody can be heard distinctly at great distances. By having the words which are being sung thrown conspicuously on a screen or wall by the stereopticon and synchronously with the music, both words and music will be fully apprehended by persons beyond the reach of the human voice in speech, or of a single voice in song. Such assemblages are too numerous for most buildings ; but, in summer evenings, in the open air, such assemblages can, *at no expense for rent*, hear and see, as in the open-air entertainments of the ancients, and later in Italy and Spain, and now, in a modified form, in Paris and throughout Germany.

By the use of the stereopticon, electric light, scroll-played musical instruments, and combined ordinary voices, these audiences may be made to see the text and pictorial illustrations, and hear the music of all classical and modern works ; and the size of the audiences may be indefinitely increased without material additional expense.

The subjects suited to such instruction and entertainment are limited only by the limits of human knowledge ; we see this in the use of the stereopticon in the lecture

rooms of our colleges, for purposes of scientific demonstration and illustration. Thus is taught and illustrated : astronomy, geology, etc., by the Academies of Science ; geography by the Geographical Societies ; natural history by lectures at the Natural History Museums ; architecture and archæology and the history of the fine arts by the schools of architecture and by popular lecturers. Thus, too, may be taught musical notation, thematic analysis of musical works, and the history of music. This last can embrace, at small cost, most of the vocal and much of the instrumental music of our time, and most of the similar works once famous, but now known only to certain skilled musicians. And so, also, a trial hearing can be given inexpensively to new operas and scenic cantatas and other vocal and instrumental works that lend themselves to illustration.

The inexpensiveness of singing by large bodies of ordinary singers is shown by the fact that the members of most of our Choral Societies are not paid to sing, but pay for the privilege of singing ; and skilled singers out of employment are often glad to sing for a mere pittance. Again, by a use of the stereopticon the cost of books for the singers can, when desirable, be obviated. Their music, whether the ordinary notation, or the tonic *sol fa*, or any other notation, can be thrown on the same or a separate screen.

Stereopticon slides used in one place one evening can be used in another place another evening ; and, being in themselves so small, at small expense for carriage. The one or two men who work the stereopticon can, if desirable, go with the slides, so that all mistakes or delays in the working of the lanterns can be avoided.

The programme of each evening might be divided into portions with short intermissions between, allowing for the exit and entrance of any of the audience who did not wish to sit out a whole evening. Each portion could be devoted to a single subject ; or a varied programme could be given, embracing musical works, views of travel, scientific instruction, and the like. As in concert programmes, the same work could

be presented either once or oftener, as found advisable. Instruction in the arts of industry, which is one of the chief services rendered by World's Fairs, could thus also be quickly given.

As an illustration of the teaching of hygiene by stereopticon, we may take some diagrams given in a recent magazine. One diagram shows two parallelograms, one seven times larger than the other. The large one shows the proportion of the deaths from typhoid fever where isolation and disinfection are neglected; the small one shows the proportion of deaths from typhoid fever where isolation and disinfection are enforced. Such diagrams, if thrown on a screen forty feet high, and fully understood by a vast assembly, would be ineffaceably remembered and heeded by large numbers.

The instruction now given by the State is not limited as to subjects taught, except by custom, nor is there a limit to the age of those taught in our evening schools; nor need instruction be confined only to rooms or to certain months. Man never need stop learning. Nor is knowledge acquired by whatever means, or in whatever locality, and at whatever age, ever lost to the State. It is passed on, consciously or unconsciously, from each learner to those about him. No man can be uplifted by knowledge without more or less influencing, and so uplifting others.

Summer-evening out-door teaching may be done by private folk; but not so well as by the State, because private folk cannot so readily get the use of portions of parks and public places, nor so certainly avoid partisan or sectarian teaching and bias, nor so inexpensively command such facilities for gathering and presenting teaching matter, nor reach such large bodies of learners.

Our parks are established for the benefit of the public; nor, so long as they are preserved in their beauty and for their present uses uninjured, need their use be confined to the band concerts, games, swings, merry-go-rounds, refreshment places, riding, driving, and walking, and other uses to which they are now put. The assembling of a large body of people, standing, or seated in chairs, on the grass, would not injure the grass, provided it be covered, for the time, with cheap cocoa-matting. This would, as experience has shown, effectually prevent the cutting of the roots of the grass by the

heels of those assembled, or by the legs of their chairs. The weight of the audience would then, like the weight of a lawn roller, do the grass good. The chairs could be folded and removed, in a few moments, at the close of each evening's session, as is now often done at evening entertainments; and the matting could then be rolled up and removed as quickly. The grass would thus be covered by the matting only two or three hours out of twenty-four, and only on fair evenings, and only during the summer months.

In our country vast numbers spend the greater part of their evenings in reading, either for entertainment or for instruction. One can read in warmed and lighted rooms with comfort on most winter evenings. But on summer evenings the glare and heat of lighted rooms in houses or flats and tenements is often a discomfort. One must then either put up with this discomfort or give up the pleasure and profit of reading. Then, if one seeks in a city to spend an evening in the open air, he must either walk the streets, or sit idle on some doorstep or in the parks, or attend concerts in roof gardens or beer gardens which may suit neither his taste nor his purse. Especially is this hard on women and elderly people of both sexes, and it bears most hardly on those who possess refinement and a certain education, however limited they may be in purse.

Let any one imagine himself in such a case on a warm evening in July; and then imagine some one offering him a comfortable seat in the open air amid agreeable surroundings. And let him then imagine rising before him and those quietly seated about him the text and scenes of Siegfried, while is heard at the same time its wonderful music, though sung only by combined ordinary voices and to less than the full orchestral accompaniment. He may leave between the acts, if he choose, and return home. Or, if he prefer, he may go to some other square, where he may see, for instance, how as in an orrery the stars in their courses revolve around the sun, and may read the accompanying text that tells of the wonders of the revolving orbs. In different parts of the city, or at different points in the larger parks, such state teaching may be devoted, perhaps, here to music, there to science, or travel, or art; or else-

where again devoted to all these combined. People can then seek the entertainment or instruction most agreeable and profitable to them. There is no subject so prosaic and none so poetic, none so useful and none so elevating and beautiful, that it cannot be presented, in some measure, and often with a high degree of completeness, and inexpensively, in this way; and thus, through the conditions of the method, reach myriads of people. Let any one observe the throngs that stand watching the advertisements, varied by comic pictures, thrown upon the screen now in public squares, and it will be readily seen how this device can be made very serviceable to attract large crowds.

A small charge for entrance, such as in Paris and on the Continent is paid for the use of chairs in parks, would limit the audience to those who came to see and hear, and came prepared to remain through at least one act or division of the programme. A nickel-in-the-slot turnstile, at the entrance to a roped-off, matted, and seated inclosure, and three or four policemen to insure order and silence, would be the only expenses outside of the apparatus of instruction. This would consist of the usual stereopticon screen, lantern, light, slides, and operator; with, in some cases, singers and accompanists.

The matter of state summer-evening open-air stereopticon-taught assemblages is brought before the readers of *The Atlantic* to elicit objections, with a view to weigh them, prove their value, profit by them, and thus help to get the subject into shape to be advantageously laid before those having, now and in the future, charge of state schools and state teaching.

Amateur Doc. — It is well known that many toring.

men and most women who would shrink from the practice of divinity or law, or from that of medicine if they were paid for it, love to offer advice and even physic unasked and free. I crave the sympathy of the Contributors under the intrusion of one class of amateur doctors.

What one ought to wear in the New England climate is a puzzle; but it is safe to say that most men, by the time they are thirty-five, have found out each what he ought to wear. It seems to me that many of my neighbors wrap up too heavily, and make themselves tender by it; at least, that I am better with no "great coat," as

people used to say when I was a boy, a large part of the colder weather. But when I appear dressed *à la* Vice-President Hamlin, I am constantly assailed with this remark: "Don't you think it is imprudent to go without an overcoat?" Now I respectfully ask, what does this phrase mean, and what is the object of asking it? First, if a man has thought about his outer garment at all, must he not think his course is prudent? Are imprudence and thought compatible? Does not the question mean "Don't you think you're thoughtless?" The querist means, "I think you are imprudent;" but wishing to make his interference in another man's business polite, — which he cannot, — he puts it as above, and makes an absurdity of it. Secondly, is it likely that an adult male, often twice the age of his adviser, will be suddenly roused into prudence by this volunteered advice? Has he not probably been guilty of this imprudence, if it is one, a score of times, and run the gauntlet of a score of older and nearer acquaintances? How would the querist take similar advice? Most of my amateur doctors are consumers of tobacco; I am just as certain they are risking their health by cigars as they are that I am risking mine by exposure. Suppose I reply, "Don't you think you smoke too much?" they would scoff at the advice, and not dream of altering their conduct. But thirdly, when they give me this counsel I am generally about eight miles from home. What do they expect me to do? Go into the first ready-made clothier's and buy a garment in which I should look like a hall thief; or go to a custom tailor's and have one made "while you wait;" or break off whatever has brought me away from home, and hasten thither, to don the clothing, by their advice, which my own sense told me was needless?

I invite subscriptions to a Henry Wadsworth, Jr., Club, of which two mottoes are, "Look in and not out," and "Mind your own business."

Pictures and Hieroglyphs. — Our young friend Figliuolo was a most welcome Thanksgiving present. As an only child in the house, he was left, more than most boys are, to work out his own theories and methods in all things. The Christmas after he was three, there came into the home a Shakespeare calendar, upon which a prominent

feature was a large Arabic numeral for each day, the series running consecutively through the year. As the only person always wide awake when day began, the sole supporter, indeed, of regular habits generally in the household, Figliuolo naturally attended each morning to the duty of tearing off yesterday's leaflet. At the reading of the fresh sentiment thus exposed he "assisted" with dignified indifference. But though the very conception of written numbers, indeed of number itself above two, had been successfully kept out of his rather too active mind, he at once interested himself in the recurrence of the ten picturesque figures, first singly, then in groups of two, and finally of three.

Without seeking the slightest aid from alien wits, he quickly settled on a complete set of names for the cabalistic outlines. That 1 was a "straight," 0 a "round," 6 "round, tail goes up," 9 "round, tail goes down," was natural. "Two rounds over another" and "two crooked over another" stood no less plainly for 8 and 3. 4 was described as "straight and round ball," which seems to indicate that to "the eye of childhood" a small triangle and a circle coincide. When asked why 7 was a "pulling off," he explained clearly that the "straight" was like a flagpole, and the pennon was trying to pull itself off. Equally eager and confident explanation was offered for "walking off" (5) and "flying off" (2), but our duller senile vision and logic never quite grasped these finer details.

Though still without suspicion that these daily comrades stood for numbers, — indeed with utter indifference to any figurative significance in the pictures, — Figliuolo worked out fully, from observation, the true order of succession, and long before midsummer would announce: "Yes, this is a straight, straight 'n' round ball, tail goes up; next 'll be straight, walking off and round;" that is, after 149 would follow 150. That the turn of the decade was thus mastered was already noteworthy. When the third digit appeared, its slow change, once in a hundred days, did not prevent the scientific observer from noting that it followed the same law. We still remember the silent astonishment with which his remark upon 299 was greeted: "Now I think next it 'll be two crooked over another, 'n' two round balls; may n't I just peek and see

if it is n't?" This was the first sign of impatience, though that century must have passed as slowly for him as with a botanist whose sole devotion is centred upon the "Agave Americana." (Time, if it indeed be at all, is purely relative. "Prometheus was a naughty boy, that meddled with the fire, and was tied up on the rock, and kept there thirteen generations. 'How long is thirteen generations anyway? Is it more than twenty minutes?' " asks, interrupting himself, the glib-tongued child of the Greek professor.)

Outdoor life soon taught that the same signs reappeared regularly upon door-plates, locomotives, street cars, etc., *ad infinitum*. Many a conductor has started, as with an uneasy conscience, when a critical eye was fixed upon his cap's shining frontlet, and a piercing voice inquired: "Two crooked, straight, 'n' tail goes down: what's that, mamma?" For even into this guarded Eden the seed of the forbidden tree fell at last, and keen ears noted that elder folk, perversely ignoring the picturesque element, assigned to these familiar tokens a mere numerical value.

By the middle of his fifth year numeration, likewise self-taught and at first nowise connected with the favorite insignia, had also reached the thousand-point; and very soon Figliuolo himself could say readily: "Two rounds over another, pulling off, walking off: you call it 875;" a process of translation in which his Highness' chief adherents had long been, perforce, adepts. Under the influence of maturer children, and the unwise mirth of those seniors who were permitted to overhear, the older nomenclature finally passed out of use, and now has long since faded, like so many fair visions of the morning, into the light of common day.

The Dumas Lineage. — The project to set up a statue in memory of Napoleon's general, Alexandre Dumas, first of the name, has brought to light the curious account of his family origin written by Dumas the second, the novelist. The latter had the details at first hand from his father, the general, whose recollections in turn went back to his own no less fighting father, the Marquis de la Pailletterie, who married Louise Cessette Dumas, a "colored lady," in San Domingo. Such lives gave natural birth to the novel of adventure.

The marquis began his career of arms as first gentleman of the Prince de Conti. He was a comrade, at the siege of Philipsburg in 1738, of the famous Duc de Richelieu, who was the dean of the marshals of France fifty years later, just before the Revolution turned the gentlemen of France into *émigrés* or dashing soldiers of Bonaparte. The duke, who was fourteen years older than the young marquis, was a simple Vignerod by his father; but the title which came to him from his great-great-grandmother, the sister of the cardinal, had already allowed him to marry twice into the noblest families of the old régime, first a Noailles, and secondly Mademoiselle de Guise. The latter alliance connected him with the imperial house of Austria, and made him cousin of the princes of Pont and of Lixen, who were also taking part in the siege. The duke was no drawing-room soldier, and was one day returning, covered with sweat and mud, from working in the trenches, when he met the two princes airing along the highway the insolence of a race centuries older than his own. He saluted as he galloped past, but the Prince of Lixen called after him.

"So it's you, my cousin. Well, you're very dirty. But you're a little less so than you were before you married my cousin."

The duke at once got down from his horse, asked the marquis who was his companion to do the same, and approached the prince ceremoniously.

"Sir, you have done me the honor of addressing me?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Duc."

"I have, perhaps, ill understood what you have done me the honor of saying to me. Will you be pleased to repeat the same words without changing a syllable?"

The prince bowed and repeated what he had said before. There was but one thing to be done. The duke saluted and put his hand to his sword. The prince did the same. The marquis stood as second for his friend, and the Prince of Pont for his brother. In a minute's time the terrible duke had run his sword through the body of the luckless Prince of Lixen, who fell back dead in his brother's arms. The scandal of this summary vindication of the honor of new blood against the insolence of race did not prevent the steady advancement of one of whom France had need. The duke became the dreaded marshal,

but it was forty-five years before he could repay the marquis, in the person of his son, for the service rendered in this unforeseen duel. It was on the occasion of another duel, less bloody, but even more startling in its cause, which went back to the intervening existence of the father.

The Marquis de la Pailleterie had done little as a soldier, and he scarcely mended his fortunes by following the court. About 1760 he resolved to turn his back on France, and sold out all the property he could lay his hands on. It was a time of colonial speculation, and he used the proceeds to buy an immense tract of land near Cape Rose. There he married his colored wife, whom he seems to have loved sincerely. Although their son, the future general, is commonly set down as a mulatto, she can hardly have been a full-blooded negress. She certainly had the education and energy to take charge of all the details of the marquis's property; and when she died in 1772, he frankly recognized his own incapacity to continue without her. Doubtless, too, he regretted the brilliant society in which he had mingled at Versailles. Accordingly, in 1780, he leased his property for a steady income to be paid in France, and returned with his son, then eighteen years of age. The following year the Duc de Richelieu, who was eighty-five and senior marshal, was named president of the Tribunal of the *point d'honneur*, which is so characteristic of historic France. As such he was called, two years later still, to decide a comical as well as perplexing case. The solution he gave could have been expected only from the Maréchal de Richelieu.

Young Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie (the future General Dumas) had made his way in the gay world during the four years he had been in France. His dark skin was rather an advantage to him than otherwise, as it set off the Creole elegance of his person. His bodily strength and address were prodigious, and he was first among the pupils of Laboissière, the most noted fencing-master of his time. He was the boon companion of other scions of the aristocracy, like La Fayette, Dillon, Lauzun. To his adventures there was no end. One evening he was at the theatre, in the box of a Creole lady, whose beauty and reputation were like what we know of the Empress Josephine at this period of her life. As he

was not in full dress, or perhaps to avoid notoriety, he stood well back in the shadow. A musketeer (the first of his kind to make acquaintance with a Dumas) recognized the lady from his place in the orchestra, had the attendant open the door of her box, and, without so much as asking leave, sat down beside her and began conversation.

The lady interrupted him on the spot. "Pardon, sir, but you do not seem to notice that I am not alone."

"With whom are you, then?" asked the musketeer.

The lady pointed to the dark-skinned Comte de la Pailleterie.

"Pardon me," said the young guardsman. "I took him for your lackey."

The insolent words were no sooner out of his mouth than he was seized and tossed over the railing of the box into the pit. There were no seats in the pit of theatres at that time, and the crowded auditors on whose heads he had been pitched by the mulatto count made a natural uproar. Alexandre left the box to await the expected challenge from his adversary in the corridor. Instead, an officer of the constable came up, touched him ceremoniously with the ivory knob of his ebony wand, and arrested him in the name of the marshals of France. Three days later, he was summoned before the Duc de Richelieu in that Pavillon de Hanovre of which an ornamental corner still remains on the Paris boulevard, and where the aged marshal and his friends received Cagliostro to invigorate them with his magic elixir of youth. The name of the offending count seemed to awake the fires of other days in the marshal's breast.

"Are you, by any chance, the son of an old friend of mine, the Marquis de la Pailleterie, who, during the siege of Philipsburg, was my second in the duel in which I had the misfortune to kill the Prince of Lixen?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"Then, m'sieu'" (a Parisian contraction which was at that day noted as singular in a person of the duke's quality), "you are the son of a brave gentleman, and must be right. Tell me about it."

The marshal was struck by the similarity of the insolence to that which determined his own action a half century before.

"You must have reparation made you;

and if you will accept me as your second, I shall be delighted to render you the same service which your father did me so long ago."

The count, with all his amazement, hesitated to accept, and the duel took place in the duke's garden. The young man did credit to his aged second by running his adversary through the shoulder with his sword.

The old marquis was next summoned to the marshal's pavillon, and the friendship of other days was renewed. It was agreed that the marshal should find a place in the army for Alexandre, who was somewhat spoiling in Paris. But the father, who had domestic fancies in love, suddenly married his housekeeper, and cut off the money supplies of his son. The latter thereupon announced his intention of enlisting as a simple soldier in the first regiment that would take him.

"Very well," said the father, who was an aristocrat of the old régime, in spite of his variegated marriages, "but I am the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a colonel and commissary general of artillery, and I do not mean that you shall drag my name through the lowest ranks of the army."

For some reason there was no more question of Marshal de Richelieu, and the young count enlisted under his mother's name as Alexandre Dumas in the regiment of the queen's dragoons. A certificate was signed by four notables of Saint-Germain that the said Dumas was well and truly the lawful son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie. The Revolution, following on the death of the marquis, finally detached this child of the West India negress from the aristocracy, and it was only long after his death that the certificate was found and presented to his own son, then at the height of his fame as the novelist of adventures, of which his family gave so many examples. It was left to the latter's child, the marvelous moralist in playwriting, to tell his own story as a "natural son."

"A Green Thought in a Green Shade." — Every one has some name which is an El Dorado to his imagination, some name which in an undefinable way suggests romance and vague loveliness. For me "Surrey" has always possessed this stimulating quality, so I readily yielded when Constance and Winifred asked me to go down to their cottage in the enchanted county of my "inward eye."

It is a cottage, not so old as the hills, but about as old as cottages ever are, set on the edge of a peaceful, unvisited, green common where ducks and geese patter and cackle by day, untroubled with any thought of steam or progress. At night they sleep, head under wing, on the surface of a pond, and the harvest moon comes up red and round through the spreading branches of an old walnut. By night the picture is rimmed with silver; by day it assumes the delicate greens and blues which make rural England like a water-color contrasted to the oil-painting depth and richness of southern Italy; but whether by day or by night, the place is equally still and secluded. Dunsfold's charm is too quiet and subtle to draw the many who throng to the more fashionable parts of Surrey, and Lyefold Cottage is lapped in peace. May it long be so! The sloping, mossy roof, with its broken-backed declivity peculiar to ancient cottages, has the brooding expression of a motherly old hen. The irregular casements, with their small leaded panes and rusty iron hasps, are a reproof to "endless imitation," and each day as I wake to soft English sunshine and gaze up at the snowy walls, criss-crossed by dark, oaken beams, a nameless flood of restfulness sweeps over me, a something of the time when repose was not a luxury of the few. Downstairs in the quaint kitchen is a fireplace of colossal proportions, with cosy cupboard-crannies for tobacco and whiskey hoards, and a niched seat where the story-teller may sit and weave endless yarns. The fire-dogs dated 1599 tell us we are not a thing of yesterday, and the heavy old leather-seated Cromwell chairs give a sense of sturdy dignity not to be put into words. A tall clock strikes the hours from one corner, and a big brass warming-pan, scoured until it shines like Luna herself, beams from an opposite wall.

It is an unwritten law that nothing modern shall intrude upon this nook of old world still-life. Only my stiff-necked blouse and sailor hat bring a wrong note where my gentle hostesses wear womanly, old-fashioned gowns of blue print, full and free, adapted to the concocting of chicken pie and gooseberry fool. When they sit down to supper I slip out among the nasturtiums and currant bushes to peep through the chintz-curtained casement, until my American joy in our picturesque antiquity moves them to sympathetic laughter. Each day lazy, fat Thomas, the pony, draws us through the steep, shady Surrey lanes, or we linger in sweet dalliance along the old mill-race, gathering bulrushes and leaves of russet and green to fill the jars at the cottage.

But we are here only for a season; the true owners of Lyefold cottage are other guests. It is a place of sojourn and rest for poor ladies who need a holiday. Constance and Winnie are always looking out for weary governesses and tired wage-earners to whom this green spot may bring refreshment. They loan the cottage to four or five ladies at a time, people often unknown to their hostesses, who live in London. If the guests can afford to, they pay the housekeeping expenses; if they cannot, everything is provided for them, and these two sisterly hearts contrive finds of extra jams and potted meats and dainty discoveries of preserves for their unseen guests.

English people are not so shy as we have become of the beautiful old Saxon word of "lady;" to them it represents a reality; and my friends have made this title the only qualification for those who would enjoy their charity, — a charity not buckramed with the pharisaic patronage often conveyed by the word, but instinct with the spirit which exhales from the New Version of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.